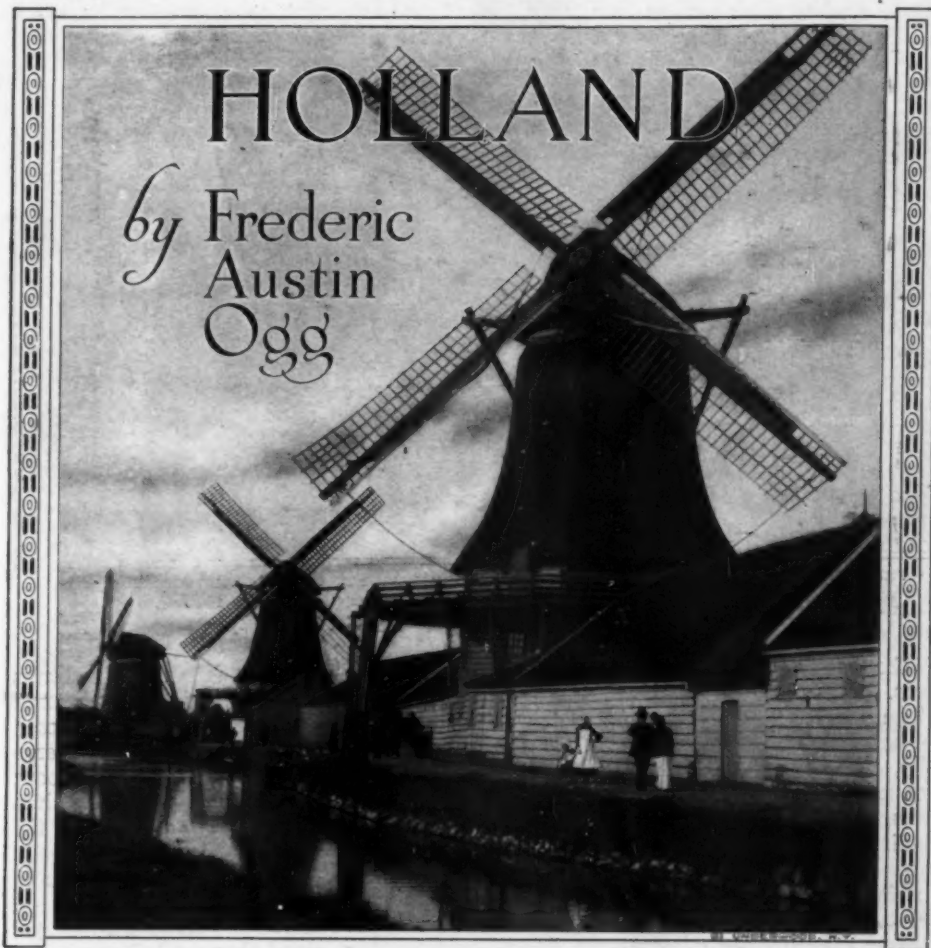


# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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## The Picturesque Land of Dykes and Windmills - Its Stirring History and Its Present Importance in the World

THE six million European subjects of Queen Wilhelmina could be housed within the single city of London, and the thirteen thousand square miles of territory which we call Holland could be set down three and one-half times in the State of New York with room to spare. Among European countries only Belgium, Montenegro, and Albania are of smaller

area, although ten—including Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland—contain fewer people.

By her superb struggle, however, for the right to exist, by her varying rôles in war and diplomacy, by her achievements in trade and finance, and by her eminence in art and letters, Holland long since won for herself the right to be considered one



THE ROYAL PALACE AT AMSTERDAM, BUILT AS THE AMSTERDAM CITY HALL IN 1648-1655; AND CONVERTED TO ITS PRESENT USE BY LOUIS BONAPARTE IN 1806

*From a copyrighted photograph by Brown Brothers, New York*

of the really great nations of modern times.

The simple, frugal, peaceful country as we know it to-day—the Holland of the tulip, the windmill, and the dyke—is the product of many centuries of storm and stress, of conflict of Dutchman with Burgundian, Frenchman, Spaniard, Englishman, and German, of civil strife, and especially of dogged combat of man with the ever-menacing sea. Contrary to a rather widely prevalent impression, Dutch history is dynamic, dramatic, inspiring, and, in some of its phases, thrilling.

The kingdom of Holland in its present form is a creation of the nineteenth century. The independent nation dates, however, from the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and is therefore somewhat more than three hundred years old. And the nation was itself built up from a group of little sea-swept feudal states whose recorded history reaches back at least as far as the beginning of the Christian era.

It is as the designation of one of these miniature states that the name of Holland

first appears. The original Holland was a county which, early in the eleventh century, took form in the fenland enclosed by the Waal, the old Maas, and the Merve rivers. Its early history centered about the abbey of Egmont, in whose archives its records have been preserved, and the castle of Thuredreht, or Dordrecht (Dort), about which grew up the modern town of that name.

Amid the rivalries of counts and bishops, and of French and German influences, the county had a stormy existence, but it was favored with a line of princes of exceptional sagacity, and by the beginning of the fourteenth century it had acquired international importance. Other principal Lowland states which rose in the same period and under the same general conditions were the duchy of Brabant, the counties of Flanders, Hainault, Gelderland, Limburg, and Luxemburg, and the bishoprics of Utrecht and Liège.

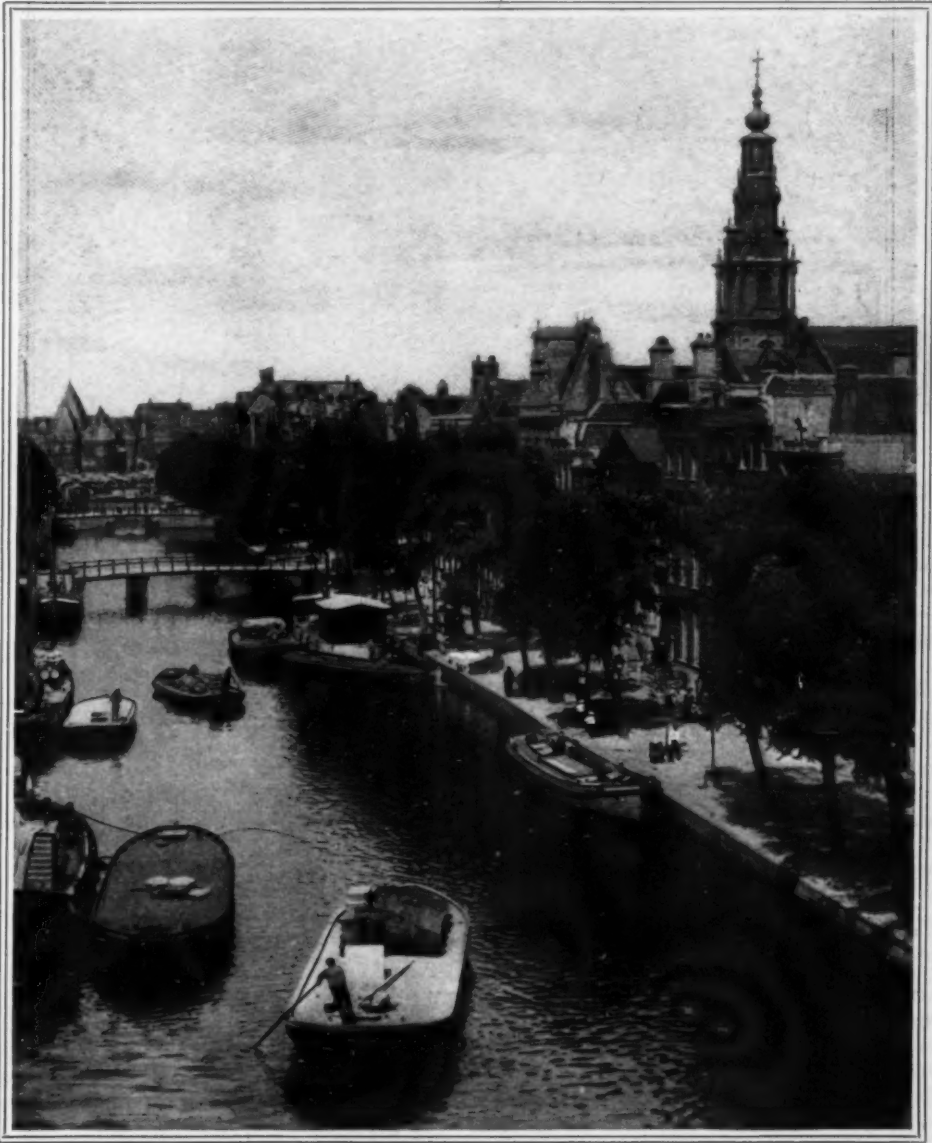
Near the close of the fourteenth century a new epoch was inaugurated by the encroachment of the power of the duchy of Burgundy, culminating in an ambitious



plan for the absorption of all the Lowland districts in a single centralized Burgundian state. The project was so far successful that it resulted in the earliest political union of the Netherlands, although eventually the prize was lost to Burgundy.

Three dukes in succession labored at the task. Philip the Bold, in 1384, succeeded

to the possession of the counties of Flanders and Artois. Philip the Good, his grandson, purchased the county of Namur in 1427, and in the following year compelled his cousin Jacqueline, heiress of Holland, Zeeland, Hainault, and Friesland, to surrender to him her claims. In 1430 he inherited the duchy of Brabant and the county of Limburg, and in 1433 he

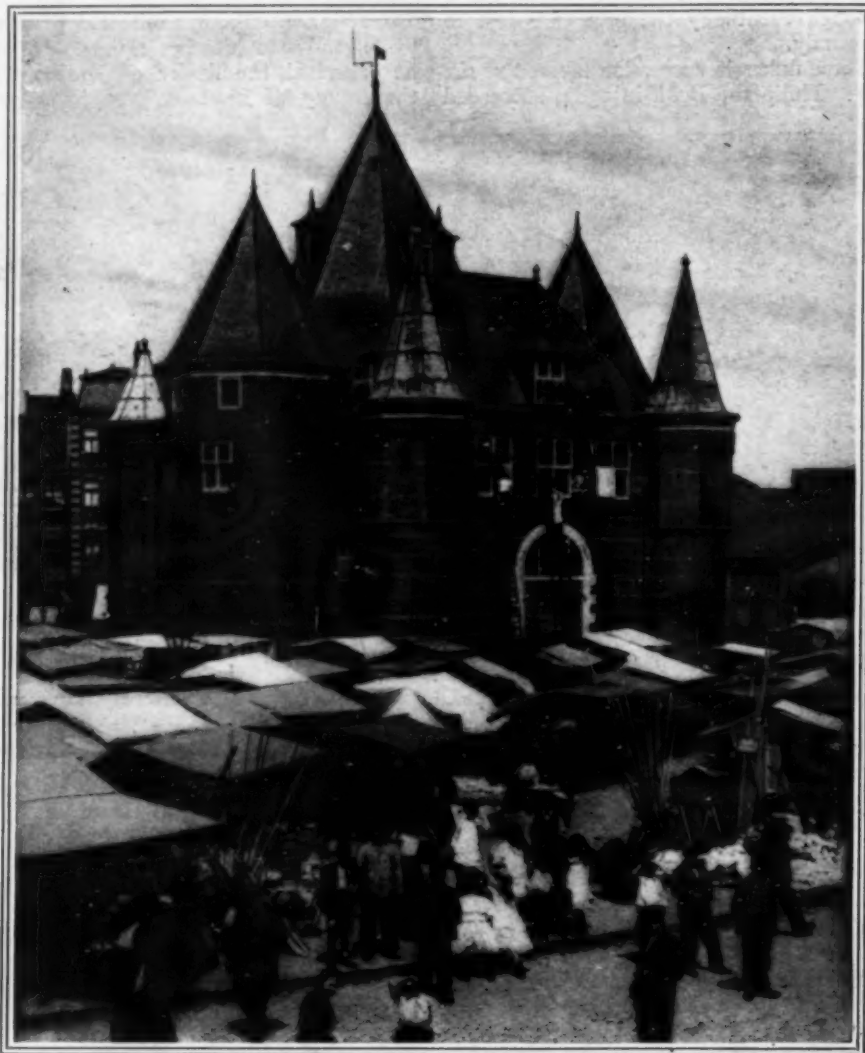


THE KLOVENIERSBURGWAL, ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE CANALS OF AMSTERDAM—ON THE RIGHT RISES THE TOWER OF THE ZUIDER KERK, OR SOUTH CHURCH

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

purchased the duchy, as it had now become, of Luxemburg. Finally, Philip's son, Charles the Bold, reduced to subjection the episcopal state of Liège (1468)

this period dates the University of Louvain, founded in 1425; likewise the commencement of the Antwerp cathedral, and the rise of Antwerp itself as a great



THE ST. ANTONIESWAAG, OR OLD WEIGH-HOUSE, AMSTERDAM, BUILT AS A TOWN GATE IN 1488, AND NOW OCCUPIED BY THE MUNICIPAL ARCHIVES—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FISH MARKET

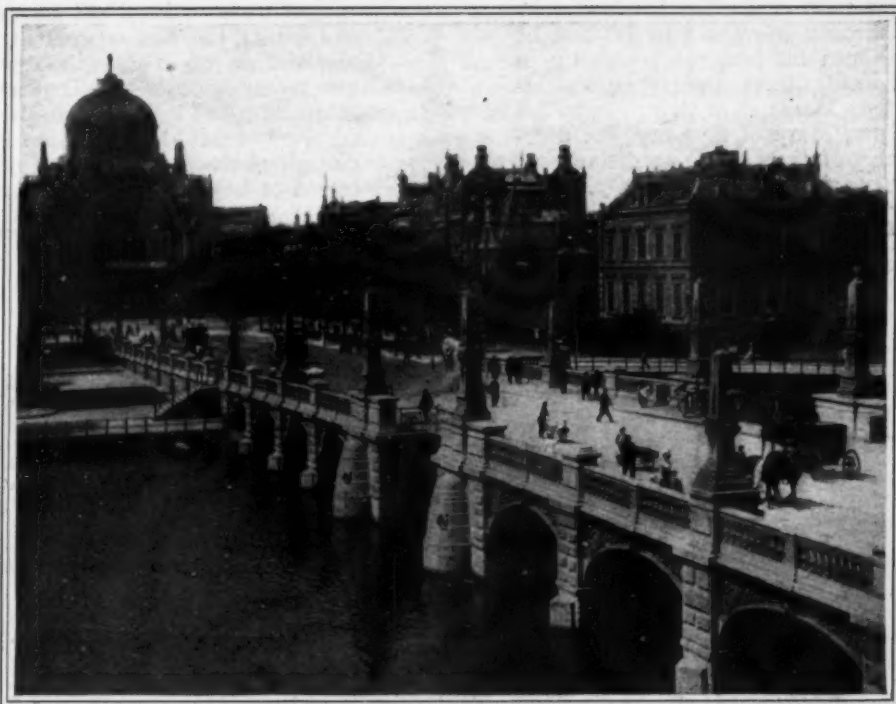
*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

and added to his dominions the county of Gelderland (1473).

The Burgundian princes were foreigners, yet their rule was not unwelcome. Under their patronage commerce and industry flourished, wealth increased, and the arts acquired unwonted vigor. From

port. It was under the personal patronage of Philip the Good that the painting of the Low Countries first gave promise of the place which it was destined to fill in the artistic achievement of the world.

The task of political consolidation was found extremely difficult. The provinces



THE PALEIS VOOR VOLKVELYT, OR PALACE OF INDUSTRY, AMSTERDAM—IN THE FOREGROUND IS A BRIDGE OVER THE AMSTEL, THE RIVER FROM WHICH THE TOWN TAKES ITS NAME

as they came into Burgundian hands were very diverse in traditions, language, and ideas. Except toward the sea and in the vicinity of the Ardennes, they had no distinct and natural frontiers. And while there was a desire for political union as a means of defense, the rich and growing municipalities were determined that their local rights and privileges should not be curtailed.

The Burgundian domination lasted approximately a century. Then the great plan collapsed because the family which was seeking to execute it died out. From the Burgundians the Lowlands passed, by a series of marriages and inheritances, to the house of Hapsburg, which, from a small Swiss family of second-rate nobles, had by this time worked itself up to a position of large importance in Europe.

In the first place, Charles the Bold, defeated and slain by the Swiss at Nancy, in 1477, left the provinces to his daughter Mary. She married the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who later (1493) became emperor as Maximilian I. At her death, in 1482, the Netherlands fell to an

infant son, Philip the Fair, who in 1494 took personal control of the country's government. In 1496 Philip married Joanna of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and four years later there was born at Ghent the prince who was destined to be the most illustrious ruler the Low Countries had yet known, the Emperor Charles V.

Charles became sovereign of the Netherlands, upon the death of his father, at the age of six. Until 1515 his grandfather Maximilian acted as regent; then the youthful monarch assumed control, under the title of Charles III. In 1516 he succeeded his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand, as King of Spain (Charles I), and in 1519, upon the death of Maximilian, he was elected emperor with the title of Charles V. No man since the decline of Rome had been called upon to hold sway over territory so extended or over peoples so numerous and motley.

Throughout his long reign Charles displayed a partiality toward his native land which was a source of much discontent in his other dominions. His rule

was strict and often harsh, but he redressed grievances freely, and he retained his personal popularity to the end. Under the regencies of his aunt, Margaret of Austria, and his sister, Mary of Hungary, the provinces of the Low Countries reached the zenith of their prosperity.

1555, Charles relinquished the government of the Netherlands to his son, who, under the title of Philip II, speedily succeeded also to the throne of Spain. The imperial possessions devolved upon Philip's uncle, Ferdinand; so that the Netherlands now ceased to be affiliated with the em-



THE OUDE SCHANS, A CANAL IN THE OLD PART OF AMSTERDAM—IN THE CENTER IS THE MONTAL-BAANS TOWER; TO THE LEFT OF IT, IN THE DISTANCE, IS THE TOWER OF THE ZUIDER KERK

*From a photograph by Champagne, Paris*

It was now that the carpets of Brussels, the tapestries of Arras, the cannon of Mons and Liège, the gloves of Louvain, the lace of Malines, and scores of localized types of velvet, silk, embroidery, and damask achieved their unrivaled reputation in the marts of all Europe.

It will be observed that both industrial and artistic leadership lay as yet with the cities and provinces of the south—the later Belgium. The districts of the north, forming the Holland of our time, were, in the first half of the sixteenth century, on the eve of a remarkable outburst of economic and intellectual activity. But hitherto they had been a sort of "back country," with no special claims to distinction. There was as yet no essentially Dutch civilization.

In a great ceremony held in the hall of the palace at Brussels, on October 25,

pire and became definitely attached to Spain.

When taken over by their new sovereign the Lowland provinces, despite the personal popularity of Charles, were in a state of unrest. Excessive taxation was one cause; the presence of Spanish garrisons in the towns was another; the religious situation was a third. As in Germany, Switzerland, France, and England, the people had become sharply divided upon the issues of the Reformation. Protestantism had gained a large foothold, and the relentless persecution of Lutherans, Calvinists, Zwinglians, and Anabaptists by the agents of Charles, while cordially supported by a portion of the population, had antagonized another portion, and largely without attaining its main end.

Under Philip the situation grew steadily



worse. The young prince did not even know the languages of his subjects. His interests lay in Spain, in his Italian possessions, in the New World—anywhere but in the Lowlands. The Netherlanders regarded him as a foreigner and distrusted him. After four years, leaving the government of the country to his half-sister, Margaret of Parma, he set sail for Spain, never to return.

The combination of circumstances by which the people of the Netherlands were now driven to revolt was too intricate to be described in few words. Some of the causes of the rebellion were of a religious and some of a political nature. A recent Dutch writer is probably correct in saying that under any sovereign less stupidly narrow-minded and less bigoted than Philip there would have been a good

chance of preventing the religious reformation from becoming a political movement, and of preventing the political movement from becoming an actual rebellion.

As it was, Philip committed every conceivable blunder. He redoubled the persecution of heretics. He violated local charters and privileges. He continued oppressive taxation. He insisted upon the promulgation and enforcement of the rigidly Catholic decrees of the Council of Trent. After incipient outbreaks of the populace, following the contemptuous rejection of the petition of the "seabeggars" that the activities of the Inquisition should be discontinued, he despatched to the provinces the most cruel and unscrupulous of his generals, the Duke of Alva, with a body of specially equipped troops, and with instructions to



A VIEW OF THE OLD PART OF AMSTERDAM, FROM THE TOWER OF THE ZUIDER KERK—IN THE CENTER ARE THE POINTED TOWERS OF THE ST. ANTHONIESWAAG; BEYOND THESE IS THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, WITH A LOFTY CUPOLA

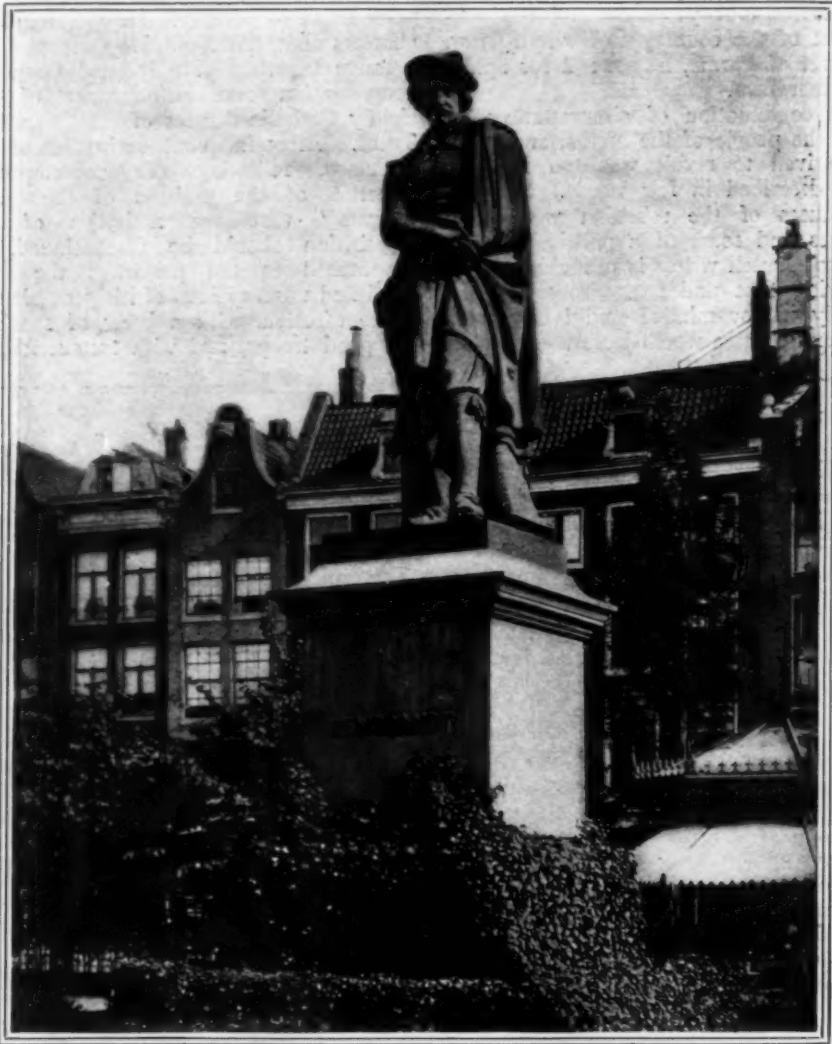
*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

enforce to the letter the authority of the government.

With the coming of Alva the die was cast. The only question was how successfully the seventeen provinces could be

Protestant — mainly Calvinist — the religious motive was added to the others and became the most influential of all.

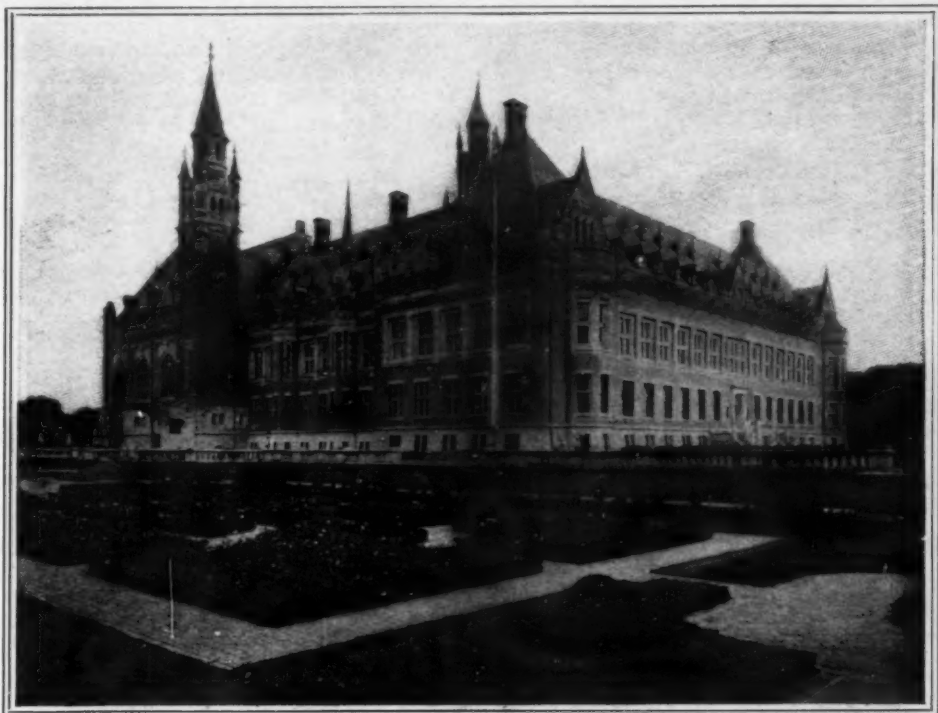
Both parties to the contest possessed certain advantages. Spain was still the



STATUE OF REMBRANDT, IN THE REMBRANDT PLEIN, OR REMBRANDT SQUARE, AMSTERDAM—  
THIS MONUMENT TO HOLLAND'S GREATEST PAINTER WAS DESIGNED  
BY ROYER AND ERECTED IN 1852

made to stand together in the conflict. At first there was general cooperation. In the southern provinces Protestantism had been largely rooted out, but disaffection upon political and fiscal grounds was sufficient to produce rebellion. In the northern districts, which had become almost solidly

richest and most powerful nation in Europe. Her military forces were numerous and well trained. In the Lowlands war she had the moral support of the Catholic world. On the other hand, the struggle was carried on amid physical surroundings which the Netherlands



THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE, A BUILDING ERECTED THROUGH THE MUNIFICENCE OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, ANDREW CARNEGIE, AS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF ARBITRATION OF THE HAGUE

were able to turn continually to their own advantage. They fought with superior spirit and had abler leadership.

The figure which looms largest in the history of the conflict is that of William the Silent, and the paramount development of the period is the creation of the independent Dutch republic under the leadership of William's family, the house of Orange. With the career of this family the fortunes of Holland have been inextricably intertwined for three and a half centuries, and it is one of its descendants who sits upon the country's throne to-day. When the populace of Amsterdam or Leyden raise the cry "*Oranje Boven!*"—"Long live Orange!"—they show that nations are still capable of the sentiment of gratitude.

William was a German prince, Count of Nassau-Dillenburg, and he first appears in Lowland history as the representative, or "stadholder," of the King of Spain in the provinces of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht. The family of Nassau, whose ancient castle in the valley of the Lahn

is still an object of interest to travelers, was one of the oldest ruling houses of Germany.

The title and principality of Orange were brought into the family's possession in 1544 by Henry of Nassau, who was prominent among the courtiers and counselors of Charles V. The principality of Orange was situated in France in the province of Dauphiné, a short distance north of the city of Avignon. It had been a dependency of Burgundy, and later of France, and in 1702, at the death of William Henry I of Nassau-Orange—better known as William III of England—it was declared an extinct fief and was absorbed by the French kingdom. From 1544 to the present day, however, the princes of the Nassau-Dillenburg dynasty have borne the title of Orange.

William the Silent—whose by-name posterity conferred without reason—was the ninth bearer of his name in the Nassau pedigree and the first in that of Orange. In character he was everything that Philip of Spain was not. His states-



THE ROYAL PALACE AT THE HAGUE—THIS MODEST BUILDING, THE CHIEF RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, WAS ERECTED ABOUT 1630 FOR PRINCE FREDERICK HENRY OF ORANGE, SON OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, AND ENLARGED IN 1816



THE NIEUWE HAVEN, THE HAGUE—A TYPICAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE CANALS, SHADED WITH ROWS OF ELMS OR LIME-TREES, AND LINED WITH OLD-TIME WAREHOUSES, SHOPS, AND DWELLING-HOUSES, THAT INTERSECT MOST OF THE OLD TOWNS OF HOLLAND



manship and organizing ability, together with his tact and patience in adversity, made him the man-around whom the entire revolutionary movement developed. As a general he was but mediocre, and at no time did he have official connection with more than three of the seventeen provinces. But no one recognized better than Philip the power which William possessed as the personification of the ideas that impelled the common opposition to Spain.

For the assassination of William money and honors were offered by the king in 1579; and in 1584 the deed was done. It was one of the many acts of the kind in his-

pects in the Netherlands and Spanish ascendancy in Europe were concerned, the Armada marked the beginning of the end.

In the southern provinces the rebellion was suppressed and Spanish domination was maintained. In the north it was otherwise. Protestantism there supplied an insuperable obstacle to reconciliation.

Petty jealousies long operated to prevent the most efficient cooperation, but at last the situation became so precarious that seven provinces were brought to the point of burying their animosities and forming, in 1579, a solid defensive alliance. This Union



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT, THE HAGUE, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE RESTORATION OF DUTCH INDEPENDENCE (1815) AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON—AT THE SUMMIT STANDS BATAVIA (HOLLAND) WITH THE FLAG AND LION OF THE NETHERLANDS; ON THE PEDESTAL IS A STATUE OF KING WILLIAM I (1815-1840)

tory mistakenly calculated to ruin a cause by the removal of its leader; for the effect, as commonly happens, was quite the opposite of that intended.

The assassination became the signal for the open alliance of England with the Dutch. This contributed to Philip's decision to undertake the invasion of England; and, so far as Spanish pros-

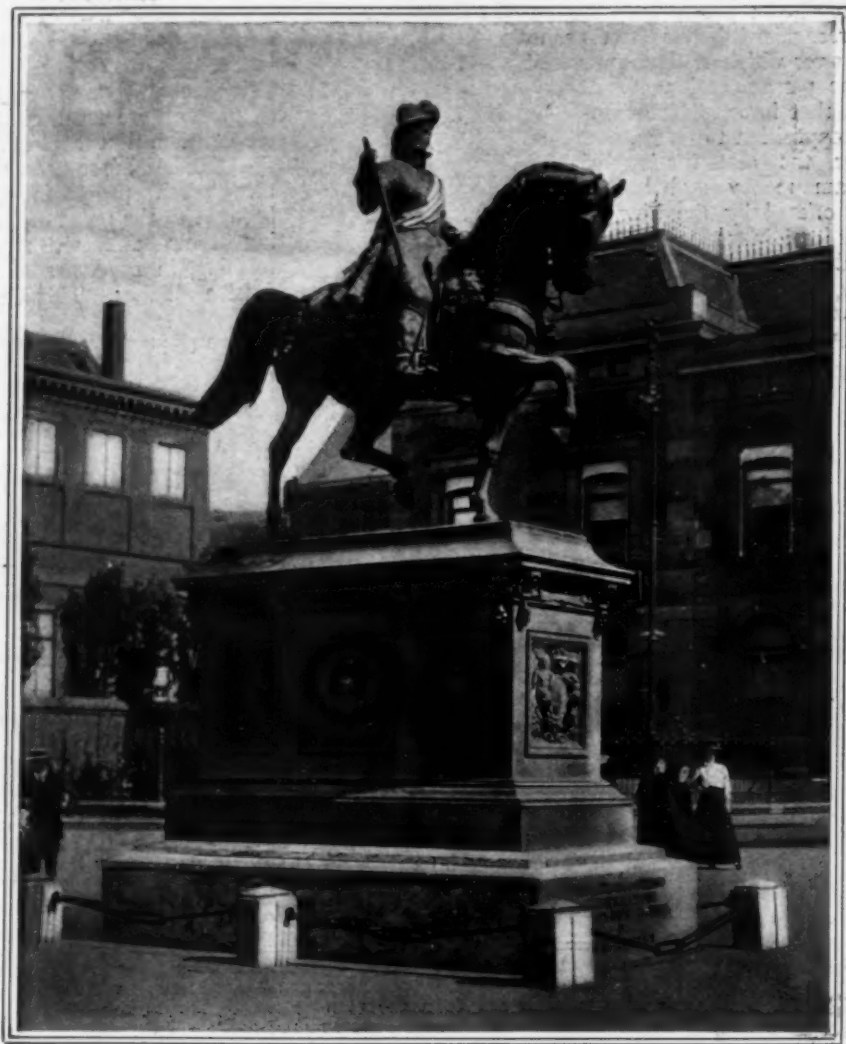
of Utrecht laid the foundation for the future republic of the United Netherlands and for the Dutch kingdom of to-day. Two years later the seven provinces burned their bridges behind them and formally declared their independence of Spain.

The establishment of a new governmental system gave rise to much difference of opinion. No monarch could be found

whose rule would have been generally acceptable; hence the confederation became and remained a republic. Each of the seven provinces kept its local "states," and its stadholder, or governor; while the central government was made to consist

power which made him an uncrowned king.

For fifty years after the assassination of William the war dragged on. Throughout almost the whole of the period William's eldest son Maurice, stadholder of six of



STATUE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, THE FOUNDER OF DUTCH LIBERTY, IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT THE HAGUE—ON THE PEDESTAL ARE THE ARMS OF THE UNITED PROVINCES

of the States General, an assembly in which each province had as many delegates as it wished, although with but a single vote, and the stadholder, named by the States General, and nominally only its executive officer, but actually possessed of

the seven provinces, and ablest among the generals of his day, was practically the dictator of the republic; and the Spaniards were driven entirely from the Dutch territory.

After the renewal of the struggle,



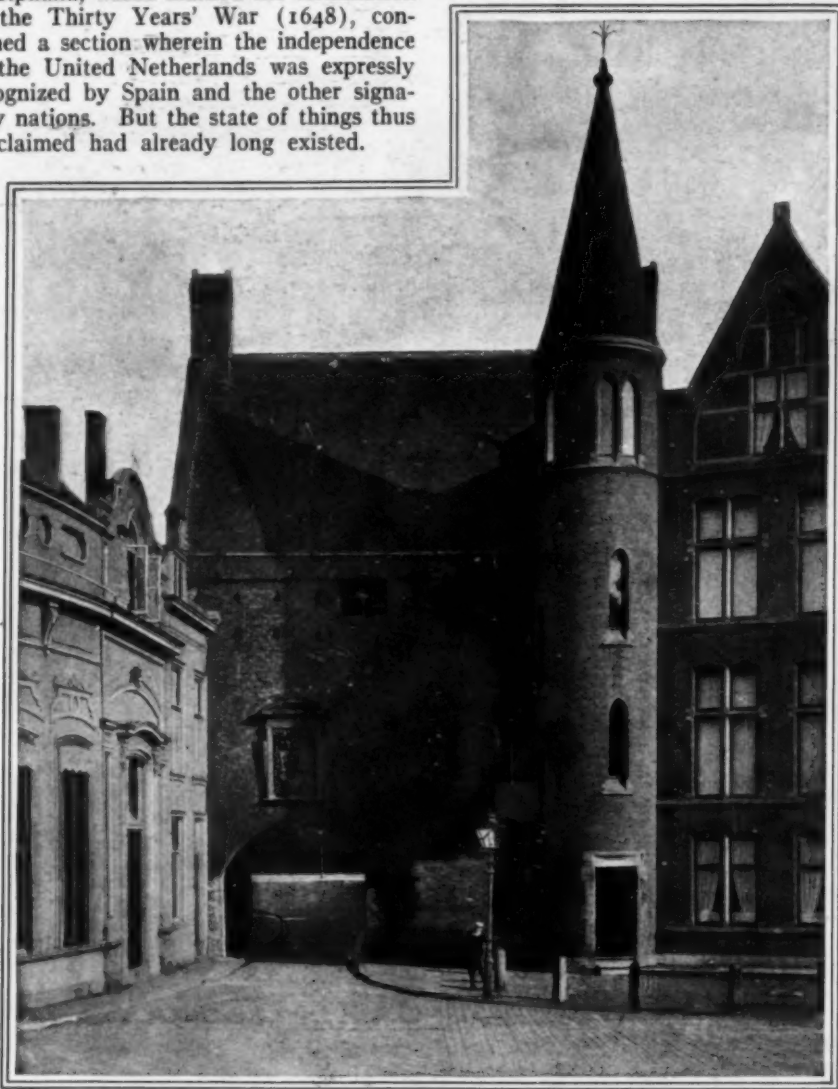
NORTH WING OF THE BINNENHOF, AT THE HAGUE, A PILE OF MEDIEVAL BUILDINGS IN WHICH BOTH CHAMBERS OF THE DUTCH LEGISLATURE MEET—IN THE FOREGROUND IS A FOUNTAIN WITH A STATUE OF COUNT WILLIAM II OF HOLLAND, ELECTED GERMAN EMPEROR IN 1247



THE HUIS TEN BOSCH, OR HOUSE IN THE WOOD, THE SUBURBAN PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, SITUATED IN THE PARKLIKE FOREST OF THE HAAGSCHE BOSCH, NEAR THE HAGUE—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE MET HERE IN 1899

following the twelve-year truce of 1609, the troops of Philip III won some notable victories, but the ultimate outcome was never really in doubt. The treaty of Westphalia, which marked the termination of the Thirty Years' War (1648), contained a section wherein the independence of the United Netherlands was expressly recognized by Spain and the other signatory nations. But the state of things thus proclaimed had already long existed.

In 1650, when the heir of the house was an infant, the republican spirit reasserted itself, and the stadholder's office was allowed to lapse. Indeed, it was abolished



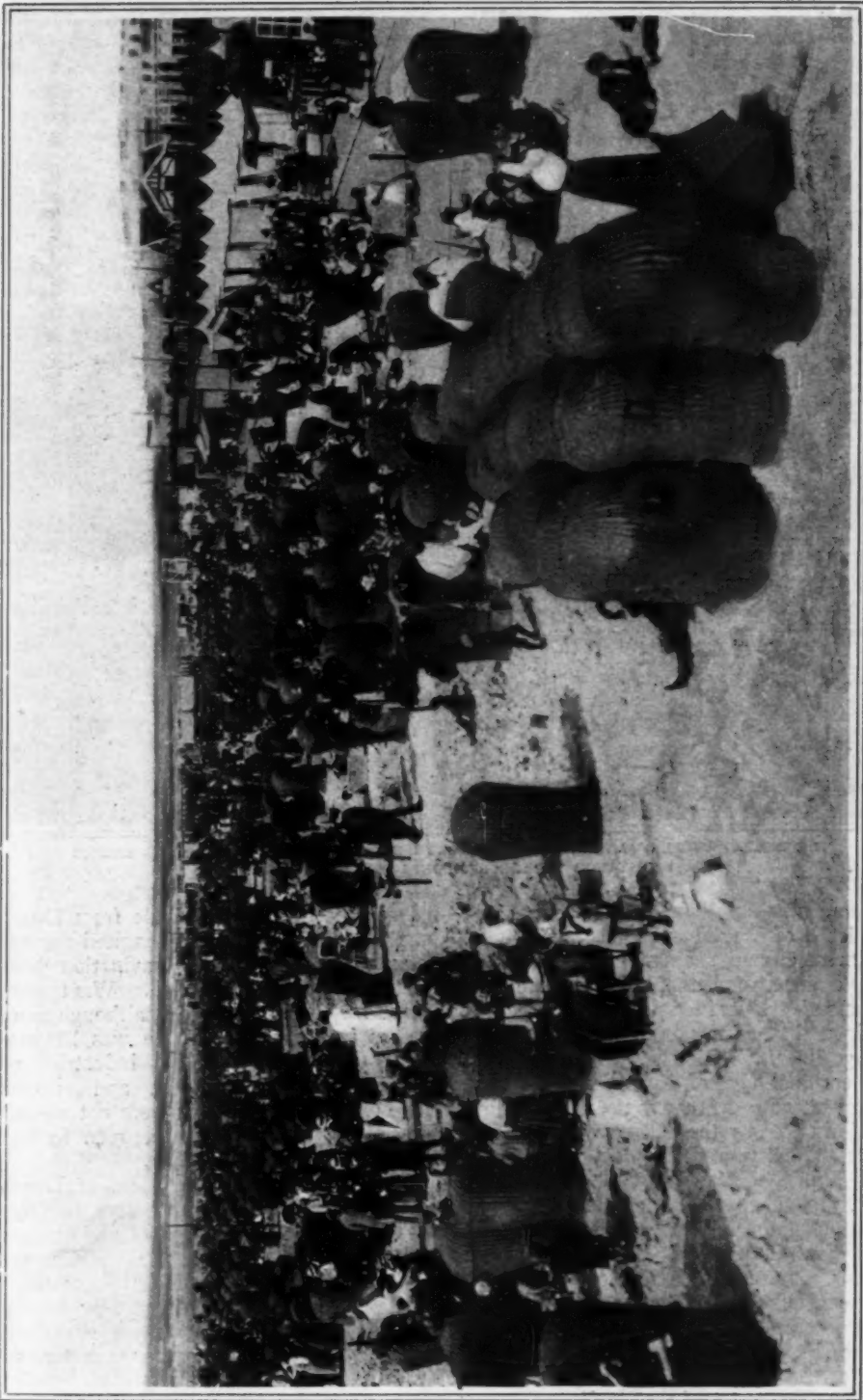
THE GEVANGENPOORT, OR PRISONERS' GATE, AN OLD GATE-TOWER IN THE HAGUE, FORMERLY USED AS A POLITICAL PRISON

The house of Orange retained its hold upon the country, although at times its tenure was precarious. The stadholderate was accepted as a life office, but it never became legally hereditary. The descendants of William managed, however, to keep it almost continually in their hands.

by an edict of John de Witt, who was elected to administer the country's affairs.

But as the Orange heir—who happened to be the later William III of England—grew up, a reaction set in, and in 1672, when De Witt lost his power, the prince was ready to step into his place.





THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON—SCHEVENINGEN, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY A SUBURB OF THE HAGUE, IS THE MOST FREQUENTED SEASIDE RESORT IN HOLLAND



THE BELFRY OF ALKMAAR—ALKMAAR, IN NORTH HOLLAND, IS FAMOUS FOR ITS HEROIC RESISTANCE TO THE BESIEGING SPANIARDS IN 1573

There was another break in 1702, at the death of William III, last member of the direct Orange succession, and for more than a generation the stadholderate was suspended. But in 1747 the office was regained by a member of a collateral Orange line in Frisia.

A cardinal fact of European history in the seventeenth century is the commanding position taken by the new republic in commerce, industry, and learning. As fishers, ship-builders, carriers, and traders the Dutch made the seas their own. Their situation upon a deeply indented coast, their central position among the large nations, a natural aptitude for navigation, the preoccupation of other peoples with other interests, and their native enterprise and thrift brought into their hands the bulk of the carrying trade of the world.

It was the desire of the English to divert

a larger portion of this trade from Dutch hands to their own that prompted the enactment of the famous navigation laws of the Cromwellian period. Wars were waged for the same purpose, although more or less ineffectually. There was likewise much development of the industries of Holland, notably weaving, and exports filled the ships when they were not needed for the carrying business between foreign countries.

This was the great era, too, of Dutch colonial expansion. Even before the war with Spain, Dutch navigators and traders had visited the Gold Coast of Africa, the East and West Indies, and the coasts of far Cathay. In the first quarter of the seventeenth century there were organized two great trading companies, each formed by combination of a number of smaller ones, which brought to the country vast

wealth and broad outlying dominions. The one was the East India Company, founded in 1602, with a capital of more than six million guilders, subscribed mainly by the merchants of Amsterdam. The other was the West India Company, established in 1621, also largely by Amsterdam capitalists. To the one was granted a monopoly of trade east of the Cape of Good Hope; to the other a monopoly to the west.

The East India Company ended its existence in 1795 in a bankrupt condition. But during its first hundred years it was highly prosperous, paying dividends,

mainly from the profits of the spice trade, that averaged more than twenty-one per cent annually. The agents of the company ousted the Portuguese from the East Indies and from portions of India, and planted Dutch sovereignty at the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch colonial empire in the East to-day is the valuable legacy left to the nation by the East India Company.

In the West achievement was less satisfactory and permanent, mainly because of the lack of emigrants and the keen competition of the English. In the settlement of Manhattan Island and the



THE NETHERLANDS ABOUT A.D. 860, WHEN PART OF THE PRESENT HOLLAND BELONGED TO THE KINGDOM OF LOTHARINGIA (LORRAINE), AND PART CONSISTED OF LITTLE FEUDAL STATES SUBJECT TO GERMANY

Hudson Valley, none the less, the Dutch were enabled to leave a lasting impress upon the history of America.

The rôle of Holland in the wars and diplomacy of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was out of all proportion to the country's size and population. First in point of time were the wars with England, incident to that country's attempted restriction of the Dutch carrying trade. In the dramatic naval contest of 1652-1653 with Cromwell's Commonwealth the Dutch were defeated, although not until after Admiral van Tromp had raided the Sussex coast and swept the Channel

triumphantly with a broom at the top of his mast. The defeat was not decisive, and the proposal of the English that there should be established a political union between the two republics was met with contemptuous refusal.

The war was reopened formally in 1665, although in the previous year there had been acts of hostility on the African and American coasts, among them the capture of New Netherland (New York) by the English. The English won some notable naval victories; but inefficient management by Charles II and his ministers enabled De Ruyter, in 1667, to sail boldly up the



THE UNITED PROVINCES OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHICH IN 1579 FORMED THE UNION OF UTRECHT AND IN 1581 DECLARED THEIR INDEPENDENCE OF SPAIN





THE UNITED NETHERLANDS IN 1648, AT THE TERMINATION OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—THIS MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIOD WHEN HOLLAND WAS THE LEADING SEA POWER OF EUROPE

Thames to Gravesend, to burn ships of war in the Medway, and to keep London in blockade for some days. The war ended indecisively, with the English smarting under their humiliation.

Before the contest could be resumed, the situation was entirely altered by the aggressions of the King of France, Louis XIV. France, under the Grand Monarch, was now at the zenith of her power, having

clearly succeeded Spain as the dominant European nation. Louis was bent not alone upon maintaining the most splendid court in Europe, but also upon the acquisition of territory in every possible direction. England was interested in preventing further French aggrandizement; Holland was even more deeply interested, because it was well understood that the covetous eyes of Louis were turned toward her.



THE BATAVIAN REPUBLIC (1795)—IN 1806 NAPOLEON CONVERTED THE REPUBLIC INTO THE KINGDOM OF HOLLAND, WITH HIS BROTHER LOUIS AS KING, AND IN 1810 HE ANNEXED THE WHOLE COUNTRY TO FRANCE

The consequence was that the two nations were precipitated into each other's arms, in common hostility to the French designs. A triple alliance formed by England, Holland, and Sweden in 1668 compelled Louis to give up lands which he had seized in the Spanish Netherlands. But he turned upon Holland, after having detached her allies from her, and there followed a desperate war (1672-1678) in which the fortunes of the little republic were tried as never before. Heroic resistance, coupled with astute diplomacy, brought outside aid, and in the end Louis was compelled to retire with no gains at Dutch expense.

Holland had thrown down the gauntlet to the mightiest nation of continental Europe, and the outcome might have been disastrous had not it curiously come about that, upon the deposition of James II, in 1688, the English people welcomed as their joint sovereigns the Stadholder William III and his wife, Mary, eldest daughter of James. This stroke of fortune brought the undivided strength of England into union with that of Holland and insured the eventual defeat of French ambition. The War of the Palatinate (1689-1697) was indecisive, but the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1713), closed by the Treaty of

Utrecht, strengthened the Dutch position even as it extended the British territorial possessions.

Here, however, the role of Holland as an important military, diplomatic, and po-

litical power was terminated. Their security no longer menaced, the Dutch people turned afresh to trade, industry, and finance; and in the eighteenth century they became the great money-lenders of



THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS, ESTABLISHED BY THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA IN 1815—THIS INCLUDED BOTH HOLLAND AND BELGIUM, AND THE KING WAS ALSO GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG

the world, with Amsterdam as the chief international stock-market.

A very large part of the English national debt fell into the hands of the Dutch, and

main friendly with everybody; for war with any nation would have meant the cutting off of dividends, and the Dutch would have been fought with their own capital.

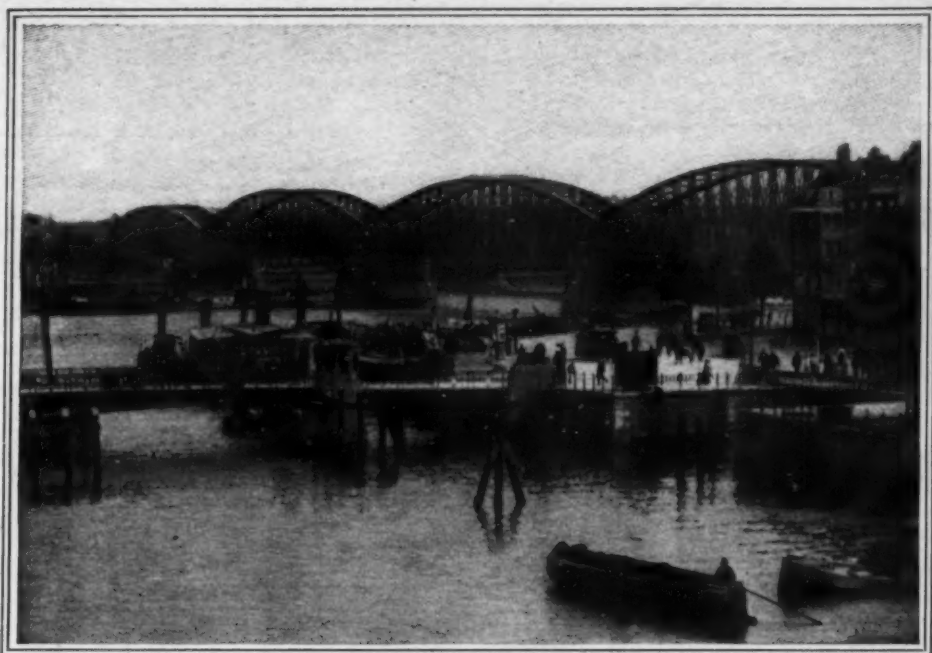


HOLLAND AT THE PRESENT DAY, SHOWING THE BOUNDARIES ESTABLISHED BY THE FINAL SETTLEMENT WITH BELGIUM IN 1839—AREA, 12,648 SQUARE MILES; POPULATION (1912), 6,114,302

their investments in the securities of France, Spain, Sweden, Russia, and other countries were enormous. Having loaned money to everybody, the republic felt obliged to re-

In consequence, the history of Holland through the eighteenth century became about as prosaic as can be imagined. Its armies were disbanded. Its fleet was al-





ROTTERDAM—THE OUDE HAVEN, OR OLD HARBOR, AND THE GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MAAS, BUILT IN 1876

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



ONE OF THE TREE-LINED CANALS OF DELFT, AN OLD DUTCH TOWN CELEBRATED FOR ITS POTTERY AND AS THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT



THE OOSTPOORT, OR EAST GATE, OF DELFT—THESE PICTURESQUE GATE-TOWERS ARE REMNANTS OF THE WALLS THAT ONCE SURROUNDED ALL THE OLD DUTCH TOWNS

lowed to rot in the harbors. Its generals and admirals were pensioned off and sent home to cultivate their vegetable gardens, and their places were taken by diplomats, long-wigged and well provided with funds. Stocks and bonds, coupons and dividends, business, peace at any price—this became the new national creed.

After three-quarters of a century of this sort of thing, however, the country was subjected to the shock of French attack, conquest, and eventual annexation, and its affairs were forced far out of their accustomed channel. What Louis XIV had not succeeded in doing was accomplished by the French Revolutionary armies and by Napoleon.

Early in 1793 the French Republic declared war upon its northern neighbor, and

during the winter of 1794-1795 the provinces were overrun—as those of the Austrian Netherlands had already been—and occupied. The stadholder was glad to escape to England on a fishing-smack. By the Treaty of The Hague, in 1795, the seven provinces were erected into a new nationality known as the Batavian Republic, whose leaders were clearly expected to take their orders from Paris. The constitution was overhauled and the stadholderate was abolished.

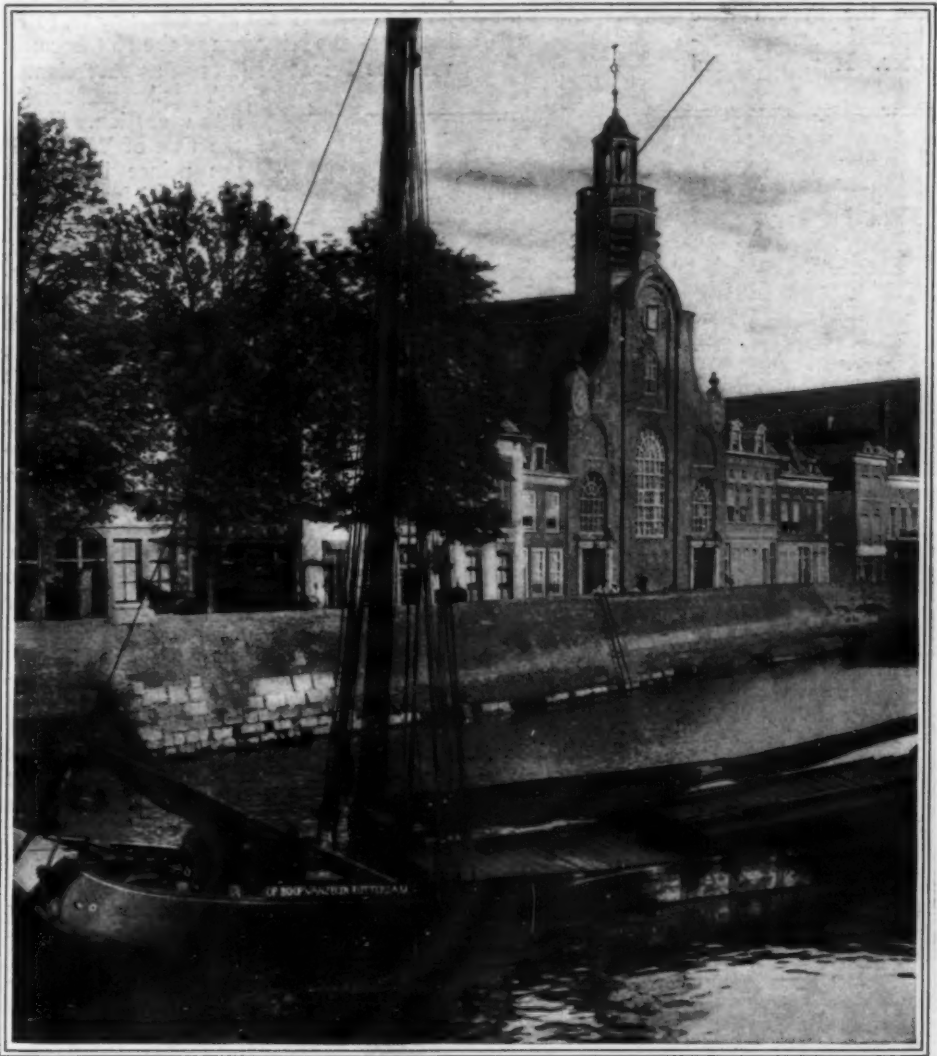
Thereafter there was not a phase of the experiences of Revolutionary France which was not reproduced more or less closely in Holland. Constitution followed constitution, and finally, in 1806, the Batavian Republic was converted by Napoleon into the Kingdom of Holland, and Louis Napoleon,

brother of the emperor, was set up as the unwilling sovereign of an unwilling people.

Under great difficulties Louis sought for four years to rule his Dutch subjects in their own interest. The consequence was that he displeased his autocratic brother; and in 1810, under pressure, he abdicated. An imperial edict thereupon swept away what remained of Dutch independence and incorporated the provinces absolutely with France. The governmental system was altered upon French lines, and no effort

was spared to obliterate every survival of Dutch nationality.

At the overthrow of Napoleon the situation of Holland was desperate. By taxation and in other ways she had been robbed of her last penny. A generation of her young men had been practically annihilated as conscripts in the French armies. Her colonies were lost, her industries were broken up, and the last small remnants of her carrying trade had been captured by the English.



THE CHURCH AT DELFHAVEN, A TOWN WHICH HAS NOW BECOME A SUBURB OF ROTTERDAM—  
HERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS HELD THEIR LAST SERVICE BEFORE  
SAILING FOR AMERICA ON JULY 22, 1620

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

The people, however, had gained enormously in one respect. They had been hammered into a genuine nation and made to appreciate the advantages of a centralized government.

In November, 1813, as a part of the European uprising against Napoleon which followed the battle of Leipsic, a revolution broke out in Holland, and the French were expelled from the provinces. It was decided

to turn for leadership to the national dynasty, and the son of the late stadholder, William V, was invited to return from England and put himself at the head of his countrymen. The invitation was accepted, and within a fortnight after the first outbreak at The Hague the prince landed at Scheveningen.

The final disposition of both the Dutch and the Belgian territories fell to the rulers and diplomats assembled in the Congress of Vienna. The decision of these self-appointed arbiters was to unite the two groups of provinces in a single state, to be known as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, with the Prince of Orange as sovereign.

The plan was carried into execution. Under the title of William I, the prince began his reign in March, 1815, and a constitution for the new monarchy, drafted by a commission consisting of an equal number of Dutch and Belgian members, was promulgated five months later. The principal object of the Allied Powers, especially England, was to bring into existence in the Low Countries a state which should be sufficiently strong to constitute a barrier against French aggressions upon the north.

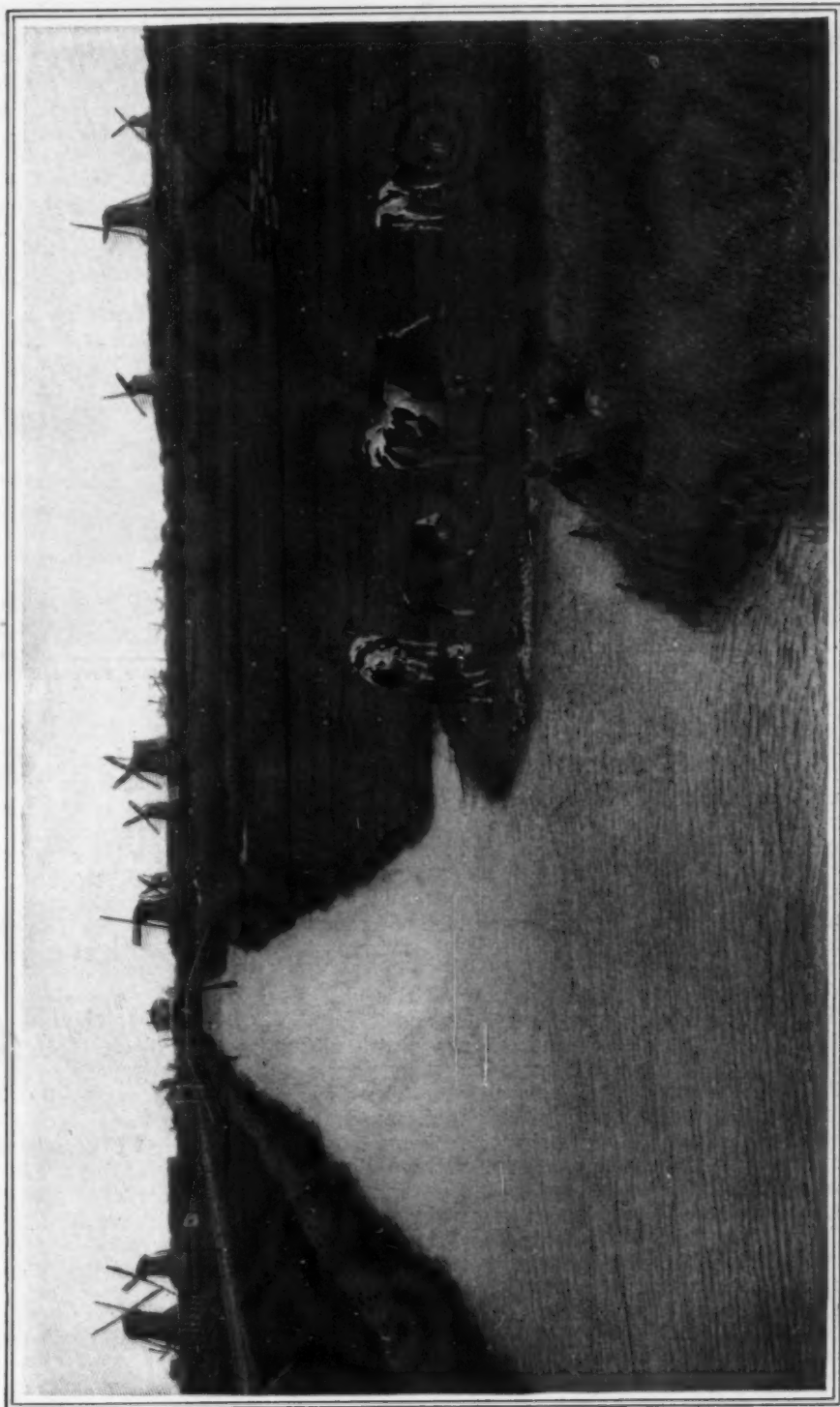
In relation to Belgium, the statesmen who remapped Europe considered only the question whether the country should be given back to Austria or added to Holland. They had no thought of conceding it a position of independence. The separation of the two groups of provinces tied together at Vienna was, however, inevitable. Friction between the Dutch and Belgians was from the outset incessant, and



THE STADHUIS, OR TOWN HALL, OF GOUDA, NEAR ROTTERDAM, A BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC BUILDING ERECTED IN 1449-1459

*From a photograph by the Argus Bureau, Amsterdam*





A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCENE IN HOLLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN CALLED THE GREAT DAIRY-FARM OF EUROPE—MUCH OF THE RICH DUTCH PASTURE-LAND IS PRACTICALLY LEVEL WITH THE SEA, OR A FEW FEET BELOW IT, BEING PROTECTED FROM INUNDATION BY DYKES, AND DRAINED BY PUMPS OPERATED BY WINDMILLS



VOLENDAM, ON THE ZUIDER ZEE—THIS PICTURESQUE DUTCH FISHING-VILLAGE IS A FAVORITE RESORT FOR ARTISTS, AND IS VISITED BY MANY TOURISTS FROM THE NEAR-BY CITY OF AMSTERDAM

the king's honest, though often mistaken, efforts to bring about a genuine amalgamation only emphasized the irreconcilable differences of his subjects in language, religion, economic interest, and political inheritance.

In August, 1830, the Belgians broke into open revolt at Brussels. A hastily elected congress proclaimed the country's independence, a liberal constitution was adopted, and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, under the title of Leopold I, was crowned king. A conference of the powers at London in 1831 drew up a treaty of separation, recognizing both the independence and the neutrality of the new Belgian monarchy; and although not until 1839 did King William sign this instrument, he was restrained from violating its terms.

The history of the Dutch kingdom since the achievement of Belgian independence has been placid. Although not neutralized by international agreement, the country has known no war, and the only disturbances of its political tranquillity have been caused by successive agitations for the liberalizing of its originally autocratic governmental system.

At various times, notably in 1848 and 1861, the constitution has been amended, until to-day the parliamentary system prevails almost as completely as in England or France. The two houses of the States General are both elective, and since 1897 the franchise has been broadly democratic. The country is organized in eleven provinces—North Holland, South Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, North Brabant, Limburg, Gelderland, Overijssel, Drenthe, Friesland, and Groningen—each of which has a unicameral representative assembly with large powers of local legislation.

The crown is vested in the family of Orange-Nassau, which first became a royal house in Holland in 1814. There have been, thus far, four sovereigns.

The first was William I, who, disgusted by the circumstances which compelled him to acquiesce in the defection of his southern provinces, and chagrined by the constitutional changes to which the Liberal party compelled him to submit, abdicated in 1840. The second was his son William II, who ruled from 1840 to 1849.

William II's son succeeded as William III, in 1849, and ruled until 1890. He was

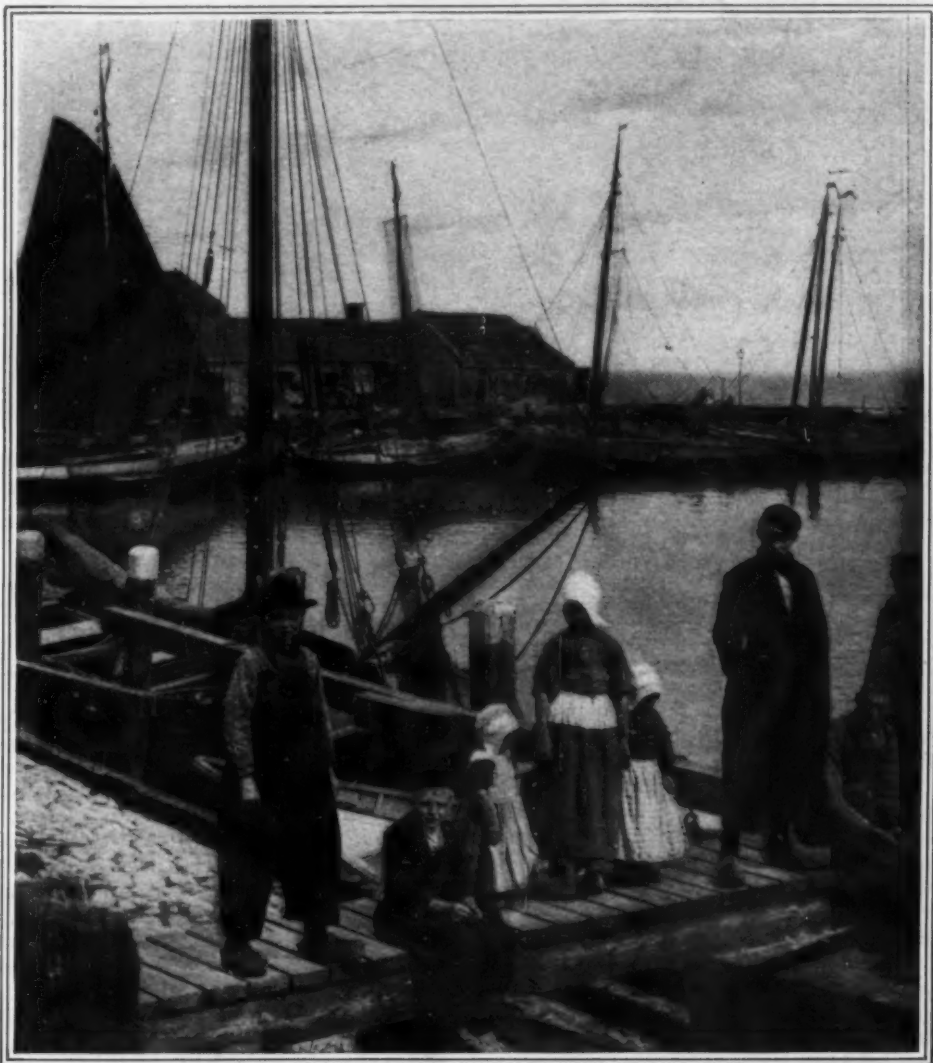
twice married, but his sons by his first wife, Sophia of Württemberg, did not survive him, and his successor, the present queen, was his only daughter by his second wife, Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

Queen Wilhelmina was born in 1880. In 1901 she became the wife of Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, now generally called Prince Hendrik. A daughter, born in 1909 and christened Juliana—after her ancestress, Juliana of Stolberg, mother of William the Silent—is heiress to the crown.

Although Holland has no proclaimed

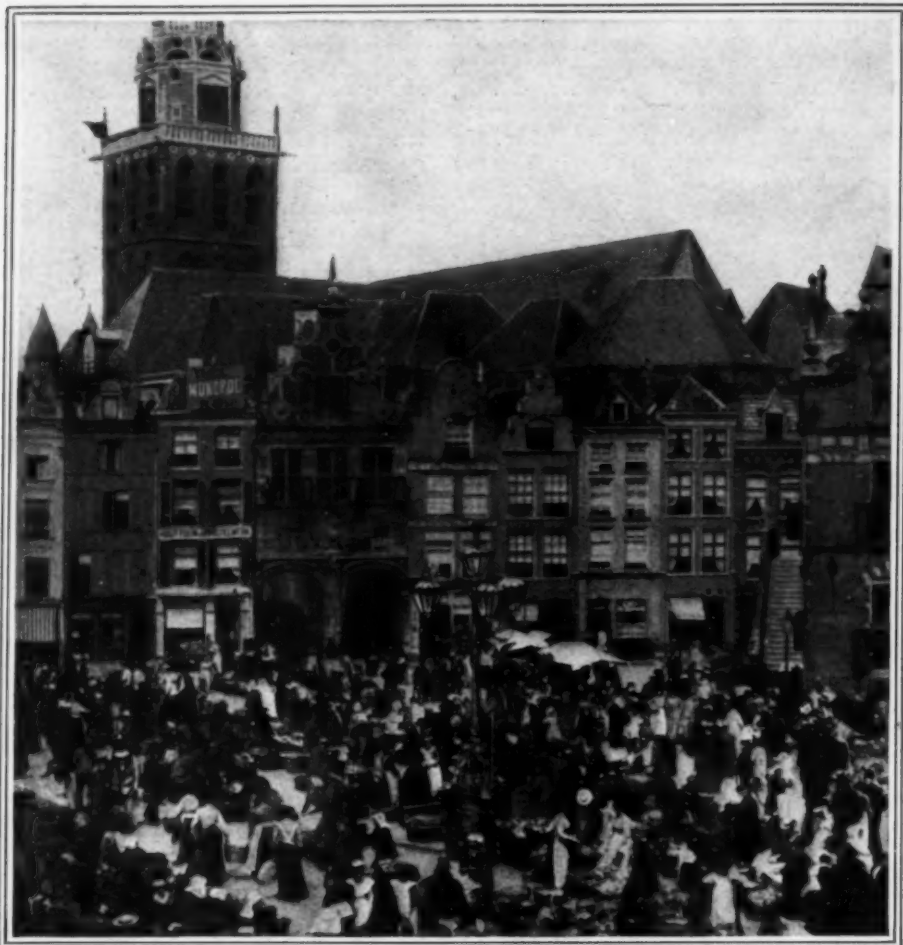
capital, The Hague has always been the seat of the monarchy. There is the modest royal palace, built by Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, son of William the Silent; there also, in a suburban park, is the Huis ten Bosch (House in the Wood), which the queen and her consort use as a country residence. The life of the court is simple, following the old customs. The same is true of Dutch society generally.

Napoleon once referred to Holland contemptuously as the alluvion of French rivers. The larger part of the country was



BESIDE THE ZUIDER ZEE—DUTCH VILLAGERS ON THE FISHERMEN'S WHARF AT VOLENDAM

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



THE GROOTE MARKT, OR MARKET-PLACE, OF NYMWEGEN, A DUTCH TOWN WITH A HISTORY DATING BACK TO ROMAN DAYS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

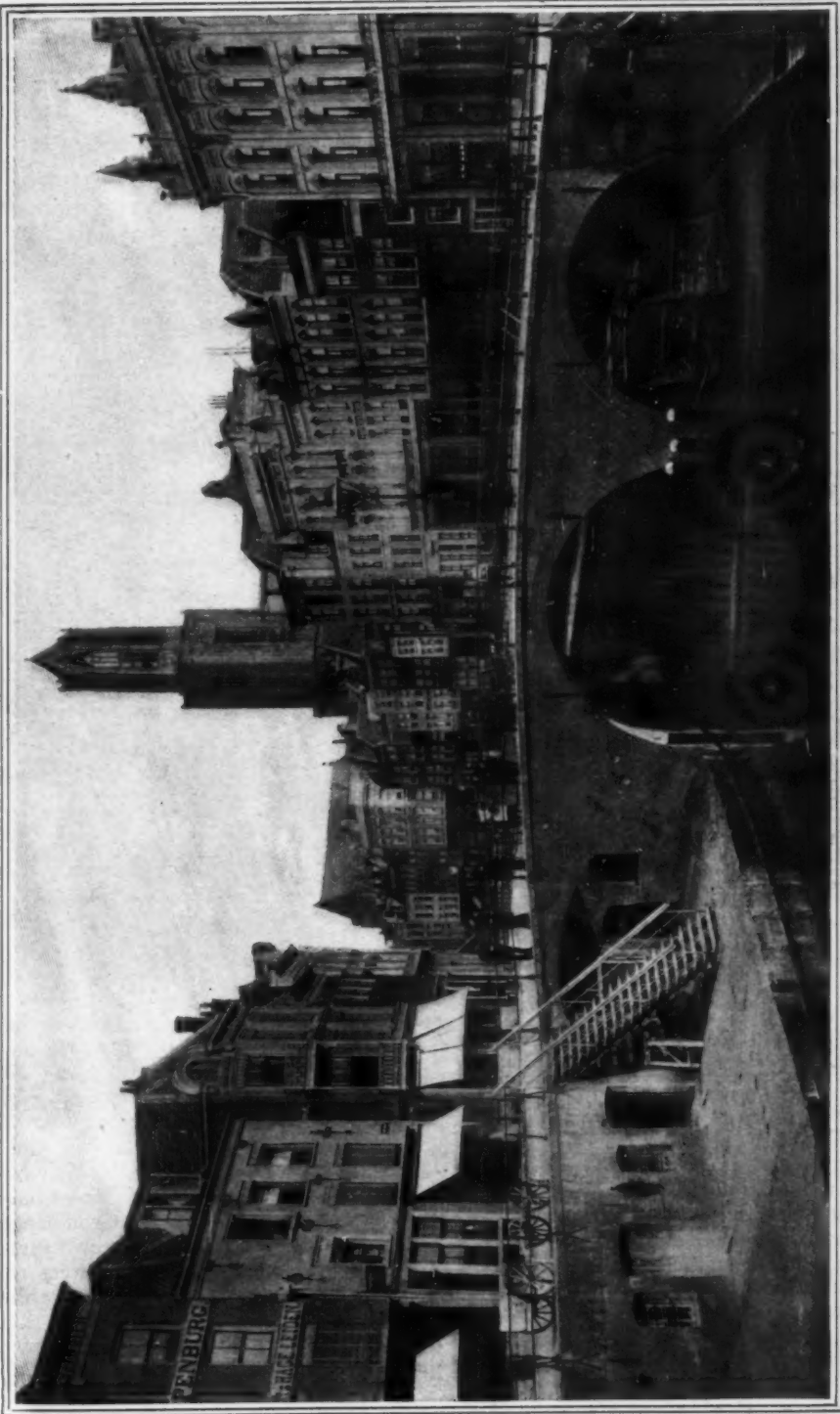
originally, indeed, a vast swamp, and approximately one-half of it to-day lies on a level with the sea, or still lower. Enormous transformations of the ragged coastline have taken place in historic times, among them the conversion of the expanse of water known as the Zuider Zee from an inland lake into an arm of the ocean. This was chiefly due to great storms and inundations during the thirteenth century.

From the earliest times the inhabitants have fought the sea with dykes, and but for these constructions Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Delft, Haarlem, Dordrecht, Utrecht, and territory occupied by almost four million people would disappear in the waves. There is much truth in the

Dutch proverb that God made the sea, but man made the land. Under the conditions that surrounded them, the Dutch could not fail to become amphibious, a nation of fishermen and sailors.

But if nature has been cruel to the Hollanders, it has also been kind. The remarkable material prosperity of the country, to-day as formerly, is attributable largely to the abundance of harbors, and to the far-stretching rivers that bring the trade of central Europe to Dutch ports. In volume of international commerce the country, before the present war, ranked fourth in Europe, and Amsterdam and Rotterdam are two of the great seaports of the world.





ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE CANALS OF UTRECHT, BORDERED BY STREETS CURIOUSLY ARRANGED ON TWO LEVELS—UTRECHT, CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF THAT NAME, IS ONE OF THE OLDEST TOWNS OF HOLLAND—IT IS THE SEAT OF ONE OF THE FOUR DUTCH UNIVERSITIES, THE OTHERS BEING AT AMSTERDAM, LEYDEN, AND GRONINGEN



DUTCH COUNTRYWOMEN CARRYING MILK-PAIS BALANCED ON YOKES, AND WEARING THE TRADITIONAL HEAD-GEAR WHICH IS STILL FREQUENTLY TO BE SEEN IN HOLLAND, ESPECIALLY ON SUNDAYS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

Not naturally fertile, the kingdom has been converted by ceaseless renovation into a region of phenomenal productiveness. Pasturage has been found more profitable than cultivation, and Holland has become the great dairy-farm of Europe.

Although no longer the first of colonial powers, as she was in the days of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, Holland is still the possessor of a splendid colonial do-

minion. At the close of the Napoleonic wars Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope were retained by the English, but Java, Malacca, Surinam, and Curaçao were restored to Holland, and these constitute the present Dutch colonial empire, save that in 1828, by treaty with England, Malacca was exchanged for Sumatra.

The Dutch colonies in the East, aggregating three-quarters of a million square

miles, are among the richest, if not the very richest, in the world. The saying that "without Java Holland would be dead" involves exaggeration, but there can be no question that the colonies contribute heavily to the kingdom's prosperity.

There was a period—in general, the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries—when the Netherlands enjoyed a clear priority in the world of learning. As luminaries of the human intelligence Erasmus, Spinoza, and Grotius have never been surpassed. These and other leaders, however, belonged rather to the world than to Holland. They wrote in Latin, and their work was in no sense peculiarly Dutch.

With the lapse of time scholarly activity declined. Perhaps the country paid the penalty for the unusual absorption of its people in business. At all events, Holland in later days has not ranked high in science, philosophy, or in literature.

The public and private agencies of popular education are, on the whole, adequate; yet the four historic universities of Leyden, Utrecht, Groningen, and Amsterdam have an aggregate attendance of fewer than four thousand students. From top to bottom the educational system is as purely utilitarian as can be found anywhere.

Not until the nineteenth century was well advanced did literary productiveness in Holland begin to command the attention of the world. Even now it is of comparatively little note. Dutch writers must ever labor

under the disadvantage of the fact that Dutch is the mother tongue of a very small nation, and enjoys no vogue beyond the boundaries of Holland and, to some extent, Flanders. The novel and the short story are the literary forms which have been most cultivated. The drama, like music, is backward.

It is art, rather than literature, which gives Holland her claim to a high place in the history of culture. The golden age of Dutch art coincides with the great era of wars and maritime achievement, and its glory concentrates in the person of Rembrandt. The earlier painters of life—Frans Hals, Jan Steen, Van Ostade, and the elder Mieris—were even surpassed by the painters of nature, especially of the sea—Ruysdael, Hobbema, the Vandeveldes, and others.

After the middle of the eighteenth century artistic achievement declined, peace and prosperity apparently having dulled the esthetic sense. Following the establishment of the present kingdom, however, the interests of art were wonderfully revived. A new school of painters arose, not unworthy of comparison with the old, and in the past half-century it has grown steadily more vigorous and more renowned. Mesdag, Blommers, Bles, Toorop, Israels, and the three Maris brothers are some of its greatest lights. There is no country today in which art is more fresh, more varied, or more promising.

### THE PURSUIT OF FAME

I FOLLOW, follow, but I win it not;  
I see its golden radiance from afar  
Through leagues of darkness fallen like a blot  
On the wide landscape; still I seek the star.

I seek the star, yet know not surely where  
The pathway lies by tangled wood and fen;  
The night is chill, and through the ghostly air  
Thin voices call again, and yet again.

I see it wavering through the hollow dark;  
Anon it brightens, sinks, and seems to die;  
Then slowly kindles like a little spark,  
Until it throbs and burns against the sky.

And when 'tis mine at length, and, wearied quite,  
I pause to rest where winds blow cool and damp,  
I find, 'mid mocking whispers of the night,  
Naught but a firefly bearing its small lamp!

James B. Kenyon

# AMERICA'S LEAD IN NAVAL INVENTION

by Judson C. Welliver



"**W**HAT nation contributed most to the revolution that has brought naval warfare to its wonderful state of development?"

The question, amplified with the explanation that it covered the period in which naval war has developed from an affair of wooden sailing ships carrying from twenty to eighty small cannon of antique design and little power, into the business of armored dreadnoughts, racing cruisers, fifteen-inch guns, forty-knot torpedoes, deadly submarine mines, aeroplane scouts, and all the other enginery of present-day sea-fighting, was addressed to Charles W. Stewart, superintendent of the Navy Department library in Washington.

There is no man better equipped to give a judicial answer to that inquiry than Mr. Stewart. He half closed his eyes and sighted, through a wonderful prism on his desk, at the Washington Monument, which was around the corner. He studied for a full minute, and then, slowly and weighing his words, replied:

"I think it is fair to say that Americans have contributed more than all the rest of them together."

Mr. Stewart didn't content himself with the mere assertion. Out of his wonderful stock of information about naval history he summarized his reasons. Then, waving his hand toward the long tier on tier of books, records, documents, drawings, that make up the fascinating library of the Department—one of the most complete of its

kind in the world—he added with a tone of challenge:

"The records will prove it, too!"

In the realm of pure invention Americans have led the world in making modern naval war what it is as the greatest navies of the world are playing it to-day. Some other nations, working more intensively and persistently at development of naval equipment and methods, have perhaps surpassed us in the business of adapting original devices to naval requirements; but taking the two departments of activity together, invention and adaptation, it seems quite within reason to claim a long lead for American brains, ingenuity, and resource.

Just a little while ago the Navy Department announced the creation of a new division of its activities, the Board of Naval Invention. This is designed to systematize and organize the task of harnessing the best brain-power in the realm of invention, construction, adaptation, to the project of keeping the American navy abreast and comfortably ahead of the procession of naval progress.

The names announced as the initial personnel of the new body constitute a guarantee that it will maintain American prestige in this direction. On the other hand, the members of the board will find their greatest inspiration in an intimate knowledge of the contributions that their countrymen have made to the art of naval war from the very beginnings of this government.



Necessity's precise consanguineous relationship to invention is very well understood. The very inferiorities and necessities of this nation, whenever it has gone to war, have been a spur to invention, and must be credited with a large share in the responsibility for making America's record what it is as a contributor to naval development.

There was no American navy when the war for independence started, and no adequate means for building one. Yet in that war our navy was born to a career whose glory has not been dimmed in any struggle or by any adversary.

The War of 1812 saw this country, possessing a sea power that seemed comparatively insignificant, enter the lists against the great fleet that Britain had organized to oppose Napoleon; yet about all the really creditable achievements of the republic in that war were naval. Later, in the conflict with the Barbary pirates, new luster was won for the sturdy little navy. Even in the Mexican war the maritime operations of blockading ports and transporting troops were of telling importance, though seldom receiving much notice in appraisals of that contest.

Greatest of all the testimonies to the efficacy of sea power, however, is that written in the four years of the Civil War. That conflict saw Greek meet Greek; Americans were fighting on both sides. They gave the world the armored fighter, the revolving turret, the submarine, the big gun, the torpedo, and the sunken mine in operation.

Competent authorities have declared that the most telling campaign of the whole war was the naval blockade of the South, shutting it off from outside communication and gradually wearing it down to incapacity for resistance. That campaign began with the war, and never saw a day of relaxation. A vast coast-line had to be patrolled, there were fortified ports to be assailed, tortuous rivers to be entered amid mines and under batteries; the seas of the world must be scoured for commerce-destroyers. The ships for this herculean labor had to be built, manned, equipped.

Steam-power here conclusively and forever crowded sailing war-ships off the seas; the Merrimac and the Monitor made junk of the world's navies in a day, simply because neither could make junk of the other. The first submarine that ever

proved itself in the operations of actual war was constructed by an ingenious Alabaman, William A. Alexander, out of an old steam boiler, and sank at least one Federal war-ship. "Tinclads" were devised for warfare on the great rivers, fleets of fast cruisers for blockade service, powerful, heavily armored monitors for running fortifications and bombarding seacoast cities. Lieutenant Cushing, in a steam-launch with a torpedo on a boom, demonstrated at once the possibilities of the destroyer and the torpedo.

Finally, when the era of naval lethargy, after the war, was followed by the construction of the first truly modern war-ships for our navy, the conflict with Spain brought the opportunity to give this type of fighting craft its first chance for a general demonstration of efficiency. The battles of Manila and Santiago showed what the withering fire of great guns, well handled, could do even against modern vessels less capably managed.

It would be interesting to recount some of the earliest experiments with the submarine and the flying-machine, which have done so much to make over warfare at sea. The investigation would carry us back at least to the period of the Spanish Armada. But it was American originality, earnestness, and effort that gave both of them to the world in usable form.

Robert Fulton, one of the foremost inventive geniuses of any age, was the real father of the practicable submarine. Because his name has been imperishably linked with the application of steam-power to navigation, Fulton has been too little known for his multiplicity of inventive works.

Probably he got his submarine idea from David Bushnell, a Connecticut Yankee who built a submarine that in shape was not unlike a nutmeg. Bushnell first devised a case of explosives to be set off at a predetermined time by clockwork, like an alarm-clock. To get it hitched to the under side of a ship, he was then compelled to make his submarine; and he produced it—crude, carrying one man, operated with oars, capable of very limited range of movement.

In it Sergeant Ezra Lee got at least twice under British war-ships in New York harbor early in the Revolution, but he found they had copper sheathings that prevented him from screwing his mine to the bottom.

The Bushnell boat and clockwork charge of explosives unquestionably represented the first effort to combine torpedo and submarine.

Bushnell's experiments came to the attention of Fulton, the Edison of his time. This most versatile of inventors was a Pennsylvanian. His fame was won in a few crowded years, for he died at fifty, and had already reached the age of thirty-one when, as an ambitious but unsuccessful artist, he went to England to study painting. Here Watt, of steam-engine fame, and other friends, persuaded him to give up art and devote himself to invention.

He secured patents on machinery for flax-spinning and rope-making; improved the mechanism of canal-locks; built submarine boats; constructed a torpedo, and with it did the trick at which Bushnell had failed. He took his submarine under a big bark which the British government loaned for the experiment, attached his torpedo, and blew the bark in two.

A picture of this performance, in a book published by Fulton in 1810, might fairly be used as an illustration of how a torpedo of to-day does the same thing. He was just as certain as Admiral von Tirpitz is at this minute that the submarine was destined to revolutionize naval war.

But the naval men and the "humanitarians" would have none of him and his fanciful projects. Napoleon discovered him, liked his ideas, helped him with money and named a commission to investigate his projects, on which Laplace sat. This commission reported in favor of his submarine and torpedo; but the marine authorities, in both France and Britain, despised such "underhand" and novel methods of war, and always rejected his efforts, as did the Dutch government.

Fulton sailed a steamboat on the Seine, but Napoleon declined to interest himself in it, and it remained for the American to prove later that the prophet is not always without honor in his own country; for he went home, launched the Clermont on the Hudson, and established the first regular steamboat service. The American Congress, too, provided him with funds to carry on his work.

Washington and Napoleon both passed verdicts on Fulton as one of the most ingenious, versatile, and able men they had known. He completely captivated the elder Pitt, who was prime minister in Great

Britain when Fulton, unsuccessful in Paris, went there and tried to interest the government. Pitt would have gone in for the whole Fulton naval system; but the technical naval men, certain that the "seventy-fours" which made England mistress of the seas were the last word in maritime war, were able to overrule him. Earl St. Vincent protested against Pitt wasting interest on "that gimcrack, for he was laying the foundations for doing away with the navy."

It was the same with the navy people in America; Fulton blew up a ship, but they would not be convinced. Many years afterward Admiral Porter wrote that "a midshipman at our torpedo-school would consider himself disgraced" if he didn't accomplish that task more neatly than Fulton did it.

Fulton's submarine floated well, steered reasonably well, and dived successfully. It contained the essentials of the modern under-sea craft; yet it was hopelessly ahead of the times, because there was then no way of providing adequate power of the sort that is necessary in an air-tight vessel.

The craft which Fulton demonstrated in the harbor of Brest had sails for surface navigation, and was rowed by a crew of men under water. He sailed about in the harbor, and in a trice lowered and folded mast, sails, and rigging, and submerged, to the astonishment of the spectators, coming up again at a considerable distance. He is said to have used compressed air to maintain the oxygen supply for his crew.

But his reliance on sails and oars made his invention comparatively useless save for very short-distance cruises in quiet waters. The modern submarine also has two sources of power—petrol, for use on the surface, when there is no necessity to conserve the supply of air, and electric storage-batteries, to use under water. A steam-boiler is inapplicable to a submarine; one big enough to give power to a modern under-water cruiser would burn up all the oxygen inside in a very few minutes. The storage-battery is the great essential, and this did not come till long after Fulton's time.

Springs, compressed air, steam from water heated before submergence, and chemical engines that used oxygen-containing combustibles that would burn in hermetically sealed cases, were all tried by the inventors; but the storage-battery is the accepted

present-day method under water. Steam has been used by the French for surface cruising, but is objectionable because it heats the interior, and the fires cannot be instantly extinguished when no longer needed.

To supply air for long periods, the commonest method is to use compressed air. There seems little doubt that a very early Dutch inventor, Cornelius Drebbel, a protégé of King James I of England, actually discovered a chemical process of purifying and restoring the air. The secret of it died with him; persistent effort to learn it has confirmed the belief that Drebbel could do the trick, and likewise that he never left a record or explanation of it.

The man who combined all these ancient experiments with up-to-date mechanisms to make a submarine of the modern type was John P. Holland. He is the real author of the naval revolution. Born in Ireland, he came to America as a very young man, devoutly hating England, as Irish expatriates of his time were wont to do. He wanted to perfect a submarine in order to make England's sea power useless; then he believed that Ireland could make herself free.

Holland's first submarine was a failure. His experience was strangely like that of Langley with his first flying-machine. Each had everything in his craft that was needed to make it work, but it didn't. Langley's flying-machine tumbled into the Potomac and became a joke. Holland's submarine stuck in the mud, and, because it had a bad gasoline engine, proved what the world regarded as a failure.

But neither Holland nor Langley was convinced. Holland kept on trying, and at last succeeded; Langley gave much assistance to the Wright brothers, who profited by what he had learned and finally made the first successful flights, as Holland earned the honor of complete success in under-water navigation.

Even after he had induced the United States government, in 1895, to buy his plans and hire him to superintend the construction of a submarine, Holland met new difficulties. Technical experts insisted on modifying his designs and generally interfering, until his first boat built for the government was a doubtful success. But three years later he managed to get his own way; he was enabled to reject all advice, and produced the Holland, which

proved itself a wonder of mobility, control, and speed.

This vessel was the beginning of the submarine's recognition and acceptance by the world's navies. It was really Holland No. 9, for there had been a long list of experiments before it; but the world refers to it as the Holland, and it was to submarine navigation what the Clermont was to steam navigation, and Watt's engine to the development of steam-power.

This first thoroughly successful submarine was fifty-four feet long, displaced seventy-five tons, carried water ballast of ten tons, and had a reserve buoyancy of two hundred and fifty pounds. On the surface she was propelled by a fifty-horse-power gasoline engine, and under water by electricity, the batteries storing power enough to go fifty miles under water at about eight miles an hour. She had a surface cruising capacity of fifteen hundred miles, and could dive to a depth of twenty-three feet in eight seconds. She was steered up and down by horizontal rudders at the stern, in addition to the ordinary vertical rudder. She carried two torpedo-tubes, and was, in short, a perfected modern submarine on a small scale.

The plans of Holland have been used by the United States, England, and Japan in building their submarine flotillas; they have been merely modified and adapted by other countries.

The story of the aeroplane is so fresh in the public mind that it need hardly be recalled that it is peculiarly an American affair, to be credited to Samuel P. Langley and the two Wrights. There is the best present-day aeronautical authority for saying that the Langley flying-machine, restored and skilfully handled, would fly. The Wrights used what Langley had learned, what their own research taught them, and supplemented it all with long and painstaking experiments in the art of flying, a knowledge of which was necessary to succeed in adapting mechanical contrivances to achieve it.

The aeroplanes of all the world to-day represent merely adaptation of American ideas and methods. They have become the eyes of both army and navy. They have made strategy, as it was formerly known, a dead science, because they enable each commander to know the dispositions of his enemy. They have converted great field operations, magnificent and sweeping in the

time of Napoleon and his successors, into trench warfare.

Submarines, torpedoes, and aeroplanes, though they have made a new art of war, are by no means the full contribution of American ingenuity to the revolution. The American, Morse, was the inventor of the electrical transmission of intelligence. This had largely affected methods of war before other Americans produced the telephone as a still more ready instrument for the same purpose; before European inventors had produced the wireless, both telegraph and telephone, which have expanded the facilities and applications of electrical communication.

War, nowadays, adapts almost everything to its uses. Some months ago, in a suburb of Washington, a sewerage system was contracted for by the village council. The low bidder closed the contract, and instead of putting a couple of hundred laborers at work with spades, he started a huge gasoline-driven machine through the streets, which, with half a dozen men in charge, dug ditches at a preposterous rate. One day that same week an attaché of a great European government motored out from the capital to see the machine work; then he got on a train for the West, where the contrivances are made; and a little later it was announced that American-made ditching-machines were cutting trenches for his country's soldiers.

In this connection it is appropriate to observe that the "caterpillar carriage" for heavy field-guns, to enable them to use muddy roads, was patented by an American, and that Germany evidently got the idea here.

John Ericsson was a Swede by nativity; and if the fact that he was already thirty-six years old when he came to America may deprive this country of some pride of proprietorship in his wonderful inventions, the loss is fully compensated by the fact that it was not till he had tried hard to interest Europe in his marine inventions that he decided to try America. Like Fulton, he won here the recognition that Europe would not accord him.

As a young man, Ericsson left Sweden for England, full of ideas about steam-engineering improvements and their industrial application. He applied artificial draft to steam-boilers; built the first completely successful steam fire-engine; and learned of the prize offered by the new

Liverpool and Manchester Railway for the best steam locomotive. The time for the tests was near; but in a few weeks Ericsson built an engine to compete with the Rocket, on which Stephenson had spent many months. Because of the haste in building, Ericsson's engine was disabled by an accident, and did not finish the run; but it made much greater speed than the Rocket, and was widely accounted the better locomotive. It actually reached a speed of fifty miles an hour.

Ericsson tried to convince the British Admiralty that he could build a steam-power war-ship with its machinery below the water-line, practically safe from gunfire. That construction was a naval revolution in itself; but British conservatism could no more appreciate it than it had been able to grasp the proposals of Fulton, and Ericsson, in disgust, came to America. The United States employed him in building just the war-ship that Britain had rejected. The Princeton was the first of the type, and embodied many other mechanical improvements of Ericsson's, chief among them the screw propeller.

Several valuable scientific instruments were given to the world by Ericsson. In the American division of the Crystal Palace Exposition, in London, the grand medal for invention went to this man who had become an American because England would not see the utility of his work! Yet he had not at that time produced his foremost invention, the turreted and armored Monitor, whose story need not be told here. It was the end of the old, the beginning of the new, in naval warfare.

Even before the Monitor, Ericsson's ideas had been embodied in a squadron of American naval vessels which, built in the last decade before the Civil War, were in their day probably the greatest war-ships afloat. James C. Dobbin, a North Carolina man, had charge of their detailed designing. They were equipped with such improvements as the tubular boiler, the screw propeller, and the placement of machinery below the water-line. Of this group the government built the Wabash, Colorado, Minnesota, Merrimac, and Roanoke. They marked an advance which, in their time, was comparable to that of the first dreadnought a half-century later.

In ordnance the achievement of American genius has been only less impressive than in devising new craft. The first ma-



chine gun that succeeded was the Gatling, invented by Dr. Richard Gatling, though there had been endless experiment before his time. There are now many types, and it has become the great infantry weapon, a ferocious man-killer, capable of shooting a hail of bullets while the operator is required only to attend to aiming it.

Great ordnance owes a debt to Ericsson, who first constructed a banded gun, the bands strengthening the breech so that it could withstand the shock of a greater charge of explosive. From this Parrott, Dahlgren, and others developed the weapons that proved so effective in the naval operations of the Civil War.

The Dahlgrens were built of eight-inch, nine-inch, ten-inch, and eleven-inch diameters for the Federal war-ships, fortifications, and siege operations. The Southern armies and vessels opposed them with the Blakely gun, of British make, and the authorities decided that the American was by far the superior type. Thus in the classic duel of the Alabama and the Kearsarge the Alabama carried more guns, but they were Blakelys. The Kearsarge had as her most powerful weapons two eleven-inch Dahlgrens, and to their terrific effectiveness the ordnance experts commonly attributed the victory of the Union ship.

Too little attention has been given to the naval devices produced by Southern ingenuity during the Civil War. The story of the Hunley submarine should be better known, for it is a shining example of what inventive faculty and intrepidity in action may achieve.

The Hunley navigated several miles out to sea, off Charleston; she blew up the U. S. S. Housatonic, and was herself carried to the bottom with the wreck of her victim, her entire crew being lost. She was fished out again, volunteers flocked to man her, and she was kept in service. Four times during her career she was "lost" in this fashion with her crew, and each time a new set of volunteers was ready to remain with her.

The Confederates devised for their torpedoes a nipple that would explode on contact. It employed fulminate of mercury, and its principle is the basis of some of the contact-explosion devices still used. The modern torpedo is a direct development of the projects of Fulton: the locomotive torpedo, which carries a power-plant in its tail, and after being fired is driven through

the water by its own propeller, was at first operated by compressed air; but this soon gave place to the storage-battery, and here the debt runs again to the American, Edison.

In the improvement of explosives Americans have played rather a minor part as compared to their striking accomplishments in other fields. Yet they have contributed much to the work of such men as Nobel, a Swede; Fossano, an Italian; and many others, toward producing the wonderfully powerful and destructive explosives of to-day. Especially is mention to be made of Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou and Admiral Converse in the development of smokeless powder.

There has been testimony from Europe's battle-fields during the present war that American ammunition is the best and most effective used on any of the firing-lines. This tribute is no surprise to the men who have been in touch with the development of American processes of manufacture and construction. Shrapnel, for instance, gets its name from Colonel Henry Shrapnel of the British army, who invented the cylinderful of bullets, to be showered in a cone-shaped hail of death when the casing should explode. Its success depends on the fuse, which must be so delicately adjusted that it will explode and burst the casing at precisely the right point in the missile's flight; and the best fuses are conceded to be American made.

They say in Europe that the best army revolvers are made in America. The steel dart, dropped from aeroplanes and Zeppelins in showers, is of American device. American development of the low-priced, machine-made, and mechanically-assembled automobile has been largely responsible for the possibility of using the auto so extensively in war.

The catalogue of American contributions to the modern art of war at sea and on land might be expanded further; it is only possible here to touch some high spots, by way of suggesting how very great has been the American influence. American willingness to try the new device, to consider the new idea, to experiment with the inventions of dreamers, has made it possible for a nation which has never been warlike or aggressive, and which only in times of national necessity has thought much about such matters, to do so much to perfect the paraphernalia of war.

# The Two Guardsmen

by Bannister Merwin



ILLUSTRATED BY  
A. I. KELLER



FOR three evenings, at exactly six o'clock, the door of the dingy dining-room at Shea's had opened to admit a young woman.

You must not think that women were a rarity at Shea's. Many of the patrons who lodged in the neighborhood brought their wives for a chop or a steak and a mug of musty. But this one was different. She was unaccompanied. Moreover, she was neither mature nor commonplace. You noted first her quiet self-possession—the sureness with which she moved toward Jimmy's corner table. But it was her big, dark-lashed gray eyes that arrested your heart for a moment. They were wonderful eyes; and Billy Miles was under their spell.

The first evening she came he was in the midst of one of his casual visits to Shea's. A special assignment had brought him to a near-by building, and he had dropped in for a bite before going back to the office of the *Evening Star* to write his story. Just as Jimmy was bringing his order he had looked up and had seen *her*.

She had paused for an instant, her glance sweeping the room, to rest at last on fatherly old Jimmy, with his shock of white hair and his wrinkled, kindly face. Then she had made her way straight to Jimmy's corner table—the one which usually was tacitly reserved for Dr. Mellick; and Jimmy had drawn out the chair for her without even a hint that the next table was just as desirable.

Even Dr. Mellick, coming in later, lost his first look of annoyance when he met the innocent glance of those demure and lovely eyes. Billy Miles, who had been in a hurry, forgot his haste, dawdled over his coffee, and stole one look after another, while the young woman ate a modest dinner, paid Jimmy, and departed.

So Billy Miles had managed to come to Shea's for his dinner the next night, and the next—developing an inordinate appetite for English chops. Old Jimmy, who, always saw everything, easily read the reason; and Jimmy was very thoughtful, and redoubled his solicitous watchfulness over the young woman's needs.

On this third evening, for the first time, the young woman unbent—to Jimmy. Perhaps it was because she felt that he could be trusted; perhaps it was because she was lonely; but as he seated her she smiled at him.

"Good evenin', miss," said Jimmy tremulously; for, though he had expected ultimate recognition, he was not prepared for a smile like hers. "I've kept your table for you."

"That's nice," she answered. "I like this quiet corner."

Jimmy, who had set his cracked eyeglasses athwart his nose, glanced over them at Dr. Mellick, who was just entering the dining-room and moving toward the next table. The doctor grinned good-naturedly through his big brown beard and seated

himself. The young woman was scanning the bill of fare.

"Will you try a bit o' fish, miss?" inquired Jimmy. "It's very good this evening."

While she was deciding he looked furtively toward Billy Miles. That young man was shamelessly taking advantage of the girl's absorption to stare at her boldly. Jimmy's brow wrinkled anxiously.

Later Jimmy hazarded a further lead. Indefinably, her manner had told him that she was new to the city.

"Do you like New York, miss?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. Then,

half to herself: "But it's hard to get used to it after the West."

"Then you come from the West, miss?"

"Yes," she said, and added irrelevantly, "on business."

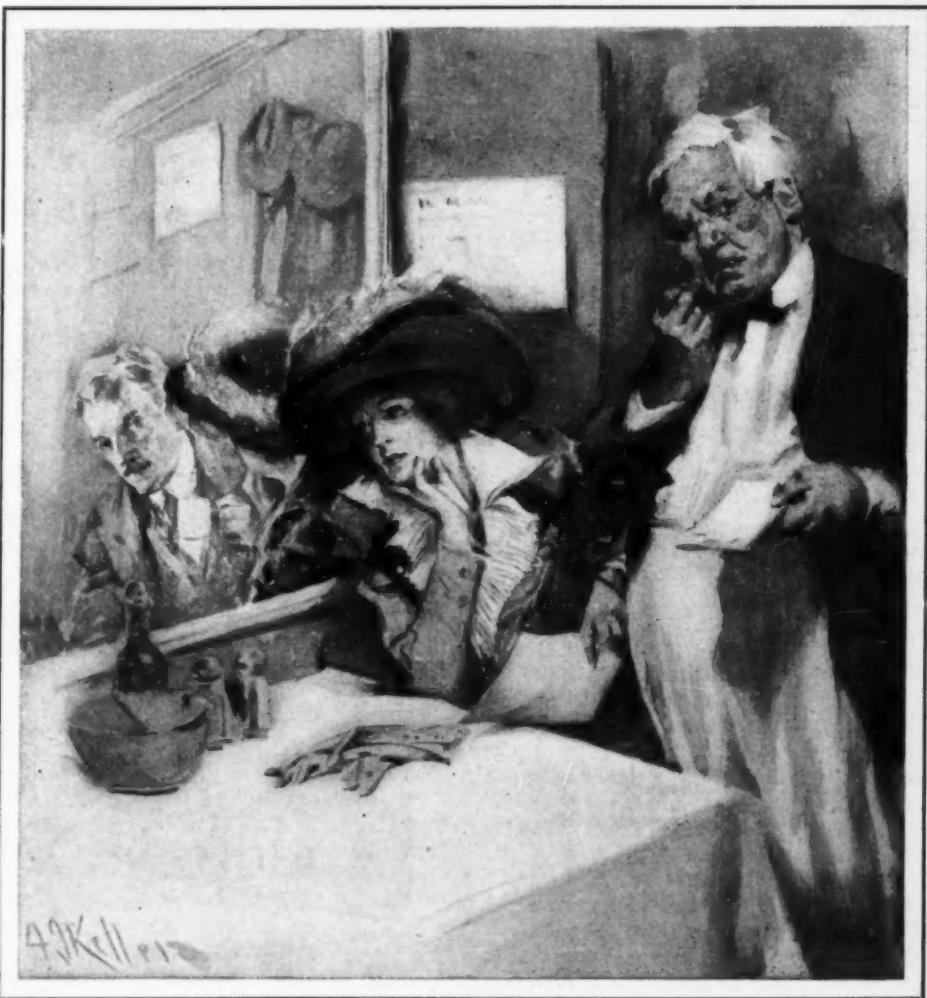
"You 'ave no intention to stay long in the city?"

His persistence brought back a touch of her reserve.

"I may. It depends."

"I've been 'ere many years, miss," Jimmy went on. "Everybody in this part o' town knows me. Why, I could tell you a thousand names."

He might have added that strangers were seldom permitted at his tables; for



"SHE'S ERE ON 'ER OWN—AN' SHE NEEDS LOOKIN' OUT FOR!"

Jimmy was not merely a waiter, he was an institution. The girl looked up, and her face softened as she saw his kindness and genuineness.

"Thank you," she said. "You are very good. This is a convenient place for me," she added in sudden confidence. "I have a room around the corner—at Mrs. Cressup's. Do you know of her?"

"Oh, yes," remarked Jimmy. "She's let furnished rooms there for fifteen years to my knowledge."

"I get my own breakfast in my room," she continued. "To-morrow there will be some one here with me for lunch—a man who sold a lot of books to the store in Denver not long before I left. He is going to—" She stopped short, then laughed aloud, and said: "I don't know why I am telling you all this."

"It's a way we all 'ave when we're lonesome, miss," said Jimmy. "We just must talk to somebody."

"She's 'ere on business," he thought, "and she's not a buyer, or she'd be at one of the 'otels. She's 'ere on 'er own—an' she needs lookin' out for!"

The girl had scarcely gone when Billy Miles, with a crook of his finger, summoned Jimmy. He looked the old man squarely in the eyes.

"Jimmy," he said, "who is she?"

"Who is who?" Jimmy evaded.

"The girl."

"I don't know 'er name, Mr. Miles, sir," said Jimmy. He wrinkled his brow. "But she's new to the city. She—"

He stopped short and fumbled at his eye-glasses. He liked Mr. Miles—had once helped him to unravel a big, tangled story. Suddenly Miles understood.

"Good Lord, Jimmy!" he exclaimed. "What do you take me for? Can't you see I've just got to know?"

Jimmy stared thoughtfully, and yet humbly, as became his position, into the eyes of Billy Miles. They were clear, clean eyes. After all, he thought, he could trust any young man whose cheeks blushed so honestly; and besides, he knew Mr. Miles.

"She's 'ere on business of 'er own," he explained slowly. "She 'as a room at Mrs. Cressup's—133 West. I 'ave a feelin', Mr. Miles, sir, that she—well, sir, that she don't know so much about New York, an' as long as she comes 'ere for lunch and dinner—"

"Does she come here for lunch, too?" demanded Miles eagerly.

## II

THE man who entered Shea's with the girl the next day was neither young nor attractive. Heavily built, with a deeply lined face, there was a look about him that indicated a more or less questionable quality of experience. A shrewd observer could read signs of a character gone to seed. But his manner was good—pleasant and businesslike—and the girl apparently accepted him at his own valuation.

Jimmy scowled as he went out with the order. He was uneasy about this stranger. He threw a questioning, troubled glance at Billy Miles, who, oddly enough, had come to Shea's to lunch for the first time in his life.

Of the conversation that went on between the girl and her companion Jimmy caught a few fragments.

"My knowledge of the market—you in charge of the office and the correspondence—satisfactory lists—advertise? Yes, in the farm papers—confine it to women—straight investment."

These bits came to Jimmy in the man's voice. And again:

"My experience against your money—equal division—that will be—well, hardly. You see, Miss Fitch—"

So her name was Fitch!

As for Miss Fitch, her talk seemed to be limited to brief questions; but Jimmy thought he detected a faint shadow of doubt in those gray eyes of hers. Did she, too, feel something was wrong about the man? Were the credentials of a Denver acquaintance sufficient?

Whatever the girl may have thought of her companion, Jimmy decided to test him in his own way. The time had come to present the bill. Jimmy put on his eye-glasses and reckoned the sum with his stub of a pencil. He laid the bill before the stranger.

"I will pay it," said Miss Fitch.

"No, no! I couldn't hear of it." The stranger was running his eye over the reckoning.

"But, Mr. Pronty—"

"My dear Miss Fitch, please don't speak of it." The stranger looked at Jimmy. "Waiter, you're trying to cheat yourself. The addition is forty cents short."





"I WILL WRITE TO YOU"

"Is it, sir?" inquired Jimmy, running his eye over the figures. "Indeed, you're right, sir. Thank you very kindly for tellin' me, sir!"

Surely an honest act on the part of Mr. Pronty! But Jimmy, who had laid the trap of a wrong addition, was not satisfied; for he realized that the other man had not only avoided the trap, but had turned it to his own advantage in the eyes of the young woman.

"It's some business deal that he and she's talkin' of," he announced quite frankly to Billy Miles after the two had gone. "It don't look right to me."

"That fellow," said Miles, "is—I've seen him somewhere. He—"

"'Is name is Pronty," Jimmy volunteered.

"Pronty? Pronty? By Jove!" Miles tapped the table with his fist. "That's the man! Got into trouble with the post-



"CUT IT OUT," COMMANDED BILLY MILES, "AND BEAT IT!"

office people last year. Shady mail-order game." He frowned at vacancy. "Do you suppose, Jimmy, she's tied up with anything like *that*?"

"I don't think she's tied up yet, Mr. Miles, sir," said Jimmy. "An' if she is, it will be just because she's such an innocent lamb, sir."

The words were a relief as well as a reproof to Billy Miles's doubts. He meditated.

"It looks," he finally said, "as if somebody has got to watch out for her, Jimmy."

In truth, the incident helped him greatly in his process of self-justification.

Leaving the restaurant, he walked slowly and thought hard. The result of his cogitations was a conclusion that he was not a spy but an honest man. By this time his feet had taken him around the corner to a position before the high stoop of 133 West—a destination on which he had more or less unconsciously fixed before setting out from Shea's.

"Why shouldn't I do it?" he argued. "She certainly needs a friend. And—anyway—"

With that he boldly mounted the steps, rang the bell, and applied to fishy-eyed Mrs. Cressup for a room.

### III

THE opportunities for scraping acquaintance are many in a lodging-house. Mr. Billy Miles, passing a pair of gray eyes on the creaking stairs of Mrs. Cressup's, drew aside with a deference so marked that he was rewarded with a nod of acknowledgment. The next time he ventured a "Good evening"; and as all of Billy's spare time seemed to be spent in going up and down Mrs. Cressup's stairs, there were other encounters, and within two days he managed to progress from fragmentary greetings to whole sentences, and finally to a conversation in the hall.

We need not follow the evolution of the acquaintanceship in all its details. Let it be enough to say that at six o'clock of the fourth subsequent day Mr. Billy Miles and Miss Dorothy Fitch were seated together at the corner table at Shea's, while Jimmy hovered over them to take their order.

She knew concerning him that he was Billy Miles, of the *Evening Star*. That would have been enough for any one familiar with newspaperdom.

He knew of her that she was an orphan, the daughter of a Denver clergyman; that she had been head clerk in a Denver bookshop. Also he was glad that her name was Dorothy; but he was conscious of her reserve. When he turned the subject to work and business, she looked thoughtfully past or through him—he was not sure which. Not a word from her about Pronty. And yet Miles felt certain that she was in touch with him, continuing negotiations, perhaps at an office.

He would not spy on her; so you see there were limits to his shamelessness. He had resolved to know no more than she

would willingly tell him—and that, as it happened, was nothing.

But with Jimmy, in Billy's absence, she was franker.

"I am in big business for the first time in my life, Jimmy," she had said to him one day at lunch, smiling as she spoke. "What would you think of a young woman with a little money taking up a business of stock investment for women on a five-dollar instalment plan?"

This was after a good deal of chatting during the luncheon-hour.

"It's a matter I know little of," replied Jimmy thoughtfully. "But I should want to be sure about it, miss—I should want to be sure."

He reported this to Miles.

"It's that man Pronty, sir, that's given her the idea," he explained. "It looks bad! Perhaps you'd better do something about it, Mr. Miles."

Billy groaned.

"How can I do anything about it?" he demanded.

"Through the paper, sir?" Jimmy ventured.

"Oh, I can't—I can't! Don't you see, Jimmy? We—we aren't on that basis. I—I can't butt in about what she does with her money."

Jimmy understood well enough. He saw that matters had progressed with Mr. Billy Miles. He was sensitive; he was proud; he would not give his advice unless it were asked for.

That evening, as Billy sat with her at dinner, he did his best to make her speak of Pronty; but she would not.

"How did you ever happen to come to New York?" he asked her desperately.

"To look around," she answered. "It is my first visit."

"Have you seen all the sights?"

She smiled.

"I haven't had time. That is"—she caught herself—"there have been things to do. Perhaps Sunday afternoon—"

"Let me show you around a little on Sunday," he requested eagerly.

She consented; so on Sunday afternoon they went to Grant's Tomb on a Fifth Avenue stage, came back to Central Park, fed the squirrels, sat on a bench, and talked. Under the glances of her gray eyes Billy Miles thrilled; but he returned resolutely from his excursion into the realm of day-dreams.

"It's a slack season in my work," he began.

"Indeed!" She seemed more interested in an approaching squirrel than in Billy's words.

"Yes. Nothing happens. And news is not news until it happens."

The squirrel drew nearer in little timid rushes. She held out a peanut between her slender fingers.

"I am thinking of making a little news out of—of the fake mail swindles," he went on.

The nut fell from her fingers to the ground. The squirrel seized it and scampered away.

"There are a lot of men who make a trade of cheating the farmers that way," he added. "I saw one of them with you at Shea's one day—a fellow named Pronty." She turned and regarded him silently. "Of course, I don't suppose you know—" This sounded very lame, and he stopped.

"Has it occurred to you," she said coolly, "that perhaps there are two sides to Mr. Pronty's story? Thank you for telling me, but I am perfectly well able to look out for myself."

Miles winced.

"Confound it!" he floundered. "I—I know it's none of my business, but—how can *you* understand the ways of men like that? I'll tell you the truth, Doro—Miss Fitch. I saw you first at Shea's. I—I just had to know you. I found you lived at 133—so I moved in there, though I've got an apartment up-town. I—hang it—I spoke to you. I wanted you to like me. Dorothy, you *must* like me!"

"I think I'd better go," she said softly; but she did not rise.

"I can't help it," said Billy. "I'm an ass and I know it, but—"

She gazed dreamily into the distance.

"I can't expect you to care," Billy stammered on. "I don't ask you to say you care. I only ask you to give me a chance to make you care."

"Wait," she said. "We mustn't talk like this. I wish—"

He raised his troubled eyes to hers.

"What?" he asked.

"I wish you to move away from Mrs. Cressup's."

"But how shall I see you?"

She deliberated. How could she be so calm?

"You are not to see me till you hear from me."

"When will that be?"

"When I am done with—with what I am doing."

Billy groaned.

"Are you going on with that man Pronty?"

"I knew Mr. Pronty in Denver," she answered quietly.

The squirrel was again making little rushes toward them. Billy frowned at it.

"But you will give me a chance?" he implored. "You will—Dorothy?"

She rose. He stood close beside her, and his eager eyes searched her face; but she avoided meeting their gaze.

"I will write to you," she said simply.

#### IV

BILLY moved back to his apartment that night. He packed his trunk laggingly, made slow work of settling with Mrs. Cressup—in short, delayed as long as he decently could; but there was never a sign of Dorothy Fitch. Evidently she had meant what she said.

When at last he departed, and realized that she was not going to relent, he became sullen and moody. He was to await her bidding like a child. He was to go about his duties in great, empty New York until she chose to summon him.

And yet he gradually became more cheerful. Had he not made great headway in a week? And he had her promise. He was to have his chance!

What puzzled him most was her unwillingness to talk of her business with Pronty. Why so much secrecy about a plan which she believed to be honest? He did not doubt her, however. Her reasons, whatever they were, were her own; he would respect them. If she lost money through Pronty, what of that?

The next day dragged for him. By evening he felt that he must have a glimpse of her. She would not know; he would keep out of her sight. He went, therefore, to the vicinity of Shea's at the dinner-hour.

Through the window he saw her. He took up a position across the street and watched her until she came out and walked away with that firm, brisk step of her. He would have liked to follow; but that, he felt, was beyond honor. So he went into Shea's and took the table she had left. At least he could talk to Jimmy.



"She 'as just gone, Mr. Miles," said Jimmy.

"I know," Billy nodded. "It's no use, Jimmy," he continued. "I've been banished. I'm not to see her again till she gets ready!"

"Is *that* it, sir?" asked Jimmy, his forehead wrinkling.

"That's it. Bring me a sea-bass. I suppose I've got to eat. Well, Jimmy, it's got to a point where I can't butt in. Pronty 'll get her money—probably all of her savings!"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy hurried away to the kitchen. His old eyes were blurred with doubts and questions. When he returned he said:

"She seemed to be quite cheerful this evenin', sir. She said a man was comin' to see 'er this evenin', an' then 'er business'd be done."

Billy's heart leaped. He was not to have long to wait. Was her cheerfulness due to her knowledge that his banishment was soon to end?

"But it ain't just losin' the money, sir," Jimmy went on. "It's the good name."

"The good name?" Billy was puzzled.

"What do you mean by that, Jimmy?"

"The business is to be done in 'er name, Mr. Miles."

Billy had not thought of that.

"In her name?" he muttered.

"Yes, Mr. Miles. She told me quite a bit about it. She was quite colloquacious this evenin', sir."

"Good Lord! And she's got me tied!"

Billy lapsed into moody pondering. Jimmy went about his duties. He seemed troubled to-night, and his hand trembled as he poured the water. He had made a decision; but he waited till Billy was going before he told him.

"It's no use, Mr. Miles," the old man said. "I can't let it alone. I—I'm goin' to interfere."

"How?" Billy turned in his chair.

"I'm goin' to go over there, sir, an'—an' warn 'er."

"You?"

"It may cost me my place, sir, but I'm goin'. I've interfered with folks before, an' gen'rally I was right. Maybe she'll forgive me."

Jimmy sighed.

"You're a good sort," said Billy shortly.

He pushed back his chair and rose. He wanted to think.

As he wandered through the streets he tried to steady his mind to a clear view of the situation. He had no right to interfere; he had already done his best. But her good name! Dorothy Fitch, catspaw for Pronty! It was one thing for her to lose her money. Her name was another matter. He pictured it all—crafty circular letters; five-dollar bills from farmers' wives; Pronty's report of investments that had not gone as he had expected; complaints from clients whom he could delude no longer; the intervention of government inspectors; notoriety; perhaps arrests and indictments.

Well, Jimmy was going to warn her. Jimmy! The idea of his leaving it to Jimmy! He drew himself up, turned on his heel, and made straight for 133 West.

## V

MRS. CRESSUP'S front door was not latched. It yielded to Billy's hand, and he did not wait to ring, but pushed into the hall. He stood still for a moment. From the reception-room at the left came the sound of a voice—*her* voice.

"You're a good old man, Jimmy," she was saying, "but this is something you don't understand. Thank you just the same."

"I understand about 'im, miss," came from Jimmy. "I know wot 'is game is. It ain't so much the money, miss; it's the good name."

"I think, my man, that Miss Fitch can take care of her good name." This in a strange voice.

"So thank you for coming here, Jimmy," Dorothy put in. "I know just how you meant it."

Billy Miles walked into the room. There stood Jimmy, hat in hand, his eyes dull with the look of failure. Dorothy was smiling at him. Pronty stood in the background, his face picturing good-natured condescension.

"I'll take a hand in this," said Billy abruptly.

Dorothy gasped. Pronty took a step forward. Billy, white of face, addressed himself to him.

"My name's Miles," he said. "*Evening Star*." Pronty's mouth opened and shut. "I know your record. Drop this game, or I'll show you up!"

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Miles," said Dorothy.

"I'm not," he answered curtly. Then to Pronty: "You understand what I say?"

Pronty looked at the girl. Her eyes were downcast.

"You better not butt in, young fellow!" he blurted. "You haven't got anything on me. My enemies—"

"Cut it out," commanded Billy Miles, "and beat it!"

Pronty turned again to the girl.

"Oh, go—go," she said with a sudden weariness. "It's no use. Go!"

Pronty seized his hat, glared angrily at Billy, and went.

And then a strange thing happened. Dorothy raised her eyes to Billy. With a sob that was half a laugh she went to him and placed her hands in his.

"Billy Miles! Billy Miles!" she whispered. "You've spoiled it all!"

"I did what I had to do," he answered stiffly.

"You've spoiled it all," she repeated. Her eyes grew luminous. "And I don't care if you have," she finished. "I don't care a bit!"

Like a flash he had her in his arms.

"To think you thought I didn't know what I was doing!" she whispered against his shoulder.

Jimmy gravely tiptoed from the room.

## VI

"You see, Jimmy," said Miles at Shea's the next day, "you and I made a bad mess of it."

"Did we, sir?" the old waiter returned. "I rather thought—"

"She was on to Pronty all the time. It's true that she met him in Denver, in a bookshop there; but that was three years ago. For the last year she's done the woman's page for the Chicago *Mentor*. They put her on a big story about the way the mail-sharks get the country women's money; and I never twigged it! Park Row would yell! But never mind, Jimmy. She'll be Mrs. Billy Miles to-morrow—Mrs. Billy Miles! And you're coming to the wedding, Jimmy—you're coming to the wedding!"

Jimmy's old face relaxed.

"I'm not so sure we made a mess of it," he said—"not so sure, Mr. Miles, sir!"

## THE KEY OF HEAVEN

Is it the things which we have done  
Or have not done that will decide  
If we shall share God's deathless sun,  
Or cease to be, when we have died?  
Is it the things which we have done  
—Some heart-bent, self-defiant act—  
Or have not done—mere caution's pact  
With God a blameless course to run?

Shall darers of a chartless sea  
Or they who file the posted road  
Be hailed as winners of the key  
Whose lock is rest in God's abode?—  
The choosers of a chartless sea,  
Peers with the angel-demon Life,  
Or timid souls who shrink from strife  
As risk to sure security?

Surely the things which we have done,  
Though marred in doing, count for more  
Beneath God's active, golden sun  
Than mines of guarded, unworked ore!  
Though evil flaw the good that's done,  
Sooner at death's assay submit  
The tarnished than the counterfeit,  
Life crushed by living use than none!

Richard Butler Glaenser

# Cynthia - Hit-the-Ceiling

by Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATED BY  
C. D. WILLIAMS



EVERYBODY knew that she was tall, but that she so tragically topped the average was a discovery which she made in the bedroom of Mrs. Stafford's century-old stone house. The ceiling was low, but the women who were preening themselves in front of the Empire mantel-mirror and the Georgian cheval-glass were not conscious of it. But Cynthia was very conscious, for as she stood tall and straight in the glory of her young strength, the tip of the slender feather on her small velvet hat hit the ceiling!

So there you have her—Cynthia-Hit-the-Ceiling! It was the nickname that she at once gave herself, but she did not voice it aloud. She played cards that afternoon as serenely as if the discovery she had made up-stairs had not taken the joy out of her day; as if it had not made the winning of the prize as ashes to her palate.

She danced, too, that night at the country club with a calmness which indicated a mind at rest, yet not for a moment was she unconscious of her handicap. She realized for the first time that she was forced to look down on most of the men. Now and then some exceptionally elongated partner met her eyes equally—but never could she look up!

And Cynthia wanted to look up—her whole attitude of mind was womanly, the kind that wants to worship, and how can any woman look down on a man physically and look up to him mentally?

It was this question she asked the next afternoon, in a roundabout way, of her grandfather, who was a judge and a gentleman of comforting colossal proportions.

It was the afternoon after the dance—a Sunday afternoon, in a world that was all pink bloom and pale lavender vistas and emerald blotches where the new grass was coming up, and there was a flock of new goslings on the new grass, and they were as brightly yellow as the colors on an Easter card. And Cynthia and her grandfather stopped to look at the goslings; for they had motored far that morning and were ready to eat their lunch by the way.

It was while they stood side by side looking over the wire fence and feeding the goslings with bits of lettuce sandwiches that Cynthia asked:

"How tall was grandmother?"

Her grandfather smiled.

"As high as my heart—"

Then he caught sight of her face, and laid his hand on hers and said gently:

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, grandfather, I can never be as high as any man's heart! I must always be higher and higher—perhaps I shall hang over his head."

It sounded funny, but it wasn't a bit funny to her or to him, because, you see, he loved her. So he said:

"Dear girl, when the right man comes, you won't care. And he won't care."

She shook her head.

"The race of giants is extinct—and I'm such a giantess!"

The day was warm, and she had thrown off her dust-cloak and was lithe and long in a silver-green gown that was like the leaves of young poplars in the spring, and above the green her cheeks were red and white, and above the white was the golden-brown wealth of her hair, and her eyes were dark, with long lashes.

"You're a lovely giantess," said her grandfather.

He had spread a rug on the grass, and now she sat down on it, with the box of sandwiches in her lap. There was a box of cake, too, with frosting and nuts—Cynthia's favorite cake.

"If I eat too much of it, I shall be fat as well as tall, won't I? And a plump little woman may have charms, but a plump big one—oh, grandfather!"

"You'll always be thin—we're a lean race, and you'll never lose your love of the out-of-doors and of exercise."

She finished her cake. Then:

"You see, grandfather, there's a man—a little man—"

"I thought so."

"Oh, I'm not a bit in love with him. But if he were taller, or I were smaller, I might—"

"McDermott?"

"Yes. Everything about him is big—his mind, his heart, all but his body."

"I know. And he's in love with you, Cynthia?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

A long silence. Then out of it:

"I think I'd better go away, grandfather. Don't you want to play golf this summer in Scotland?"

She convinced him at last that he did, and it was on the eve of their departure that McDermott called on her. With him came a sheaf of her favorite red roses, and as she pinned one into the folds of her white chiffon dinner-gown she blushed charmingly.

Her color went when he said:

"You'll write to me?"

"Sometimes, perhaps—"

"Many times, please, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else; the city's so hot in summer, and I shall miss you."

The only light in the room was the moonlight, for the night was warm and the judge was smoking on the porch beyond, and Cynthia by the window was like a

white wraith—shadowy, elusive as the perfume of the roses.

McDermott, moved by a sudden sense of the tragedy of her departure, came over and stood beside her.

"Cynthia, I shall miss you. I don't want you to go."

"I don't want to go," she said frankly.

"Then why are you going?"

She could not say "I am going because I am tall and you are short"; such a reason clothed in words seemed ridiculous. Yet it was a very serious reason—serious enough to send her away. So she said:

"Grandfather wants to play golf."

It wasn't true, but it was true enough to satisfy him. Yet some vague presentiment ruled him and made him say, very low:

"You won't forget me, Cynthia?"

"No; oh, no."

"Because I love you. I wonder if I dare ask you to love me, Cynthia?"

Well, she had brought it on herself. No woman has a right to sit in the moonlight on the night before she is leaving for a long journey and expect that the man who cares for her will talk of Shakespeare.

At last she whispered:

"Don't ask me."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to tell you."

"Because you don't care for me?"

She was too honest to tell him that she did not care. So she rose and stood beside him, unfolding her long white length until the mirror placed in the wall opposite the window, on which the moonlight shone, gave back two luminous figures.

"I can't marry you."

"Why not?"

She laughed and plunged.

"It's such a silly reason."

"Tell it."

"I'm too tall."

He gave a short, sharp exclamation.

"You mean that I'm too short?"

"Please, no. You're the average. I'm above it. I told you it was a silly reason."

He spoke slowly.

"No, it isn't silly. It's the one reason in all the world that would make me—listen. I'm—I'm a strong man in many ways, Cynthia, and when I want a thing I generally get it. I'm not saying that because I'm conceited, or because I think I'm worthy of you. I'm saying it because I've got fighting blood in me, and you're so wonderfully worth fighting for. But



all my life I've wanted to be big! You don't know the humiliation a small boy feels among his fellows, and a small man—I've never been conscious of it with you, but after this I should always feel conscious, and I couldn't stand it. I couldn't marry a woman who would make me feel the difference."

Cynthia sat stunned. Was he refusing her? It gave her a queer feeling. When she had the thing in her own hands, renunciation had seemed easy; but now—

"I told you it was a silly reason," she said weakly, for the third time.

"No, it isn't. If you really cared, you wouldn't have thought of my smallness. If it was my wisdom or my honesty or my intellect that was wanting, I could make myself wiser and more honest; but all the thought in the world won't add an inch to my stature, so I guess it's hopeless. You've said the only thing which could make me let you go!"

## II

WELL, after that he went away, and the judge strolled in and found his granddaughter curled up in the window-seat.

"Grandfather," she said, "when I was a little girl I read a story once about 'The Reformed Pirate,' and when he wanted to make things little he used to tie a string to a magic puffball and lay the puffball on top of the object he wanted to reduce, and—and presently it would begin to shrink. He did it to church steeples and things—and I'm not so tall as a steeple, am I? And why aren't there magic puffballs now?"

The judge sat down beside her.

"So you've refused him?" he said.

"He's refused me," she answered, and told him about it.

"It's a pity," said the judge. "There aren't many men like McDermott. He's done some big things in politics—he's set an example of fineness and cleanness and honesty that can't be matched by many. The world will hear about him some day, and then I fancy you'll be sorry, Cynthia."

"I'm sorry now," she admitted ruefully, "but you needn't rub it in, grandfather."

In the morning McDermott was not on the pier to bid them good-by, but in Cynthia's cabin there was a hamper of fruit and a box of her favorite chocolates, and on Phil's card was written, "Yours until death and beyond," which sounded

well, but, under the circumstances, carried little comfort.

It was inevitable that Cynthia should meet in Scotland a man tall enough to satisfy her most idealistic demands. His tallness was not of the awkward kind. It was, on the other hand, a square-shouldered, military sort of tallness, for Graham Davies had seen service in South Africa, and his waist was slim and his legs were straight, and he danced perfectly and rode his horse like a centaur. Cynthia's beauty matched his strength, and he had known her just six weeks when he asked her to marry him.

He had very properly approached the judge beforehand, and the judge, sounding Cynthia, was startled to have her say:

"I think I'll do it, grandfather."

"But, my dear, what of McDermott?"

Cynthia's cheeks flamed.

"He hasn't written for weeks, and, anyhow—oh, grandfather, I couldn't walk down the church aisle with a little man, could I?"

For the first time in her life she felt the full force of the judge's righteous anger.

"To think that one of our breed could be so small!"

Half hysterically she braved it out.

"It isn't because I am so small, it's because I am so tall!" But in another moment she was in his arms. "There's a deeper meaning in it all than just a surface reason," she confessed. "Don't you see that, feeling this way about Phil, I just couldn't be sure—"

"Then don't marry anybody," said the judge. "Graham's good enough, but he's not good enough for you, Cynthia."

"Why not?" she demanded.

But, manlike, he refused to specify. "Wait a little," was all the satisfaction he would give her, and so it was agreed that Graham should wait until Thanksgiving for Cynthia's decision.

It was to be a real American Thanksgiving. The judge and his granddaughter had lingered late in the golf country, and now the entreaties of their many friends held them, so that they had promised to put off the time of their departure until after the November feast, at which there were to be the wild turkey and pumpkin pies and the oyster soup of colonial days.

The country house which the judge had rented made a charming setting for the company which gathered, and Cynthia

was a charming hostess. She wore white as usual, but this time it was white tulle through which a shimmering green was visible. Her flowers were valley lilies, and around her neck was a long, swinging string of pearls.

Graham, brilliant in his uniform, as he talked to her before dinner alone in the drawing-room, caught at the pearls and held them as if he would thus anchor her to him.

"To-night you're going to tell me," he said. "I'm more frightened than I've ever felt facing the guns of battle."

But he did not look frightened. Cynthia had a whimsical sense that he didn't look frightened enough. Was he so sure as that?

"If I shouldn't say yes, what then?" she asked.

"I'd follow you to the ends of the earth and make you love me."

Now, strange to say, these were the words that Cynthia had always wished to hear from a man. Yet the moment she heard them she had an outraged sense of coercion.

"I shouldn't like that," she said; "a woman knows her own mind or she doesn't. If I said no, I should mean it."

"No woman knows her own mind," he asserted confidently. He was still holding her pearls. So she stepped back and he dropped them. "Anyhow, you're wearing my lilies," he said triumphantly.

Then the other guests began to arrive, and Cynthia talked to them and moved among them like a young goddess, towering above the women, standing shoulder to shoulder with the men.

It was at dinner that the talk turned upon American women and international marriages — the happiness or unhappiness of them.

The man who sat on Cynthia's left was old and gray and many years married. He listened somewhat cynically to what the others were saying.

"Whether it's an American woman or an English one," he remarked in an aside to Cynthia, "a woman's got to look up to her husband. If a man can't make a woman respect him, he can't hold her, and that's all there is to it."

"Of course," said Cynthia, and glanced across at Graham, whose eyes were upon her.

Could she look up to him? Mentally?

Morally? There sifted through her consciousness the thought of what people had said of him. There was a past—which she had forgiven. But could her forgiving include forgetting?

She stirred restlessly, and again turned to the many-years-married man at her left.

"When you said 'look up,'" she asked, "did you mean that a man had to be worthy to have a woman respect him?"

He smiled and surveyed her flushed face.

"He's got to be the master," he said, "it doesn't make much difference as to his qualities; it's his ability to make her feel that he's the head of the house."

Fear gripped Cynthia. Was this the way that Graham Davies felt? Again she looked at him.

"No woman knows her own mind," he had said with masculine arrogance.

She drew her breath in a quick little gasp. Well, she knew hers now. She might have to be an old maid if her tall lovers proved morally small and her small lovers proved morally tall. But at least there were worse futures than one spent with her grandfather.

Then suddenly across her consciousness cut the words of their one American guest:

"Phil McDermott is the cleanest man in New York politics. But they've beaten him in his fight for the Legislature, and he's ill up in the mountains."

After that she ate and drank and smiled at the toasts and smiled at Graham and smiled at the many-years-married man and smiled at everybody, and all the time the words she had heard were beating against her brain.

"He's ill up in the mountains!"

When every one had gone, the judge retired to his den and left the field to Davies.

It was very late, and the room had grown cold. Cynthia wrapped herself in an ermine-edged, white-velvet cloak and sat in the very center of a wide sofa. There was about her an air of remoteness which would have daunted a less confident lover.

Davies did not lack confidence. But he had a very valuable gift of intuition, and since his lady seemed inclined to be difficult, he decided that he had claimed too much before dinner, so he sat very stiffly at a distance in a carved high-backed chair and began to plead his suit along circuitous lines.



GRAHAM CAUGHT AT THE PEARLS AND HELD THEM AS IF HE WOULD THUS ANCHOR HER TO HIM





"I like your hair that way," he said.

Her hair was arranged in soft coils over her ears, framing the rose-pink and snow-white of her face.

She shivered.

"Please don't talk about my hair."

"I want to talk about you," he said, and came over and sat down beside her.

She drew away, still hugging herself in the warmth of her velvet wrap.

"I want to talk about you," he said again. "But there's something in your manner! Cynthia, you know the things that are in my heart. Why should my lips say them?"

There was in his voice very evident yearning and fervor. To say that Cynthia was not moved by it was to underestimate her liking for Graham. So she leaned a little toward him, letting her wrap fall away from her slender whiteness.

"I wouldn't so much mind marrying you," she said with an almost pathetic eagerness, "if I didn't have to marry England and Scotland, too."

He stared at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'd have to come over here and live, and I don't want to live here. I don't like your mists and your mountains—and your men." Her mind was on the much many-years-married masterful one. "They're all so shivery."

"But these things wouldn't count," he said, "if you loved me."

"But I don't love you," was her desperate statement.

"Then why under heaven—" was his demand.

Cheeks flaming and eyes pleading, she confessed:

"I liked you because you were so nice and tall!"

Then she braced herself to meet the things he had to say.

### III

"GRANDFATHER," she confided an hour later to the interested old gentleman, "he was furious. And he thought I was frivolous. He wouldn't believe that I really meant to refuse him. But I did. Maybe I have treated him badly. At first it was so nice to look up to him. But after a time I found that I was beginning to look down, grandfather."

The judge nodded. Her fine sense of honor and uprightness had not played her

false. And she inherited some of his judicial acumen. He was glad he had trusted her to make her own decision.

There was a bright fire burning in the judge's library, and Cynthia knelt before it, warming her hands.

"Scottish men aren't like the American men, any more than Scottish mountains are like the American mountains. Grandfather, did you hear them say that Phil McDermott was ill—up in the mountains?"

As Cynthia had said, the American mountains are not like the Scotch mountains—they lack something of the gloom and somberness—and on the December day that the judge and his granddaughter motored toward McDermott's snug camp in the Catskills the mountains were wrapped in golden radiance. There was snow on them, and the branches of the trees were bare, but the sunshine was American sunshine.

"And it's warmer and yellower and nicer than it is anywhere else," said the somewhat prejudiced maiden who was basking in it. "Oh, grandfather, doesn't it seem *good* to be home?"

The ceiling of McDermott's log house was low, so that Cynthia had to stoop as she went in. But to-day her mind was not on ceilings. Coming in from out of the sunshine, she was confronted by dimness lighted by a heart of flame. And before she could make out more than this she heard a voice saying, incredulously:

"Cynthia, dear girl, is it your ghost?"

She swept toward him.

"Oh, why didn't you send for me?" she quavered.

"Would you have come?"

"From the ends of the earth," she whispered, and knew in that moment that if he had died, her heart would have died with him.

When the judge came in he was beaming.

"You see, I brought her back," he said.

"She didn't like Scotland."

"The mountains are too tall and the men are too—tall!" Cynthia explained.

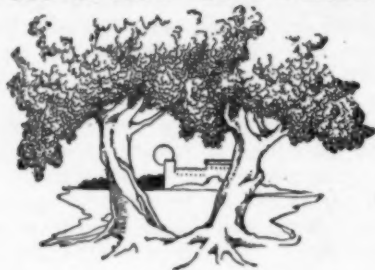
She had taken off her furs and was sitting on a stool at McDermott's feet, with her cheek against his hand. Then, with the color creeping into her lovely face, she looked up—*looked up*—at him and spoke bravely:

"But not one of them was as *big* as you, Phil. Not one of them was as big as you!"

# The Love Trees

by

C.N. and A.M. Williamson



JOE FORREST had spent three days at Riverest, and had not yet proposed to Lady Brinnie Saville. He had arrived on Saturday in time for tea—every one arrived at Riverest in time for tea—without the slightest intention of proposing. He knew his value, of course; but it wasn't that. The reason was purely and simply that the idea of proposing had never entered his head.

There were lots of pretty girls in the world. He was admiring them all, as far as his eye could see; and he was quite farsighted.

After the Saturday had come Sunday, and it had occurred to Joe that Lady Brinnie at Riverest was somehow sweeter than Lady Brinnie in London. He found himself gazing at her constantly, admiring her simple white dress and the wide-brimmed hat with no trimming except a circling spray of wild roses. Why, she was like a wild rose herself!

There were several men staying in the house, but Forrest was the only American, and, incidentally, the only millionaire. Not that he labeled himself in any such crude way—he was quite simple and unspoiled still—but perhaps other people occasionally had the bad taste to do so. There was a soldier visitor, convalescent after a severe wound, and an undergrad from Oxford, and two girls had been provided for these to play with. The girls could not compare to Brinnie, however—in fact, they were

rather lumps; cousins, and that sort of thing, poor dears!—and the men ungratefully preferred to play with Brinnie.

She and Forrest managed to escape in the afternoon—he had had a view of her profile against a black-oak background in a country church that morning—and she kindly took him out on the river in a punt. It was a beautiful punt, and Brinnie looked beautiful in it; tall and graceful as a wand, managing her pole to perfection, and smiling down at the man as he lounged obediently on a bank of red silk cushions. Still he did not propose. He merely began to wonder dimly whether he was falling in love.

There was a girl he had known when he was at Harvard. Temporarily a Cambridge girl she was, named Mary Jeune—a sweet name, and a sweet girl, and he would most certainly have fallen in love with her if she hadn't been so ridiculously young, a mere child of seventeen. But she had eyes—such eyes!

That was four years ago, and Joe hadn't seen the eyes since, but he had never been able to forget them. For an instant they seemed to flash at him from under Lady Brinnie's shadowy hat—bright, gray, black-lashed eyes, instead of Brinnie's own soft, heavy-lidded violet ones. The vision had a queer and almost startling effect, but it was easily explained. Joe Forrest and Mary Jeune had been out several times in a canoe together on the Charles River, and Mary had paddled.

Her mother had stopped those excursions, and had whisked Mary away to live in far-off California with a married sister. Forrest was not a millionaire then, and had no apparent prospect of being one. His money had come to him unexpectedly, two years later, when his cousin was killed in a motor accident. In those earlier days it was considered that Uncle John had done very well by Joe in sending him to Harvard, with the promise of a place in the family banking-house if the young man showed himself worthy.

The gold-green light sifting through layers and layers of chestnut-leaves, when their punt hugged the shore, made the swaying white figure as ethereal as an earth-bound angel. If the thought of that far-away girl in the canoe had not come into Joe's mind, the spell must surely have worked. As it was, the picture of gray-eyed, black-haired Mary Jeune in a canoe blurred the golden-haired, violet-eyed vision in a punt whenever it began to seem irresistible.

When Brinnie skilfully brought the punt to the Riverest landing-stage, just in time to dress for dinner, Forrest had said nothing that all the other couples on the river might not have heard. Perhaps, if there had been moonlight that night—Brinnie was dressed for moonlight—something might have happened; but after dinner it rained.

Early next morning the lovely tinkle of girlish laughter lured Joe to his window as he was dressing. There was Brinnie coming up the lawn from the river. She wore a bathing-dress—a wet, glistening bathing-dress that clung as closely to her white shape as its sheath to a lily-bud. A pale-blue cloak, like a bit of sky, had been flung over her shoulders, but it had fallen back as she stopped to laugh at her spaniel shaking out a cloud of spray, each drop a diamond in the sunshine.

"Gee!" irreverently muttered Forrest.

His heart gave a jump. He thought no more of Mary Jeune just then.

He was to have motored back to London and the Savoy before noon, with the other men invited down to Riverest from Saturday to Monday; but Mrs. Carson—Lady Brinnie's aunt, and his hostess—took him aside after breakfast and asked him to stop till Tuesday. She said she had had a wire informing her that an old friend was coming, a friend who knew America, and

who would be very interesting for Forrest to meet.

Joe did not see that this necessarily followed, but something in him desired to stay in the same house with Brinnie. Another something, queerly enough, wished to get away from her; but the first something was strong and almost brutal, ready to push everything else aside. He accepted Mrs. Carson's invitation and thanked her for it. She said she was "so pleased," and did not mention Brinnie, but walked off with a smile on her round, good-natured face.

## II

MRS. CARSON was the sister of Lady Brinnie's dead mother, who had been the beauty of a certain Smith family, and had gone into musical comedy. From musical comedy she had married an earl with a soft heart, a weak chin, a strong love of gambling, and very little money to gamble with. Mrs. Carson was not a beauty, but her husband had money to burn—which was more or less appropriate, as it came out of coal-mines.

Brinnie, who had been baptized Sabrina, after an ancestress, lived in a flat in London with her father, Lord Finchton, whose two country places were let. One of these was Riverest, taken permanently by the Carsons. Only the other day somebody had said to Joe Forrest:

"To see Brinnie Saville in her most becoming frame, you ought to see her at Riverest. Probably Mrs. Carson will ask you down. She's very hospitable to her niece's friends."

Now Forrest understood about the frame. The something in him that wanted to stay was glad that Mrs. Carson had asked him down, and that he hadn't missed seeing Brinnie at Riverest. There she had her right background, and stood out against its watery blues and greens so fair and flower-like that a man ceased to think of her merely as one among a lot of pretty, pleasant girls who made themselves agreeable to a rich young American in London, on his first visit abroad.

The friend wasn't coming till afternoon, and though Forrest had been invited to stay on for the special purpose of meeting her, it seemed that his presence was not required at the moment of her arrival.

"Have you shown Mr. Forrest Baucis and Philemon yet, Brinnie?" inquired Mrs. Carson about four o'clock, half an hour be-

fore the guest who knew America was expected to arrive.

"Not yet, dear," answered the girl.

She had been playing tennis with Joe, and generously letting him beat her. Both were warm, and had been drinking lemon squash, with plenty of ice in it, as a tribute to Forrest's national idiosyncrasy.

"Well, why don't you take him now?" suggested her aunt. "After all that cold lemon squash you won't want tea at five, will you? So Jane Fairweather and I will have it alone, and you can ring for some when you come back. Mr. Forrest will miss the best thing at Riverest if you don't introduce him to Baucis and Philemon."

Having forgotten any mythology he had ever read, Joe wondered who or what Baucis and Philemon might be, and why, if they were at Riverest, it would take from now till after tea-time to see them. For Riverest was not a large estate. There was just the immense, velvet-smooth lawn, in the midst of which stood the creeper-covered Jacobean house, with the old-fashioned walled garden to the left, and to the right, past the private landing-stage and boat-house, a grove of chestnut-trees. Joe had not visited the grove, but he had passed it in the punt, and thought it could not be very extensive.

"I fancy what Aunt Fan really yearns for is a little nap before Mrs. Fairweather turns up," said Brinnie, with one of those lovely, confidential smiles of hers. It was done with a straight look up into your eyes, the head somewhat bent, so that the long, brown lashes curled to the level of the low brows. "She secretly wants to get rid of us. But really and truly Baucis and Philemon *are* sweet. I pined to take you there; only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, unless Aunt Fan had told me to, I'm not sure that I should."

"Why?"

Forrest began to be very curious about Baucis and Philemon, as he, with Brinnie by his side, walked slowly in the direction of the chestnut grove.

"Oh, I don't know!" The girl hung her head. She was charming when she was shy.

"But I think you'll like them."

"I'm sure I shall. What are they? Or should I say 'who'?"

"Baucis and Philemon? Don't you know who they were? Did you never hear the story?"

"Not that I remember. Tell me."

"I will when we get there—when you've seen them," said Brinnie. "Then you'll understand better."

The girl and the man walked on without speaking. Brinnie's head was bent. She had left her hat in the pergola by the tennis-court, and flecks of sunlight fell like coins of fairy gold on her brown hair.

Forrest looked at his silent companion. How lovely she was at Riverest, and how sweet! Still, he was not quite sure that when it was a question of forever and ever, he really wanted—

Suddenly they came to the end of the grove. Beyond was a narrow strip of velvet grass, bordered with forget-me-nots. Past it ran the backwater he remembered noticing from the punt, a mysteriously beautiful backwater bounded on its farther side by somebody else's land—an American somebody—and a thicket of young willows.

On the Riverest side the green of the narrow lawn beyond the grove was splashed with the rose-pink of rhododendrons in full bloom, and the hidden place was turned into an emerald temple by the architecture of two immense chestnut-trees growing together. The high-roofed hollow within the leaves was like a vast bell of green spun glass; and the leafy temple-wall began at the water's edge. It was thick and unbroken all round, except where it had been artificially thinned to make a doorway.

Brinnie slipped through with the smile of a vanishing dryad, and again Forrest's heart jumped. He followed her quickly.

There was no altar in the green temple, but there was a hammock, a splendid, welcoming, giant hammock. It was stretched open with a rod at each end, and it was red, with long, swaying fringes and ruffled red cushions. Brinnie, in her white dress, dropped into it like a pearl falling into an overblown tulip. Indeed, the green light enameled her fair skin with the sheen of pearls. Mooring white suede toes to moss-carpeted earth, she made room beside her for the man.

"Two cushions under my head, please, and two under yours; then I'll tell you about Baucis and Philemon," she said.

Forrest obediently placed the red silk pillows. In the act he touched her hair, and her throat, white and soft as swan's-down. It was an accident—more or less—but she seemed not to notice, so he didn't beg her pardon. Then, with fingers that had not ceased to tingle, he tucked a brace



of cushions under his own head to bring it on a level with hers.

They let the hammock swing. As they turned toward each other, brown eyes drank from violet eyes.

"It's the end of me—if she'll have me!" was the thought that swam in Forrest's brain.

She had been charming in the punt, alluring in the part of Diana fresh from the bath; but here she was not to be resisted. Fate handed him to her, with all he was and had.

### III

"RIVEREST belongs to my father, you know," the girl was saying when the man got his hearing back, "though we're too poor to live in the dear place. Generations ago—oh, perhaps in my great-grandfather's time, when it was the fashion to know about mythology and the classics and that sort of thing—somebody named these two trees Baucis and Philemon. I have heard that it was Fanny Burney. But anyhow, Baucis and Philemon in the story were a man and woman who loved each other so much that when they died the gods turned them into two trees, growing together just as these chestnuts do, so that they might go on living and loving in another form, and never be parted."

"Love trees!" muttered Forrest, looking not at the trees but at Brinnie.

She looked at him, too, until her eyes drooped. There was an instant's pause, an exquisite silence that had the quality of an echo after the last lingering sigh on the string of a violin.

Only one sound on earth had the right to kill such a silence—a man's voice telling a girl that he loved her; and such a sound was on the brink of utterance when the delicate spell received its death-blow from outside the temple-wall. There came a rustle of footsteps on the grass, and a respectful plebeian scraping of the throat. A footman heralded his presence.

"Your ladyship, madam has sent me with tea, if you please. Shall I bring it in?"

Tea! Why not a flood, an earthquake, or a menagerie?

The pearl-white face of the dryad disturbed in her leafy fastness flamed crimson. For an instant—unless there was some strange illusion of changing shadow—her expression was that of a young fury rather than a wood-nymph.

But it was only for an instant. She snatched at serenity as at a veil, and hid the fire in her eyes. The white-angel look was achieved again. Tea could not be blasphemed or even refused. Such things were not *done*!

"Bring it in, William," Lady Brinnie said, with perfect maidenly sweetness, though her tone was somewhat high and thin.

"It's only tea for one, my lady," William hastily added, to explain the furnishing of his lace-covered silver tray. "Madam wished me to say that Her Grace the Duchess of Hampshire has called in her motor, and particularly wishes to see your ladyship—something to do with a bazaar—but her grace will only stay a few minutes, and madam thought Mr. Forrest might like tea in your ladyship's absence."

As the footman rattled off his speech, he arranged near the hammock a small folding table he had carried over his arm, and noiselessly set the tray upon it. His face was the mask assumed for all-day wear with livery, but his less well-trained back ventured to be apologetic, even comprehending. It seemed to know that while the visit of a duchess was as a visitation of Providence, the mistress of the house had done her best to mitigate it by means of tea—tea, a propitiatory offering which would keep the worshiper in the temple until the return of its priestess.

Having accomplished his painful duty, William left without delay, bearing the message that her ladyship would "come at once."

The two in the temple were conscious that the emerald walls of the sylvan shrine had been cracked and flawed. Forrest felt as much dampened in spirit as if William had poured the tea down the back of his neck, but Lady Brinnie was busy making the best of things.

"I'll give you your tea before I go, shall I?" she said brightly. "Help me out of the hammock. Thanks so much! I remember you like one *small* lump, and *lots* of cream. Oh, my favorite strawberry tartlets! Will you save one for me if I come back to you? I suppose that *wretched* duchess will want tea, and I'll have to drink some with her, but I won't eat a *thing*; that is, unless you're tired of poor Baucis and Philemon, and would rather—"

"Do you think it's likely I'd be tired?" Forrest broke in, with a look into which he

strove to throw all that he felt, and perhaps even a little more than he continued to feel at that moment.

For some of the guilt had been roughly rubbed off the gingerbread, and not yet transferred to the strawberry tartlets. Perhaps it might be, however, when Lady Brinnie claimed her share.

She would not let him accompany her for a step beyond the love trees, as if his doing so might break to pieces the damaged spell. Off she started at a run, leaving something of her charm behind with the vision of light-footed grace that she was. Besides, it was a compliment to the man that she should so hasten her going, in order soon to return.

Forrest watched her out of sight, and then crept back to the hammock. She had poured his tea, and it would be ungracious not to drink it. Thoughtfully he had lifted the cup to his lips, when a small voice chirped the one word:

"Hello!"

It was as if a tree-toad had become vocal. Joe believed that one had done so, or else that there was a leprechawn at Riverest.

Spilling his tea, he stared and peered. From under the long branches that overhung the backwater an impish face gazed up into his eyes.

"Gee!" said Forrest, but not at all as he had said it in the morning when he saw Diana returning from the bath.

"Do you say that, too?" inquired the tree-toad voice. "That's *my* word. Mama doesn't like it. She thinks it's so American. But I *am* American. And so are you American!"

"How do you know?" asked Forrest, able to observe now that the intruder was not a tree-toad, but a sharp-faced, big-eyed little girl.

"I know all about you," she informed him with grave emphasis. "Can I come in? I'm in a punt. It's our punt, but I've moored it to the bank over here. I often do. I like this place better than anything that we have next door at Riverholme. I just *love* it. We know Mrs. Carson, and she lets me play here when nobody grown up wants to."

"All right; come in!" said Joe.

He got out of the hammock to help; but the creature had swarmed up the bank and wriggled under the branches before he could reach her. She was a thing of seven or

eight, perhaps; but the young man was no judge of children's ages. The thin little face was a baby face, yet the large, greenish eyes might have criticised the world for a hundred years or so.

#### IV

THE imp scrambled to her feet, brushed earth from her brown holland frock, walked straight to the table, and examined the cakes.

"I heard Brinnie tell you to save one of her favorite strawberry tartlets," she remarked. "They're my favorites, too. There's three of 'em on the plate. Do you want two, or can I have one?"

"You can have one, and then perhaps you'd better go home," said Joe, reverting to the hammock. "Your mother may be worrying about you."

"My mother never worries about me," the creature reassured him, her mouth already full of strawberry tartlet. "She's got a whole lot of other things to do. Besides, she knows I like to come over here. I come 'most every afternoon, except when Brinnie brings her gentlemen friends to propose to her. But that's fun, too; because I lie in the punt close under the bank and listen. You're the seventh one that she's brought here this summer; though maybe I oughtn't to count you, because you haven't proposed yet. Anyhow, I peeped in, and I saw you looked as if you were *going* to!"

"Great gumbo!" gasped Joe.

"Is that what you say when you swear?" calmly questioned the child. "My papa says much worse things, and so did I, till nurse boxed my ears."

"Did she? Well, there's no knowing what I may do, if you don't look out," threatened Forrest.

"Pshaw, I'm not afraid!" sniffed the child. "Big men don't hit little girls. It's not polite. I haven't done any harm."

She finished the tartlet, and wistfully regarded the larger one of the two reserved for Lady Brinnie.

"Don't you call it harm to listen to other people's secrets and tell tales on them?" demanded Joe. "Where were you brought up?"

"I was brought up in California," was the prompt reply, "except this year, since last spring. Then we had Riverholme letted to us, because mama's very pretty, and wants to be in English society and go

to court. I'm not bad at all, and I won't let you say so. It isn't true I listen to people's secrets, or tell tales. It's not a secret when a man proposes to a girl—anyway, not when he proposes to Brinnie. *She* tells. I've heard her!"

"You seem to hear everything!"

"I like to hear interesting things," explained the child. "That's no harm. Children have to learn. When I get proposed to, I shall tell every one, the way Brinnie does. She loves proposals, though she gen'ally has to say no, because the man's too poor; and you *must* have money or you're nobody at all. We've got plenty. Brinnie hasn't. Look here! Do you want to know something? If *you* propose, she's going to say yes. Aren't you glad?"

"No, I'm not, for I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe a word you say. Bad little thing, go home!" snarled Forrest.

"I won't go home. Riverest isn't *yours*! I liked your looks at first, but now I don't think you're nice at all. I think you're horrid. You're not half as handsome as heaps of Brinnie's other men that she has to refuse. It's only because you're so rich. You're a millionaire. I heard mama and papa talking about you. They knew you were coming, and your name, and everything. Mama said to papa, 'I wonder if Lady Brinnie will need to lead him under the love trees!' And papa laughed. He came here himself and sat with her once, but only for a few minutes, because he's a married man and no use. It's only men she wants to make propose to her that she cares to bring here, he told mama. They can't resist, it seems. I *was* going to make a doll of you, but now you're so mean, I won't!"

"Make a doll of me?" helplessly echoed Forrest.

He felt hypnotized. The doll stage was perhaps the next.

"Yes. You see, I have plays with real people in them. I dress dolls, and name them after girls and their lovers. I've got a Lady Brinnie doll, and she makes a *splendid* play; only it's difficult because of all the men that must be in it for her, and they're *so* awfully troublesome to dress. I've done a Captain Raymond, and a Sir Gilbert Bassett, and a—"

"Never mind the rest!" groaned the stricken wretch denied dollhood.

"Why? Don't you think I know all their names? I *do*! And I know yours

perfectly well. It's Joe Forrest. You come from a State in America called Masser-choo-sits. It's a long way from California, but my grandma and my aunty lived there once for a little while, and they knew you. My name's May, after aunty, only I'm May Corlett, and she's—"

"A plague on both your names!" roared Forrest. "You're a little demon!"

"I don't know what a demon is," Miss May Corlett, now introduced, defended herself plaintively; "but plagues are in the Bible. There were ten, and it's wicked to poke fun at the Bible. I think you're very rude, too! At home, when I'm with aunty, lots of men make friends with me, and I'm not used to their being cross. I was real nice to you, telling you Brinnie wouldn't refuse you like she has the rest that she brings to the love trees when she wants them to speak—"

"Speak!" groaned Forrest. "You'd think we were dogs!"

"Yes, wouldn't you?" agreed the child, snatching with interest at the suggestion. "With lumps of sugar on their noses. 'Speak' is such a funny word to use about men, as if they were dumb the rest of the time—which of course they're not, though I find they don't talk as much as girls. But that's the word they *all* say about proposals, it seems. Mama's got to be great friends with Brinnie, and gives her presents, and Brinnie tells mama everything. 'Has he spoken yet?' mama asks. At home, she asks aunty the same about *her* men, though aunty's different from Brinnie, and doesn't let them propose if she can help it. She—"

"I don't want to hear anything more about your aunty," burst from Forrest in desperation.

"Don't you? Well, that's as mean as ever it can be of you. I don't see why she liked you so much when you're so hateful," said the child, absent-mindedly taking a second tartlet.

"Your aunty—liked me?" repeated Joe. "I never—"

"Yes, you did, in Masser-choo-sits. Grandma told mama all about it. I know, for mama told papa day before yesterday. She said that if she was a cat, she'd tell Brinnie, but she isn't."

"What's your aunt's name?" Joe heard himself asking dully.

"Guess I sha'n't tell you, just out of spite. You said 'a plague upon it.'"

May finished the second tartlet; then, without seeming to know what she did, she took up the third and bit it.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Joe.

Miss Corlett ate daintily all 'round the edge of the tartlet, leaving the best part—the strawberry-filled middle—for the last.

"You said you didn't want to hear anything more about my aunty," she mumbled.

"Well, I've changed my mind."

"I thought only girls changed their minds. Nurse says so."

"Nurse isn't quite right. Men change theirs sometimes. Come now, what's your aunty's name?"

May Corlett gazed at the remaining fragment of the tartlet, reflectively measuring it with her eye and comparing it with the size of her mouth. But there was room in her small head for several thoughts at a time.

"Say," she murmured, as if in a dream, "don't you think Brinnie will make a beautiful bride?"

"Yes. What's your aunt's name?"

"I wish she'd have me for her bridesmaid. If I'm good, and do *just* what you want, will you ask her to?"

"I'm not sure that I shall have any influence. What's your—"

"*She's* promised to have me for hers—her bridesmaid, I mean—if she ever marries; but she doesn't believe she ever will. She thinks she'll be an old maid. She wouldn't come to England with mama to see what there is that's worth her while over here. She liked better to stay home in Los Angeles, with grandma, keeping house while we're away."

"Is her name Mary Jeune?" blurted out Forrest.

"Why, you guessed it! I bet you knew all the time!" squeaked Mary Jeune's niece.

Down went the last crumb of Lady Brinnie's tartlet, just as Lady Brinnie herself came back to the temple of the love trees.

But she was too late!

## SONG OF THE SPIRIT

SHIP o' dreams, ship o' dreams,  
Come sailing, sailing,  
Out of yon mystery  
Of time and distancy  
That has enshrouded thee;  
Over the boundless sea,  
Over the soundless sea,  
Come sailing, sailing,  
To me!

Star o' night, star o' night,  
Keep shining, shining,  
Out of infinity  
In all sublimity  
Of your divinity;  
Through the ethereal sea,  
Through the aerial sea,  
Keep shining, shining,  
On me!

Light o' faith, light o' faith,  
Keep burning, burning,  
Into the soul of me,  
Into the whole of me;  
Take thou control of me;  
Thou, from a holy sea,  
Thou, from a lowly sea,  
Keep burning, burning,  
In me!

Gustav Davidson





FLOWERS OF THE HEART

*From the painting by H. Schwemaen, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*

# Paintings of Children

Why some pictures are great, some are popular, and some are both

*by Clayton Hamilton*

**A**N entire theory of art criticism might be founded on that weighty utterance which Henrik Ibsen made in 1882:

I, at any rate, shall never be able to join a party which has the majority on its side. Björnson says, "The majority is always 'right'"; and as a practical politician he is bound, I suppose, to say so.

I, on the contrary, of necessity say, "The minority is always right."

Whether or not this proud position is tenable in the domain of politics—for it must be remembered that many great statesmen, including our own Lincoln, have steadfastly believed in the majority—it



THE DILIGENT SCHOLAR

*From the painting by A. Dieffenbach, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*



WAITING FOR HIS SHARE

*From the painting by A. Dieffenbach, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*



ON THE SLY

*From the painting by Toby E. Rosenthal—copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*





THE TWO BROTHERS

*From the painting by Gustav Richter, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*

seems, in theory, the only position that is tenable in the domain of art. Artistic taste requires cultivation; the majority of people are uncultivated; therefore the taste of the majority is not to be trusted.

It does not follow necessarily that the taste of the majority is always wrong; but it does follow that the only taste that can

always be relied on to be right is the taste of a minority. In matters of art it is only the few who know; and it is mainly a question of accident whether or not the many will agree with the reliable minority.

In many notable cases the two verdicts coincide and the vote becomes unanimous. The most popular statue in the world is

the Venus of Melos; it is also the greatest statue. The most popular painting in the world is the Sistine Madonna; everybody knows it, everybody loves it. It is also a

Rheims Cathedral. It appealed most exquisitely to those whose taste was exquisite; yet so popular was this supreme expression of the human soul in stone that



FATHER'S JOY

*From the painting by Gustav Richter, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*

very great work—not so great, indeed, as a dozen other paintings, but still eagerly enjoyed by the minority of those who know. The most perfect efflorescence of medieval architecture was—there is a world of pathos in the past tense—the west front of

for seven hundred years barbarian hordes that swept through Rheims to pillage and destroy marched past it with uplifted eyes, ascending momentarily to civilization at the sight of it.

When the taste of the majority is right,



THE ARTIST'S SON

*From the painting by Gustav Richter, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*



STUDY OF A CHILD

*From the painting by Gustav Richter, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York*

it is very, very right, as in the three instances that we have just reviewed; but when it is wrong, it can also be very, very wrong. The populace prefers Bouguereau to Manet; it still prefers Canova to Rodin; and it is more impressed by St. Peter's at Rome than by the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. Velasquez is not so popular as

Murillo, and Whistler is not so popular as Sir John Everett Millais. In such instances as these, the minority disagrees with the majority, and the minority is right.

Eternal fame is founded on the vote of the minority. In the long leisure of the centuries this vote is repeated generation after generation and acquires emphasis by



repetition. There have always been a few who knew that the Castelfranco Madonna of Giorgione was one of the most perfect paintings in the world; there are now a few who know it; there will always be a few who will know it. After many centuries, the host accumulated out of this imperishable succession of minorities will outnumber the majority of any single generation.

The verdict of the majority ultimately fails, because it does not repeat itself perpetually like the verdict of the minority. In their own day, everybody liked Bernini, Canova, and Thorwaldsen; at another period everybody liked Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, and Domenichino; but even the populace is now forsaking them. The populace is fickle. On the other hand, the minority that has always stood for such artists as Donatello and Velasquez will always stand for them. When the toll of all the centuries is counted, the few who knew are always mightier than the many who thought they knew and were subsequently forced to change their mind.

In the province of painting, it is particularly difficult to discern any reasonable relation between popularity and merit. The truth of the matter is that the cultured few and the uncultivated many approach the same pictures from two points of view that are totally different. Their verdicts are therefore irreconcilable; and, whenever they coincide at all, it is by accident, and not because one party has convinced the other.

The uncultivated many, in looking at a picture, are interested mainly by its subject-matter. To the cultured few, on the other hand, the subject is of small account; they are interested mainly by the means which the painter has employed to transmute the subject-matter into art.

To the average man, a painting by Rembrandt of a chine of beef hung on a hook before a darkling butcher-shop means nothing but a chine of beef. He will always prefer a painting by nobody in particular that shows a dog carrying a pail of water to a wounded soldier. But the connoisseur will perceive in Rembrandt's rendering of that hypothetical chine of beef an intensity of visual imagination which makes that inconsiderable object, for the moment, the focal point of an interpretive illumination of the world. The picture makes him brood and think and realize;

whereas, in the sentimental canvas of the lesser painter, he will find nothing to stimulate his mind to that sort of meditation which results ultimately in a momentary flash of cosmic consciousness.

The only real test of merit in a painting is the test of truthfulness. Has the artist sincerely tried to interpret the eternal truth that underlies the facts he is examining? Has he honestly and faithfully employed all the technical means at his disposal to make this truth apparent to the world? These are the only questions that are of interest to the minority of those who know.

Giotto could not draw, and his perspective went awry; but he saw life truly—which is only another way of saying that he saw it beautifully—and he strove, to the utter limit of his technical ability, to express his vision simply, clearly, and sincerely. He is, therefore, a great artist. Bouguereau surpasses Giotto, and hundreds of other great painters, in drawing, in composition, and in coloring; but he does not tell the truth. He never calls us to a contemplation of the wonder and the mystery of life—a contemplation that makes us see, in our mind's eye, more deeply into life itself than we have ever seen before. He is, therefore, for all his prettiness and all his popularity, a negligible artist.

In judging pictures, the populace prefer prettiness to beauty; they prefer emotion to intelligence; and, amid the various degrees of emotion, they prefer sentimentality to sentiment. But the connoisseurs value sentiment only in proportion as it becomes unsentimental; they value emotion only as it becomes mysteriously identical with intelligence, even as beauty is essentially identical with truth; and they abhor prettiness, because it is only a shallow counterfeit of beauty.

We see now how it is possible for the verdict of the many to coincide accidentally with the verdict of the few in the case of such a painting as the Sistine Madonna. It is possible only because the two parties are looking at different details. The subject—a mother with her child—appeals to the majority; and the superb composition of the picture, which the many do not see, appeals to the minority. The sentiment of Raphael is so intense that it may easily respond only to the call of sentimentality; his emotion is so overwhelming as to con-

quer minds that are quite incapable of perceiving his commanding and directive intelligence.

On the basis of some such analysis as this it becomes possible for critics who belong to Ibsen's small but mighty army of the minority to find a pigeonhole for those painters who are merely popular—men who please the many in their own day, but fail to please the few whose vote is necessary to the achievement of a lasting fame. Theirs is a special type of work—ephemeral, but useful in its way; and if it is to be judged at all, it should be judged according to its popular intention.

The paintings that are set forth in connection with the present paper are all of the popular variety. Reproductions of them have been circulated widely and have pleased the great majority of people. It was for this purpose that they were painted; and this purpose has been successfully fulfilled.

Four of these pictures—and these four, with one exception, are the best of the collection—were painted by Gustav Richter, a man who attained a considerable reputation in his day. He was born in Berlin in 1823 and died in 1884. He began his studies in his native city—a place in which the art of painting has never been successfully domesticated; but from 1844 to 1846 he studied under Cogniet in Paris. Thereafter he traveled much in France and Italy.

In 1861, at the height of his career, he was sent to Egypt by the King of Bavaria, to make sketches for certain pictures of the Pyramids which were destined to adorn that rather monstrous monument in Munich which is known as the Maximilianeum. These decorative pictures were duly installed, and are still much admired by the German populace.

Previously, in 1856, he had painted a depiction of the "Raising of Jairus's

Daughter," which is fully as good as most pictures of the kind. He became a professor at the Berlin Academy, and was also a member of the Academies of Munich and Vienna. He won medals at important exhibitions in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Brussels, and Philadelphia; and, since reproductions of his works had a large sale, he gained popularity in many countries.

Gustav Richter's most noted work is also decidedly his best. This is his famous full-length portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, which was painted in 1879. It is known to everybody in America because it has been circulated as an advertisement for a certain brand of shoes.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

Nevertheless, this picture deserves its popularity. The original hangs in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne; and, having seen it, the present writer can attest that it is a work of simple dignity and unquestionable charm.

Having paid this tribute to Richter's "Queen Louise," the critic cannot refrain from calling attention to the barbarous lack of taste displayed in a picture from the same hand that is reproduced herewith. It is entitled "Father's Joy." This is a portrait of the painter himself, with one of his pretty children. It is impossible to find a satisfactory reason why the artist should have modeled the ugliest of all imaginable windows for the simple privilege of painting it.

The two heads are finely rendered; but why on earth should the naked child be thrust rudely into the open air and forced to flourish a wine-glass? If this picture means anything at all, its meaning is not apparent to the present writer. Yet those who like it like it; and a critic who belongs to the minority must sometimes linger in the dark.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

MERRY is the rain on the holly-berry;  
On passing faces the rain is merry—  
The faces of those with gifts at their door;  
The rain is gray on the faces of the poor.

Sprightly the rain on the hard, bright holly,  
On the eyes and lips that are passing to folly—  
To a dazzling door where the rich bring levy;  
The rain on the poor is heavy, heavy!

Wilton Agnew Barrett

# ANCIENT NAMES WIPED OUT BY WAR

How the Great Conflict  
Is Decimating  
Britain's Oldest Families



by  
J.W.M<sup>c</sup>Conaughy

"ENGLAND is an empty place," recently declared the American wife of an officer in an English Guards regiment. "The *men* have gone to war."

It is to be gathered from statements and speeches and newspaper articles that this statement is rapidly becoming the literal truth—so long as the emphasis on "men" is preserved. It is undoubtedly true of that world of high society in which this American woman moved, and which we on this side of the water have largely looked upon as a tinsel land peopled with soft-handed incompetents.

Like most generalities, this was swiftly proved to be a lie when the casualty lists of Mons and Charleroi, of Le Cateau and St. Quentin and the Marne, were published. England is empty of the *men* of this caste, but the battle-fields of France and Belgium are full of their graves. There, near the Dardanelles, and along the rivers of Mesopotamia, there is everywhere "some corner of a foreign field that is forever England"—some corner that has been made forever England by the dust of a brave, clear-eyed young fellow who wore a name that goes back in unbroken line, perhaps, to the time of the Conqueror, a title that may be linked with the building of the great empire of the Anglo-Saxon.

Some of these young warriors are the last heirs of those historic houses. Some of them will lie in forgotten graves when strangers or distant kinsmen are wearing their ancient titles. True to a tradition stronger than the love of ease and the peaceful habits of decades, they came

forth to answer the call of king and country. It was *noblesse oblige*—the deep poetry of the past.

Their ancestors were the bulwarks of the realm. They received huge fiefs from the sovereign, and when the kingdom was threatened they rode out at the head of the men who tilled their vast earldoms to do battle for their sovereign. It was a *quid pro quo*. They sat in the council-halls and made the laws of the land. They fought invaders or rebels in return for the honors conferred upon them by the crown.

Nothing now remains of all this feudal power and glory but romantic traditions and titles that are merely titles. "Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray goose wing," down through the centuries, have shorn them of their power. The House of Lords exists still, but its authority wanes with each generation, and the last Parliament took from it nearly everything but the form of legislative power.

Aside from an ancestral hall and some acres of land—and not always that—all that was left of feudal glory to most of these young men was the tradition of military service—of instant response to the call to arms. To their credit be it said that there was little balancing of danger and duty against the inroads of democracy. It was a war for the empire—the empire that was built on the bones of their ancestors. They did not stop to ask what was in it for them. They swiftly took to themselves uniforms, and laid down their lives by the score.

It was not to be expected that the response would be unanimous. It is a biological tragedy that a breed deteriorates under certain conditions.

There have been shirkers in all classes in Britain, even in these days when national existence is at stake. The peerage and the landed gentry—that "upper middle class" of whose youth Kipling boasted that "for brains, bowels, and backbone they surpass the youth of all other nations"—have produced men who have found some reason for not going to the front.

But the peers are seemingly sedulous to punish those of their own caste who have failed the empire in the great crisis. Lord St. Davids rose in the House of Lords some time ago, and made a request which may bear fruit in a new-born eagerness to do some real soldiering in France or the Balkans. This excerpt from a London despatch tells the story:

A return such as Lord St. Davids has asked, giving the number of peers and sons of peers who are serving their country in the war, and the positions in which they are serving, together with a roll of those who have fallen, would reveal some interesting facts and contrasts.

It would show that there are sons of members of the House of Lords who have never served their country, and, in the opinion of Lord St. Davids, never intend to. These are for the most part strong, healthy young men with no ties to bind them to home, and no better excuse for hanging back than love of self.

Then it would show that there are a considerable number of peers and heirs to peerages occupying staff appointments which keep them well out of the danger zone. At the same time, the return would also disclose many hundreds of names of members of titled families who have taken their place in the firing-line, eager to compete with the sons of workers in sacrifice for their country and the supreme cause for which it is struggling.

"Many hundreds" is probably no overstatement, when it is considered that the British army is largely officered from the ranks of the titled and untitled gentry of Britain, and that the casualties among officers alone have run far up into the thousands.

In many cases the heir was first to respond and first to fall, and his place is now filled by the next in line. In some cases all the direct heirs have been wiped out, and the male line of an ancient house is extinct. Numbers of families have lost one, two, or three sons. In some cases every youth of the name who is able to bear arms

is with the colors, with no small chance that those who have not yet fallen will fill a soldier's grave before peace comes.

The all but complete wiping out of the Grenfells—an honored family, though their title is not ancient—is one example. Lord Desborough, well advanced in years, is the head of this house that has been shorn of its youth. When the war broke out he had three sons and two nephews, the latter being twins. Physically they were all splendid men, and some of them were above the average intellectually. On this side of the water, last summer, we heard of one of the Captains Grenfell as one of the greatest polo-players in Britain.

The cousins, "Rivy" and Francis Grenfell, were the first to die. They were killed in the early weeks of the war, the latter winning the Victoria Cross before he fell. Then, a few months later, Captain Julian Grenfell died of wounds in a hospital in France. He was heir to Lord Desborough's title. While he was dying, his younger brother, the Hon. Gerald William Grenfell, went to the front with the Rifle Brigade. He was killed by machine-gun fire while leading his men in an attack on the German trenches.

Like the others, he was a splendid athlete. He had the honor of representing Oxford both at boxing and tennis in the matches against Cambridge. His partner in the tennis matches, a son of the Earl of Plymouth, has also died "somewhere in northern France."

Of the young men of the family the youngest only remains—Lord Desborough's third son, Ivo. If the war runs to Kitchener's prophecy, he is pretty sure to follow his kinsmen to the front—and the conduct of the other four indicates that he will find his way to where the fighting is best.

The old Scottish house of MacDougall that traces its descent back to Somerled, Thane of Argyle, in the twelfth century, lost the head of the family and the heir within a few weeks. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart MacDougall of the Gordon Highlanders retired in 1892 and was a gentleman-at-arms in Queen Victoria's household. He returned to the colors and his son, Captain Iain MacDougall, went to the front with the Grenadier Guards. Both are dead. The son was killed during the retreat to the Marne in August of last year.

Royal blood was spilled at the Dardanelles when Captain Augustus A. C. Fitz-



Clarence of the Royal Fusiliers fell in battle, for he was a grandson of King William IV. He was a great boxer and all-round athlete, and when he went in for fencing he won at the great Olympia tournament in 1913 and 1914. In the Boer War he declined a commission and enlisted as a private, but rose rapidly, for his is a fighting stock.

Brigadier-General FitzClarence, V.C., grandson of the first Earl of Munster and great-grandson of William IV, has also died in his duty. He was a gallant fighting man, a fact which he demonstrated so completely at the defense of Mafeking that he was given the unofficial title of "The Demon."

Within a few weeks there were names in the casualty lists that recalled the "Forty-Five" and the wars of England and Scotland from both sides of the Border. Lieutenant R. A. Forbes Sempill was killed on the firing-line near Ypres. He held a commission in the Gordon Highlanders and was a son of one of the oldest houses in Scotland, brother of the present Lord Sempill. The first Baron Sempill was killed at Flodden Field, when the best blood of the north soaked the hill where lay the body of Scotland's king.

At almost the same time came the announcement of the deaths of the Master of Kinnaird and of Major Fraser of the Scots Guards, a blow to the ancient house of Lovat. Lord Lovat is the hereditary chieftain of the great Fraser sept. It was the thirteenth baron of that name, "the gray fox of the mountains," who sent his son and clansmen "across the hills to Charley and his men," and paid for it with his life after Culloden.

Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox, son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, has fallen in a quarrel such as that in which his great-grandfather, the Duke of Richmond, took up arms and fought like a man at Waterloo.

This is only a fragment of the list. Lord St. Davids has given his elder son, the Hon. Colwyn Phillips, and his second son is now serving in the cavalry. Lord Ribblesdale has lost his only son, Lieutenant the Hon. Charles Alfred Lister. Lord Stamfordham, private secretary to the king, is left without an heir, and the barony will die with him. Captain the Hon. J. N. Bigge, killed in Flanders, was his only son.

Lord Wendover was the only son and heir of the Marquis of Lincolnshire, and this title will die. The marquis is also

Lord Carrington, and this barony will pass to distant relatives. Lord Hawarden fell in action, and his cousin, Captain Eustace Maude, who succeeded to the title, is at the front. Lord Knaresborough has lost his only son, the Hon. Claude Meysey-Thompson, and this barony will also become extinct. The Viscount Northland, heir to the Earl of Ranfurly, died on the firing-line, but left a baby son who will succeed to the earldom.

Lord De Freyne, a relative of Sir John French, and his half-brother, who was heir to the peerage, were both killed on the same day. There is another half-brother, who now falls heir to the title. The De Freynes came to England with the Norman Conqueror and went to Ireland with Strongbow. They have been in Roscommon for centuries.

Lord Richard Wellesley, scion of a famous fighting line, fell early in the war. The Hon. Ernest Brabazon was a younger son of the Earl of Meath. He was the second of the Brabazons to win the Distinguished Service Order.

Captain Lord Worsley was the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Yarborough. Two brothers survive him at this writing, but both are with their regiments in Flanders.

Lord Redesdale can hold his head high among the peers. When the war broke out, he had five sons, and all of them answered the call. His eldest, Major Clement Freeman-Mitford, has fallen. Of the remaining four, two are in the army and two in the navy.

Major Viscount Crichton, equerry to the king, was son and heir of the Earl of Erne, who died a short time ago. The viscount was until recently believed to be a prisoner in Germany, but it is now established that he is dead. He left an eight-year-old son, who now becomes an earl.

The earldom of Aylesford will also pass to a young boy. Captain Lord Guernsey, the son and heir of the present earl, was killed in action. His son, born in 1908, succeeds. The Viscount Monck has lost his heir in Captain Charles Monck.

The Hon. Robert Bruce, Master of Burleigh, and heir of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, leaves a brother who is also on the firing-line. Captain the Hon. Arthur O'Neill, M.P., was heir of Lord O'Neill. Flight-Lieutenant Lord Annesley was brought down by German marksmen at Ostend. A cousin becomes the peer. The baby son of

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. H. Morris is now heir of Lord Killanin.

The Marquis of Northampton, who is serving as a captain in the Royal Horse Guards, has lost his only brother and heir, Lieutenant Lord Spencer Compton. Captain the Hon. R. Wyndham was the third of that family to fall in the year. He was heir to his brother, Lord Leconfield.

Others who have fallen are Captain the Hon. Gerald Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth; Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, brother of the Marquis of Bute, and a member of the House of Commons; Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. MacQueen, nephew of Lord Haldane; Lieutenant Rawdon Hastings, nephew of two peers—Lord Loudoun and Lord Verulam; Major John Jennings, eldest son of General Sir Robert Jennings; and two sons of the late Major-General Sir John Cowell, who was for nearly thirty years master of the household to Queen Victoria.

Lieutenant Sterling-Stuart, heir of the Stuart of Castlemilk, two of whose ancestors fought against Joan of Arc at the siege of Orléans; Lord Congleton of the famous Parnells; Captain Sir Herbert Croft, head of an old Herefordshire family, a descendant of Sir Richard Croft, treasurer to the household of Henry VII; Sir Edward Stewart-Richardson, a baronet whose title was conferred in 1630—so the list goes.

Sir Montague Cholmeley, head of a line of Lincolnshire squires and baronets who have lived at Easton Hall since early in the sixteenth century; Lord Brabourne, of the famous Knatchbull family; Lieutenant Macdonald, heir to the historic title of Lord of the Isles, who came down in an unbroken line from Angus, Lord of the Isles, in the fourteenth century; Lieutenant Miller, eldest son of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, whose ancestor, Colonel Miller, fell at Quatre-Bras, and whose name was immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in "The Field of Waterloo"—all these fell in the first year of the war.

Then there was Sir Roland Corbet, a direct descendant of that Corbeau who came over with William the Conqueror. The list might be carried on indefinitely. All that is ancient and romantic and all that is best and bravest and highest in Britain is there. Often, where a name may or may not be historic, a commentator remarks that "he was a barrister of rare promise," or that he showed rare talents

for statecraft, or great gifts in science or art. W. G. C. Gladstone, the brilliant grandson of the great premier, and Lieutenant Gilbert Talbot, to take no others, were young men who might have served England and mankind in the halls of Parliament. The son of Marion Crawford and the grandson of the great engineer who built the Forth Bridge have died in battle. Lieutenant Darwin, grandson of the great man who demonstrated the biological criminality of war, has fallen.

That phase of this slaughter of thick-chested, clean-blooded young men need not be taken up here. It is terrible and plain. But if it were nothing more, there would be a sense of esthetic loss in the passing of the ancient names and titles. Senhouse, Cavendish, Talbot, Seymour, Knatchbull, Sempill, Byng, Erskine, McLeod of McLeod, Guise, Scott, Kerr, Penrhyn, Nairne, Wellesley, Forester, Antrobus, Macdonald—these are names that are interwoven with all the poetry and romance and history of the British people, and this is the common heritage of all who speak the English tongue.

We are sorry to have them thinned out—even in an age which tries to reduce all things to terms of economic utility. When we read of a young man in evening clothes in the twentieth century who is called the Lord of the Isles, we are gainers in that the sight of the title takes us back to the days of romance. In a Corbet we see again the stricken field of Hastings, and Ivo Taillebois tossing his battle-ax as he rode down on the Saxon lines, chanting a war-song of Norman chivalry.

They are doing their *devoir* with machine guns, bayonets, and hand-grenades as gallantly as did their steel-clad forefathers—and without that advantage. And those who have thus gone forth went as did splendid young Rupert Brooke, who died at the Dardanelles:

"Now, God be praised who has matched us with His hour!"

Save for a mark on collar or shoulder, there is no difference in the trenches between the farm-laborer, the miner, the ironworker, and the peer. In mud and cold and the constant presence of death they are fighting side by side. It was for these unswerving soldiers of the trenches, not for their barren titles, that Brooke wrote:

And nobleness walks in our ways again,  
And we have come into our heritage!

# A BEARER OF THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

SURGEON-GENERAL GORGAS, WHO "CLEANED UP THE ISTHMUS" AND MADE THE PANAMA CANAL POSSIBLE, IS EAGER TO FIGHT DISEASE ALL OVER THE WORLD

ABOUT the time that William Crawford Gorgas reached the period of white hair and belief in things as they are, it occurred to him that things were not as they ought to be—particularly with himself. He found that outside of being a medical officer of the United States army, with the rank of colonel and the right to be saluted, he had no place in the world. He desired a large place.

All the visible places of any magnitude being occupied by healthy, hefty men, he set out to make a new one for himself. He did it. He invented an entirely novel and decidedly difficult job. There is only one of these jobs, and William Crawford Gorgas, U. S. A., fills it.

It is not being a major-general of the United States army, though a mere medical man. That is his official position. Unofficially, he is the international bearer of the white man's burden. That is the life-job of William Crawford Gorgas, U. S. A.

If the precise character of his vocation is not now clear to you, it is because you have not read certain verses written by Rudyard Kipling in the days before he quit writing things that were well worth reading. Mr. Kipling wrote those verses to fill a crying want. He had gathered that there were thousands of men in the world to whom life was gray and dreary because they could not procure any fighting. Looked at from the view-point of to-day, the wars of that inglorious period were negligible. But, Mr. Kipling pointed out, any one who stood in need of a real battle could have it anywhere in the world.

He alleged that there were a lot of savage wars of peace that were well worth fighting. There would be no reward of fortune or glory in the eyes of the world,

no medals, no brass bands—nothing but bitter, heart-breaking fighting, year in and year out, to "fill full the mouth of famine and bid the sickness cease."

This is a large contract, as the most casual will perceive even in passing study. William Crawford Gorgas, on looking it over, decided that he would not try to do more than half of it. He felt that if he could go around the world for a few years bidding the sickness cease until it had entirely ceased, the time would be well spent, and he could then take a few weeks' vacation with a clear conscience. As for the famine, he would have to let that slide, temporarily.

But a war against sickness was right in his line, as he was both a doctor and a soldier. This was plainly the field for him. He would shoulder a fair half of the white man's burden as soon as he could get under it.

Naturally, with this ideal before him, he could not go in for individual work. Sickness could not be made to cease by building up a large practise in Washington or anywhere else. There was nothing of the wider aspect of the burden about that. The retailing, or small jobber's business, did not appeal to him at all. He was all for the wholesale side of the burden business. A city with typhoid might have moved him, but preferably he was looking for a chance to tackle a nation or a continent in the grip of a scourge.

About this time—that is to say, along in 1903—a number of gentlemen named Theodore Roosevelt, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, and the like, made for Colonel Gorgas his first opportunity to take up his life-work. They arranged for a canal right-of-way across the Isthmus of Panama, sent some

eminent engineers down to dig the big ditch, and President Roosevelt ordered Gorgas to make the isthmus habitable by cleaning it up. You can imagine the conversation as something like this:

"Gorgas, delighted to meet you! There's a lot of yellow fever and malaria and that sort of thing in the Canal Zone that we must get rid of before we can do our work there. Go right down and stamp it out. Good day, colonel!"

"Yes, Mr. President; I'll attend to it at once. Good day!"

At first blush it was like being ordered to stamp the saddle-color out of the natives' skins—but Gorgas never blinked. He had fought a preliminary round with yellow fever as chief medical officer at Havana, and had bested it; so he conferred with Theodore Shonts, then head of the Panama Commission, and set to work. To Shonts Gorgas gives much of the credit for the miracle he wrought.

"He could think in millions," he said, and millions were needed for the job Gorgas had undertaken.

He did not merely stamp out yellow fever in the Canal Zone; he stamped out the old Canal Zone and the yellow fever along with it. They built water-works, they paved streets, constructed sewers, filled up cisterns, screened everything, burned garbage, and fought the mosquito day and night with whole regiments of petroleum-sprinklers. When a man was stricken with the yellow Jack, he was screened off beyond the possibility of mosquitoes reaching him to carry the disease elsewhere.

Gorgas made life a ghastly penance for the easy-going Panamans—a sort of colored man's burden—but he stamped out yellow fever, and reduced malaria from an average of over more than eight hundred in the thousand to less than two hundred and fifty. Some say that if Goethals had given him his head, as Shonts did, he would have cleaned out the malaria as thoroughly as he did the yellow Jack. And no one questions that it was his work which made Goethals's great triumph possible.

This chore being finished, Gorgas began looking around for another nation, or continent, or something, containing a large consignment of sickness that was stubborn about ceasing. He did not have long to wait. The call came from South Africa, where there was a chronic epidemic of pneumonia among the miners of the Rand.

Pausing only to grab a suit-case and gather a few trusted aids, Gorgas hustled to the Transvaal, and fought pneumonia until it was eager to cease. Then he came back to a dull life where there was a sick man only every block or so, and no two of them had the same disease.

The world lay lapped in a state of astonishing good health, and General Gorgas, as he had now become, languished. This condition grew so annoying to a lot of well-fed persons in Europe that they could stand it no longer; so they plunged civilization into war. For a long time thereafter nothing transpired which looked like more work in the burden line until last winter when the terrible typhus fever swept through war-stricken Serbia.

The Rockefeller Foundation, which was already active in the Belgian relief work, turned part of its attention to Serbia, and asked General Gorgas if he would like to take on the job of bidding the typhus cease. Would he like it? He jumped at it. He told the Rockefeller people that he would get to Serbia as quickly as Secretary Garrison of the War Department would permit.

Here he ran into an unexpected and immovable snag. Secretary Garrison decided that under the international rules of wholesale slaughter, as laid down by highly civilized nations, the United States would be plainly violating its own neutrality in allowing Gorgas to do any burden-bearing in Serbia. It would have been all right for him to cure the women and children, but in so doing he would perforce have been compelled to bid the typhus cease in King Peter's army. At best he would almost certainly have prevented some aged reservists from contracting the disease.

You can readily see that this would not do at all. It would have been unfriendly to Austria, whose soldiers were put to the trouble of introducing the disease into Serbia in the first place. General Gorgas plainly could not be permitted to bid any sickness cease so long as that sickness furthered any civilized country's plans for blotting out a small and heroic people.

In this matter Mr. Garrison was not, of course, consulting his own inclination. He was simply obeying rules that have elsewhere been pretty liberally ignored during the past year. But it was a bitter disappointment to General Gorgas. It was coming squarely between him and another great chance to carry the burden.



Thwarted in this mission, there are now signs that General Gorgas is thinking of taking up the other half of the burden aforementioned — the famine part of it. The New York State Conference of San-

"It is a health officer's duty to urge forward those measures in his community which still control individual diseases, but my long experience has taught me that it is still more his duty to take that broader



WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS, SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO MADE THE PANAMA CANAL POSSIBLE BY STAMPING OUT YELLOW FEVER IN THE CANAL ZONE

*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

itary Engineers requested him to make an address. He did. Looking like a combination of the humorist, Mark Twain, and the late Indian fighter, Nelson A. Miles, General Gorgas arose and spoke as follows:

view of life which goes to the root of bad hygiene, and do what he can to elevate the social conditions of his community. This can best be accomplished by increasing wages."

# HOWARD ELLIOTT AND HIS GIGANTIC JOB

HOW A PATIENT AND FAR-SIGHTED WESTERNER IS RECONSTRUCTING THE CREDIT AND SELF-RESPECT OF THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD

ON September 2, 1913, Howard Elliott took active charge of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. That he might speedily become accustomed to his surroundings, the outgoing management staged for him that morning one of its most successful wrecks. It has passed into the history of the road as "the North Haven wreck." There were fragments of passengers and passenger-cars all over the right-of-way for a quarter of a mile. The death-list was twenty-one, and the roll of the injured much longer.

Mr. Elliott was on the scene that morning even before the reporters from the New York newspapers. And in those days reporters had to get to a New Haven wreck early if they wanted any information; because the management had established the policy of carefully plugging up all the holes and maintaining a dignified silence.

As a perfunctory matter of duty the newspapermen waited on the new president to get his views concerning the disaster. It was purely perfunctory. In the eyes of the New Haven officials in those stirring times, a reporter was on a moral and intellectual plane with an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. Both were persons to be avoided as a matter of principle and interest.

When the assembled journalists sent in their cards a quivering gasp of horror ran through the entire railroad system of New England. Mr. Elliott had sent out word that he would be pleased to see and talk with the reporters, albeit there was nothing tangible as yet to be given out for publication!

With tears in their eyes, the hold-over officers pleaded with him not to take this shocking step. It was revolutionary! The

wreck was distinctly a private one, they argued. The public might be permitted to furnish the corpses and the inconvenience, but there its interest naturally ended. They pleaded with him not to begin pampering the public and the press. It had never been done.

"Well, it's going to be done," remarked Mr. Elliott in about those words.

And it was. He talked to the reporters, and that night—the reporters never knew this—he spent the greater part of his scanty sleeping-time among the injured in the hospital, assuring them that everything possible would be done for them, and that in the future there would be no more wrecks on the New Haven if he could prevent it.

The fact might as well be stated here that up to the hour when these lines are written Mr. Elliott has made good on that promise far beyond any one's expectations. Since that September morning the New Haven Railroad—dubbed by the engineer of a persiflage column the "New York, New Haven and Hereafter"—has carried one hundred and seventy million passengers and killed just one. He jumped from a train in front of a passing locomotive.

But that was only part of the routine day's work with Mr. Elliott. He had taken the assignment of reviving a railroad property that had been eaten to a shell by parasites within, and had then had the shell kicked to pieces from without. He announced privately that his first step would be to take the public into his confidence; and a heavy pall of gloom settled over the executive offices. It was felt, there, that the road was now irrevocably headed for final disaster.

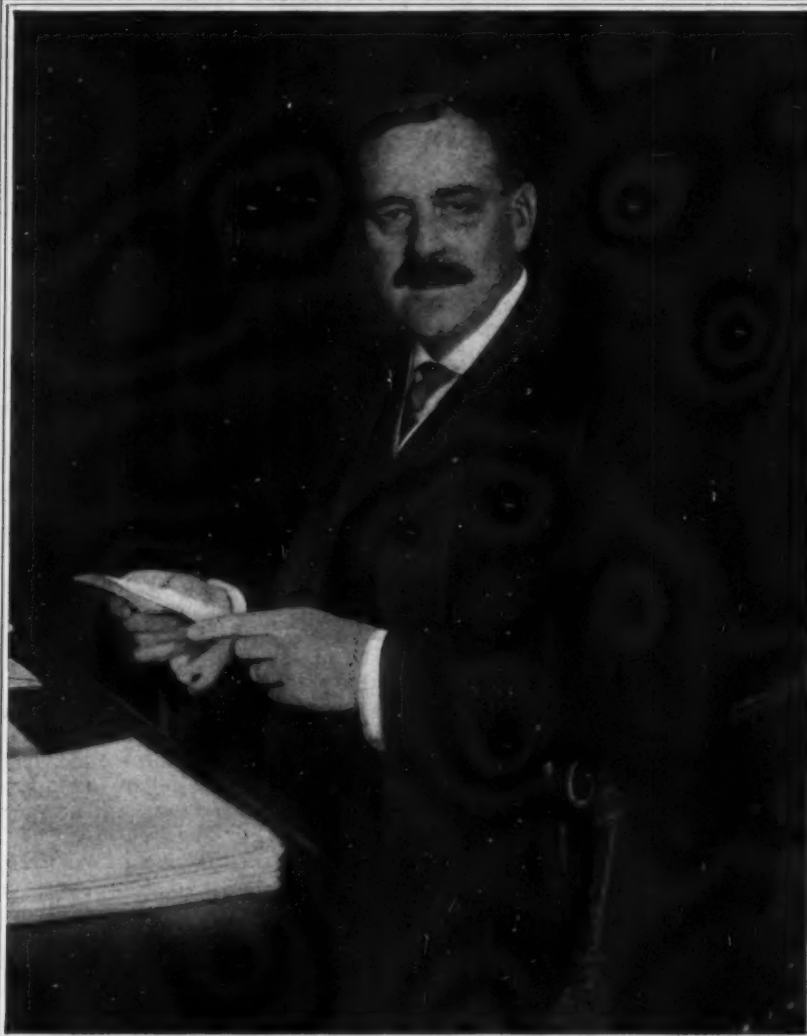
These forebodings left Mr. Elliott unmoved, as pretty much everything else does.

He did not get out of patience with his aids. He never gets out of patience with anybody. He let them understand that this was to be the new policy of the road—that to make the New Haven go its thirty-six thousand employees had to feel that they were one united family, serving the public, and that they could have no family secrets from the public.

The old management "had no confidence in the public." The public reciprocated,

with interest. Mr. Elliott showed that he had unbounded confidence in the public, and the old-timers were flabbergasted to note that the public immediately began having confidence in Mr. Elliott.

There was nothing new about this. It is the oldest psychology extant. The knowledge of it had made Mr. Elliott a great railroad man before the Eastern public ever heard of him. He applied it to his relations with the New Haven employees, and got



HOWARD ELLIOTT, WHO IN A CAREER OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AS A RAILROAD MAN HAS RISEN FROM RODMAN ON THE BURLINGTON TO PRESIDENT OF THE NEW HAVEN

the same reaction. Presently there appeared a new tone, a new feeling—and a cheering paucity of wrecks.

The employees, down to the trainmen and suburban ticket-agents, knew the new chief, knew that he had confidence in them, and they spread confidence in him and in the railroad. He gossiped with conductors and got chummy with car-inspectors, eager to get the view-point of every man in the employ of the road. They found out that they could tell him what they knew, what they thought, and what others believed, without inviting anything but interest and appreciation in return.

So they talked, and Mr. Elliott learned. An obscure employee, who had heard three passengers criticising a locomotive as outworn and obsolete, persuaded them to go up the platform with him while he convinced them that it was a new and excellent model. Mr. Elliott heard of this, and sent that man a long personal letter of thanks.

To get money a railroad must earn, save, or borrow. When Mr. Elliott came to the New Haven, earning was out of the question. The prospect of borrowing on decent terms was, if possible, even more remote. So he took up saving as a first step and as an evidence of good faith.

Among other things he discovered that there were numbers of suburban trains which were costing anywhere from five to ten times as much as the fares they earned. "They" told him that he could not do anything about it, because the public would emit a frightful squawk if these ruinous trips were canceled. Mr. Elliott replied that they would have to cut off some of the trains.

"All right!" they told him. "We'll give the orders at once."

"No, you won't," Mr. Elliott mildly interposed. "You had better send a responsible man to the towns they serve, and take it up with the public."

This letting the public in on railroad matters was plainly going too far, but Mr. Elliott insisted. Carefully and fully he explained to the patrons of his road that day after day it was running trains at a cost of forty dollars for average receipts of five dollars and sixty-five cents. Did the public think that this was fair—driving a road straight to a receivership? Wouldn't the community be satisfied with a train every hour, instead of every half-hour, until the road got on its feet?

The response was just what Mr. Elliott expected. People told him to go right to it—that they understood and were willing to bear a hand when the situation had been made clear. Again his system was vindicated, but he remained calm. He knew it would be. James J. Hill had always told him so, and he had proved it, under Hill, as president of the Northern Pacific.

He does not carry this faith in the public to the length of believing that the people, through their government, are always right about railroad matters. But he does believe that a railroad is always wrong when it attempts to evade their mandates.

"Obey the laws," is his position. "If they are such as to cripple railroads, let's put the situation frankly up to the people that it is to their interest, as well as ours, to amend the laws."

The writer trusts that he has not given the impression that Mr. Elliott darts about New England discussing railroading with reporters and public gatherings. He does all of that when he can find time, but he is working from twelve to sixteen hours a day at plain railroading and the financing of his company. These may seem long hours, but perhaps you remember enough of the condition of the New Haven when Mr. Elliott took charge to realize that long hours are necessary. He has worked himself into one breakdown, and as soon as he could get back on the job he started right in again at the old pace.

One of his most important bits of work is just ahead of him. Floating around in the demoralized finances of the New Haven is a lump of fifty-three million dollars' worth of short-term notes on which the road is paying interest at rather more than seven per cent. If he can get this debt refunded on a reasonable basis with long-term bonds he stands to save the company about twenty million dollars in ten years—which would mean a long stride toward the distant goal of dividends.

Can he reach that goal? Well, he is a quiet, square-jawed fighting man who has never yet been licked by a railroad job. He is resourceful and untiring. He has tact and kindness—the former being generally useless without the latter. He is fearless and honest, and always patient.

He believes he can do it. His employees believe he can. A large part of the New England public believes likewise.

He probably will.





by  
Matthew  
White, Jr.

KARSAVINA AND ADOLF  
BOLM IN SERGE DE  
DIAGHILEFF'S BALLET  
RUSSE, WHICH CLOSES  
ITS AMERICAN SEASON  
AT THE METROPOLITAN  
OPERA-HOUSE

*Photograph by Hapfe, London.*

#### TRAGEDY DIRE AND FOLLY AS IT FLIES

LAST month I told you that a war play, "Under Fire," was saved by its comedy. No prop of this sort is placed under "Moloch," a drama against war which must stand or fall upon the horrors that tread upon one another's heels in ghastly procession. The only relief is furnished in a twelve-minute scene wherein a young lieutenant of the enemy extends thoughtful kindness to the family whose home he is invading. Incidentally, this supplies the best acting of the piece—one critic called it of the season—on the part of Gareth Hughes, the twenty-year-old Welshman who came over with "Change" two years ago, and was seen last winter in the revival of

"The Critic" at the Princess, and later with the Irish Players in America at the Neighborhood and Bandbox theaters.

But even this welcome interlude only serves to lead up to tragedy more grim than anything that preceded it. Invited by the grateful family to rest a while on a couch in an inner room, the lieutenant is stabbed by a vengeful maid servant, whose sister has that day been killed by a bomb from an enemy aeroplane. For this offense she is taken out and shot against a wall, the house is ordered to be burned, and the entire household is turned forthwith into the street.

"Moloch" is a woman-made play. Beulah M. Dix, who wrote it, turned out the three-scene "Across the Border," which led the way for the war

VERA MICHELENA,  
ONE OF THE  
PRINCIPALS IN  
NED WAYBURN'S  
"TOWN TOPICS"

as the fruits of victory, two women in black, a young soldier turned into a helpless cripple, the husband a drunkard, and, as the curtain falls, the prospect of another war, this time with the former enemy as an ally against a new foe.

Klaw & Erlanger and George Tyler have given this drab drama a fine cast, with Holbrook Blinn —also in "Across the Border" —at its head, and Lillian Albertson as a wife who suffers in an altogether different fashion from her sorrows, of half a dozen years ago, when "Paid in Full" took the town by storm.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who happily, after all, did not retire with "The

Photos  
by  
White,  
N. Y.

plays last winter. She is also co-author of the well-known and clever "Road to Yesterday."

In "Moloch" she has been so eager to get her message across without violating neutrality that she didn't give herself time to work out a more convincing groundwork. The impersonal note is pounded too heavily. No country is named, a handicap which more than once makes it necessary to avoid specific terms by the use of awkward generalities. Dolefully admirable is the point made in the epilogue, wherein we see,

EILEEN MOLYNEUX,  
ANOTHER OF THE  
PRINCIPALS IN  
NED WAYBURN'S  
"TOWN TOPICS"



CHRISTINE NORMAN, ALPHONZ ETHIER, AND EMMETT CORRIGAN IN "OUR CHILDREN"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

Beautiful Adventure" last autumn, is the grandmother, facing her fourth war. T. Wigney Percyval is the professor, her brother, always ready to send the newspapers a remedy for things that go wrong. Mr. Percyval, incidentally, is coauthor of "Grumpy" and of the new play that is to

serve Frances Starr before snow ceases to fly. But why mention others in "Moloch," which, since I started to write about it, has succumbed to its lack of the comedy prop, and has closed after a three weeks' run?

In spite of its name there is not a single

war joke, nor so much as the waving of a flag, in Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics," which, if length alone determines importance, is the biggest thing to be recorded this month. There are twenty-five sets,

describe to your neighbors in a fashion that will send them scurrying to the box-office.

For example, wouldn't they like to see behind the scenes without taking the



PEGGY WOOD, OTTO KRUGER, PERCY HELTON, AND JASPER, THE DOG, IN "YOUNG AMERICA"

many of such dazzling magnificence that one leaves the Century in a condition bordering on scenic indigestion. For it is at this erstwhile temple of high dramatic art, built as the New Theater, that Mr. Wayburn, sometime driller-in-chief of chorus-girls, has placed this veritable whale of a show. You can forget about half of it, and yet have enough to remember and to

trouble to badger somebody connected with the theater to smuggle them in? "Town Topics" contains the most novel revelation of this sort that has ever attempted to turn the playhouse inside out. Then there's a depiction of a subway car, which lacks only the squeezing of an unwary passenger in the middle door to make it realistically complete.





FRED NIBLO AND KATHERINE LA SALLE IN "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY," THE  
NEW FARCE, WITH BILLY SUNDAY AS ITS THEME,  
BY GEORGE M. COHAN

*From a photograph by White, New York*



WALKER WHITESIDE AND  
LILLIAN KAVANAUGH IN  
"THE RAGGED MESSENGER," A PLAY WRITTEN  
BY W. B. MAXWELL, SON  
OF MARY E. BRADDON,  
THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH NOVELIST

*From a photograph by  
White, New York*

It's a pity that 1915 was an off year for baseball, for there's a set showing the Polo Grounds with a game in progress, utilizing all the paraphernalia except the ball, with second base at the back of the orchestra chairs, and Trixie Friganza making a home run around the entire auditorium. Yet another high spot resolves itself into four of them by aid of the famous revolving stage—seen in action—which shows us summer, autumn, winter, and spring as backgrounds for the dancing of Adelaide & Hughes.

I have named only four out of the twenty-five scenes, and haven't even mentioned the costumes, which would be worth the price of admission alone without a stick of scenery to set them off.

"And you haven't mentioned the play, either," I think I hear you remind me.

Good reason, for there really isn't any. Even the program places a question-mark in parentheses, thus (?) after the word "book" in the credit line. Small wonder! Practically the entire roster of principals is made up of vaudevillians who bring their own acts with them. The best of these, as he was in "Hands Up," is Will Rogers, the man with the rope, who comes on early and often, and is quite the funniest thing in the show, which from the comedy side leaves much to be desired.

There are so many pretty girls in "Town Topics" that the market must have been effectually cornered, with none

left for "Two Is Company," billed as a "Parisian musical novelty" by the indefatigable authors of "Adèle" and "The Girl Who Smiles." And if any piece needed particularly charming maidens, it is this one, with an episode that calls for ten young women who shall be so ravishingly beautiful as to deserve the classification of jealousy-rousers.

Kathryn Kidder, best known as creator of the title-rôle of "Mme. Sans Gêne." It is the first play of Mr. Anspacher that has proved to possess motive power sufficient to make it run, which it did for several months in Chicago last winter. It did not repeat its success in New York, being apparently too subtle for Broadway.

Personally, I enjoyed it. The theme of

#### GIVING NEW YORK A REST

It is to rejoice, for New York is getting a long overdue rest as a background for plays. "Rolling Stones" used Chicago, "Common Clay" is laid in "any large American city in the middle West," and here comes "Our Children," with its action passing in Lynn, Massachusetts.

"Our Children" was written by Louis K. Anspacher, husband of



CONWAY TEARLE AND GRACE GEORGE IN THE LAST ACT OF THE SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL OF LANGDON MITCHELL'S COMEDY, "THE NEW YORK IDEA"



OLIVE TELL AND JULIAN ELTINGE IN THE LATTER'S NEW STARRING VEHICLE, "COUSIN LUCY,"  
BY THE LATE CHARLES KLEIN

*From a photograph by White, New York*





WILLIAM HODGE AND MIRIAM COLLINS IN  
"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS"

a father's love for his son is mightily refreshing. Irishman though he be, Emmett Corrigan acted the old German with great faithfulness, and Ralph Morgan, recently in "A Full House" and "Under Cover," played the spoiled son in just the right key. If you like a play of character rather than action, by all means see "Our Children" when it comes to your town.

New England again serves as background in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," the very American farce that George Cohan has written for his brother-in-law, Fred Niblo. The program credits the idea to George Middleton, who dramatized "The House of a Thousand Candles," and Guy Bolton, author of "The Rule of Three," but the real Cohanesque touch is apparent in more than the flag-waving and the jokes about Providence, Rhode Island.

The theme is Billy Sunday's success as a

I knew that Fred Niblo had married George Cohan's sister Josephine, and that they had both been playing the Cohan & Harris comedies for three seasons in Australia, but I sought out Mr.



FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK AND MARIE TEMPEST IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE"

*From a photograph by White, New York—Copyright, 1915, by Charles Frohman, Inc.*

preacher. Instead of a ball-player, he is represented as a Knickerbocker Hotel bartender who, on his way to take up a hundred-dollar-a-week job, becomes so incensed against his new boss, a wealthy brewer, that he makes a temperance speech and becomes famous overnight.

The story sounds preposterous, when told in the cold light of next morning's breakfast-table; but the small-city types are so faithfully drawn, Niblo's personality is so pleasing, and his method so sincere, that the play proves thoroughly entertaining. Besides, it doesn't claim to be more than farce, though much of it is so true to life that excessive modesty would seem to have dictated the classification.

Niblo himself in his dressing-room to tell me how he got his start and where.

"Right here in New York," he answered, "where I was employed in the accountant's department of the New York Life Insurance Company. I had a faculty for monologue, which I was wont to employ for the delectation of the clubs to which I belonged. I had a knack, too, for staging amateur performances. In some way other clubs heard about this, and sent for me to put on shows of theirs. This came to take up all my evenings, and finally I found that the incidental expenses were absorbing all my salary as well.

"How about some coin of the realm for all this?" I wanted to know.

"The result was not only my expenses, but an honorarium into the bargain, until finally what I was making on the side amounted to almost twice as much as what I was earning by my regular job. This seemed wrong, and one day I went to the head of my department with a request for a raise. He offered one, but it was so small that I decided to chuck the whole thing, and took a plunge which landed me in vaudeville, where I met the Cohans, and here I am.

"No, I have never heard Billy Sunday, although I should very much like to. Before I went to Australia I delivered a series of travel talks, and in the Western company of 'The Fortune Hunter,' I played the part created in New York by Jack Barrymore."

The impression I brought away from a meeting with the hero of "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" is of a man suggesting the

preacher rather than the bartender, and with little or none of the grease-paint in his temperament, although it was literal grease-paint that he was applying during the whole of our little talk.

Through a hole in the board fence that separates the alleyways of the Astor and Gaiety theaters, I crept through to the latter and an acquaintance with Otto Kruger, who created *Jack Doray* in that other Cohan & Harris success, "Young America," likewise a play with its scenes beyond the Gotham limits. Of Mr. Kruger, I knew only that he had been the boy athlete in "The Natural Law."

"I am from Toledo, Ohio," Mr. Kruger explained. "I had the stage bug so badly that I offered to go on in our Toledo stock company for nothing, if they would only give me a chance. They did finally, with a character part in 'Old Heidelberg.' At the end of three weeks I was not only get-



LOUIS CALVERT, DOROTHY DONNELLY, EUGENE O'BRIEN, AND JOSEPHINE VICTOR  
IN THE JEWISH DRAMA, "THE BARGAIN"



CHARLOTTE WALKER AND E. H. SOTHERN IN ALFRED SUTRO'S SMART COMEDY, "THE TWO VIRTUES"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

ting a salary, but had been made assistant stage-manager. So you see my beginning was a comparatively smooth one. My hard lines were to come later—in fact, they struck me last winter, and I sometimes ask myself how I ever managed to pull through. I'll tell you about it.

"After my start in Toledo, I had a wide experience in stock and repertory companies, always playing character parts; but Broadway seemed as far off as ever. At last, however, through a friend, I got a chance to play *Jack Bowling* at a single try-out performance of 'The Natural Law.' It was to be a semiprivate showing of the piece, to find out whether any manager wished to take a public gamble with it. *Jack's* part is a great one—he simply runs the gamut, giving the player an opportunity to show every side of his ability.

"Well, I played the single performance, and then sat down to wait for some manager to nibble; but none did. I was afraid to take up with anything else, lest 'The Natural Law' might get its chance while I wasn't on hand to take mine with it. I hate to think of that winter of my discontent, but I got through it somehow. In the spring an angel opened the way for 'The Natural Law,' George Cohan saw me play *Jack*, and now I am really on Broadway at last."

I wish you could have heard the earnest fashion in which young Kruger told me all this. There was nothing of boasting in the words—simply the plain story, in answer to my question, of the hard pathway he had trodden to reach success.

Jasper, the dog in "Young America," is five years old, and his master, Dixey Tay-



lor, who also plays a part in the show, declares that the remarkably intelligent animal knows the meaning of almost a thousand words.

#### TWO STARS IN WELCOME REVIVALS

After an absence from the local boards of nearly three seasons, through inability to find a suitable vehicle, Grace George has come back brilliantly, in a revival of a play about New York that couldn't possibly have been laid anywhere else.

"The New York Idea" was written by Langdon Mitchell, son of Weir Mitchell, for Mrs. Fiske, for whom the same author had made a version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," played as "Becky Sharp." Mrs. Fiske produced "The New York Idea" at the Lyric Theater, November 19, 1906, with John Mason as *Jack Karlake* (falling now to Conway Tearle), George Arliss for *Cates-Darby* (Ernest Lawford's part), and *Vida* (brilliantly done by Mary Nash) created by Marion Lea.

"Mrs. Fiske never looked younger," said one of the critics of the day, uniting with all the others in a chorus of eulogy for this scintillating comedy of American manners.

Just here is why Miss George may very well succeed, if she chooses, in getting a wider vogue for the piece now than when it was new. Nine years ago Mrs. Fiske was forty-one. Miss George is still several years younger than that, and, over and above her consummate dramatic ability, possesses a personal charm which makes easily plausible her captivation of the sedate *Judge Phillimore*.

I say "if Miss George chooses," because in personally taking over the management of her husband's theater, the Playhouse, she proclaimed that no offering would be allowed to run for more than four weeks. "The New York Idea," absolutely unaged in its nine years of retirement, will no doubt prove a strong temptation to break this resolve.

Miss George's last venture in town was also a revival, and likewise with divorce as its theme—Sardou's "Divorçons."

Conway Tearle, than whom I cannot imagine a more capable *Karlake*, played second to Faversham last year in "The Hawk." He is the son of the well-known English actor, Osmond Tearle, his mother being the actress Minnie Conway. Young Tearle was born in America, where most of his acting has been done.

Marie Tempest went back nearly a dozen years to find a suitable vehicle for her needs, even more difficult to fit than those of Miss George. Fortunately somebody suggested Robert Marshall's "The Duke of Killicrankie," which served John Drew in 1904, when Fanny Brough, recently deceased, played the glue king's widow, *Mrs. Mulholland*, Miss Tempest's present role.

W. Graham Browne is capital in the name part of "Killicrankie," and Ferdinand Gottschalk is seen once more as *Pitt-Welby*, a character that would appear to have been expressly created for him. It's capital fun, this farcical romance, which does not seem to have aged during its camphor-ball nap. Miss Tempest has a rôle after her own heart, and wears some perfectly stunning gowns.

Besides the three acts of the Marshall play, there is J. M. Barrie's thirty-minute "Rosalind," new to Broadway, and delightfully acted by Miss Tempest and Reginald Denny. The latter is a young blood of the town, who, out on a walking-tour, thinks he is meeting his inamorata's mother, when it is the woman herself, minus her make-up, that he sees. She reveals herself in the end, and although the outcome leaves one rather up in the air, the little after-piece is Barrie at his best—than which one cannot well bestow higher praise.

Reginald Denny, twenty-three now, went on the stage when he was six, as the little *Prince Charles* when Gertrude Elliott played "A Royal Family" in London. He is the son of the late William H. Denny, the well-known English actor who came to America years ago with Lydia Thompson. The elder Denny played for a while with Mrs. John Drew's company at the old Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia, and was *Perissard* in "Mme. X" at the New Amsterdam half a dozen years ago. The son has been appearing for some time in India, and acted last summer in New York with "Twin Beds."

#### ANOTHER WINNER FOR THE CORT

Comic opera! It seems many moons since we have seen those words on a theater program. We have had musical plays, plays with music, musical novelties, and so on, but of the good, straight-from-the-shoulder comic opera there has been a dearth.

John Cort has filled the void with "The Princess Pat," which proves worth waiting

for in every sense of the term. In fact, the union of Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, yokefellows last season as composer and librettist of "The Only Girl," has resulted in something almost as good as "Mlle. Modiste," with which they fitted Fritz Scheff so well ten years ago. And in Eleanor Painter they have not only a prima donna of great personal charm and fine voice, as she demonstrated in "The Lilac Domino" last season, but one who is young enough to wear well for years to come.

Praise be for the American, up-to-date book of the piece—its scene laid in Long Island, among the hunting set, with a threatened arrest for automobile speeding to lend the touch that makes all motorists kin. Mr. Herbert's music is thoroughly satisfying, the numbers all grow naturally out of the action, and although there is a good-sized chorus, its advent on the scene is always timed to a reason.

It would be no rash prophet who would predict that "The Princess Pat" will run at least as long as its two predecessors at the Cort Theater—"Peg o' My Heart" and "Under Cover," each of which lasted a season.

#### THE HIPPODROME AND ELSIE JANIS

Charles Dillingham gave us "Chin-Chin"—now in its second year at the Globe Theater—and the same astute manager has just put on "Hip-Hip-Hooray" at the Hippodrome. In so doing he has lifted that unique New York institution out of the slough of despond and made it a temple of rejoicing for all who want good, clean amusement at a reasonable figure. For the new scale of prices goes no higher than a dollar and fifty cents a seat, with one dollar for the daily matinées, except on Saturdays.

R. H. Burnside, the wizard of stage effects who put "Chin-Chin" behind the footlights, devised "Hip-Hip-Hooray," which is such a comprehensive affair that no accepted theatrical classification can be found for it. It includes a wonderful rooftop view of New York just before dawn, a Grand Central Station scene with some really funny acrobats as baggage-smashers, Toyland in the Zone, a striking set for the children, and the Tower of Jewels at the San Francisco Fair, with Sousa in person leading his famous band in a regular concert.

But I haven't space to tell about all the

feasts for the eye in "Hip-Hip-Hooray," which is only part of the bill at the Hippodrome. The entertainment winds up with quite the most wonderful offering of all in "Flirting at St. Moritz." In this the famous tank is frozen over to lend a surface for an extraordinary ballet on skates, interspersed with a sensationally daring exhibition of skee-jumping.

Orville Harrold is the hero of "Hip-Hip-Hooray," and Nat Wills the happy hobo. Some catchy music has been composed for it by Raymond Hubbell, the author of several well-known musical comedies, who leads the orchestra himself.

Another Dillingham show that has caught on is Elsie Janis in "Miss Information," by those indefatigable devisers of humorous crook drama, Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Herein is another feast for the eye. Miss Janis's voice never having been her strong point, her playwrights have thoughtfully provided her with only one song, but with any number of disguises, from a messenger-boy in the first act to a London nut in the last. In this latter character she shows us the *danses excentriques* that last year literally brought London to her feet.

Besides Miss Janis, "Miss Information" offers the always welcome Maurice Farkoa in new songs and Melville Ellis at the piano.

#### E. H. SOTHERN BACK IN COMEDY

Enjoyment for intelligent people at the play is provided in "The Two Virtues," a comedy by Alfred Sutro, introducing E. H. Sothern to the Booth Theater, which now houses an offering wholly worthy the high traditions of the name. While Julia Marlowe's illness and retirement from the stage are to be deplored, the resultant determination of her husband, Mr. Sothern, to return to the lighter form of entertainment in which he gained his first vogue is matter for distinct congratulation to playgoers, particularly in these times of wars and rumors thereof.

In "The Two Virtues"—which was played for a brief time in London last year by Sir George Alexander and Martha Hedman at the St. James—Mr. Sothern enacts a man past middle age, wholly wrapped up in his task of writing a history of historians. Incidentally he has a blighted heart, having been jilted by a rather feather-brained young lady who prefers a poet. When the

amorous bard begins to pay attention to a *Mrs. Guildford*, of uncertain reputation, the girl pleads with *Jeffery* to intercede. He does to such good purpose that he wins *Mrs. Guildford* for himself.

This brief outline gives no idea of the smart writing that goes to make up the traffic of the play, a great improvement on Mr. Sutro's last offering here, "The Clever Ones." Nor have I mentioned *Jeffery's* proud sister, *Lady Milligan*, delightfully set forth by Haidee Wright, the *Painted Lady* in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In the autumn of 1914 Miss Wright was the very old lady in "Evidence," and last spring she preceded Mrs. Whiffen as the grandmother in "Moloch."

Mr. Sothern is at his best as the old bachelor who calmly admits that he is more than queer. I wish, however, that he could pass over to Charlotte Walker, who is very attractive as *Mrs. Guildford*, a bit of his overemphasis of words. At times it was difficult to hear what she said.

Charlotte Walker is the wife of Eugene Walter, in whose play, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," she was kept busy acting on our American back trails for two or three seasons, after the piece failed to catch on in either New York or Chicago. Of late she has gone in for motion-picture work, and is quite enthusiastic about it, although she will not quit the spoken drama in favor of the dumb-show brand.

#### GOOD PEOPLE FOR POOR PLAYS

In spite of the managers' lament that the pictures are drawing players away from the stage, they seem still to be able to find good actors to put into poor plays. A recent example is "The Bargain," produced in London last season as "The New Shylock," and brought over to this side for no apparent reason, so far as I can discover, except to give some excellent players a job.

Love and marriage between Jew and Gentile is by no means a theme new to our boards. Only last year we had it set forth in "Consequences," which gave up the ghost after a few performances; and that was an infinitely better-made play than this "Bargain" of Herman Scheffauer's. Four eminently capable players were thrown away on the piece, which lasted but ten nights—Louis Calvert, who was with the New Theater company; Dorothy Donnelly, formerly *Mme. X* and recently with "The Song of Songs"; Eugene O'Brien, who

created the lieutenant in "Kitty Mackay," and Josephine Victor, last season's hapless *Myrtle* in "Kick In."

Early in October I attended the *première* of another play destined to be distinguished more for its cast than its intrinsic merits. This was George Broadhurst's "What Money Can't Buy," which had evidently been fished up from the bottom of his trunk, for one can't imagine a sane mortal in these days writing a romance about a European kingdom with no mention of war. And yet the program definitely stated that the action takes place at the present time, and George Fawcett was shown telephoning to Vienna and Budapest for cash, just as easily as he might from Chicago to New York or Boston. Result, a one-week run.

#### THE WINTER GARDEN AND A PRETTY GIRL

It is the Winter Garden's own fault if "A World of Pleasure" seems distinctly inferior to many of the big shows that have preceded it in this big place of entertainment. The standard has been constantly pushed a peg higher and still another peg higher until it was inevitable that there should come a time when we must say:

"Well, this isn't as good as what we have seen here before."

Yet I doubt if the attendance will suffer much. There is always a public for a Winter Garden show, be it what it may.

Clifton Crawford is the newcomer in the present bill, and he tries hard to make himself feel at home. Mrs. J. J. Shubert has again designed the costumes, and it is a poor compliment to her good taste that the management apparently prefers, for many of the girls, almost no costumes at all.

"Quinneys" is worth going to see, if only for the pretty girl in it—Peggy Rush. I wonder that London allowed such a specimen of feminine beauty to leave, now that Gladys Cooper, the much-photographed, is verging on the matronly and has two children to look after. "Quinneys" is a comedy by Horace Annesley Vachell, who has been asked to supply the aching void in John Drew's repertoire. It has been on at the London Haymarket since the 20th of last April, a run only exceeded, in the British capital, by that of the war play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," and the two American offerings, "Peg o' My Heart" and "Potash and Perlmutter."

# Light Verse

## A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

THE snow was falling thick and fast,  
The streets with lights were blazing;  
The Christmas shoppers hurried on,  
Or stood intently gazing.

I drifted with the throng until  
A well-known face I sighted.  
"A merry Christmas, Bob!" I cried;  
"To see you I'm delighted!"

I slapped my old friend on the back  
And gave his hand a gripping,  
For in the old days we had made  
Of Christmas something ripping.

"Five years," I solemnly declared,  
"Is some time to be parted  
From the best chum I ever had—  
The truest, biggest-hearted!"

"Let's find the gayest place in town—  
I'll bet that you will know it!—  
And we will make a merry night,  
When you have brought me to it.

"We'll have the time of our two lives,  
And feel like never quitting;  
We'll celebrate this Christmas eve  
In manner most befitting!"

"Just follow me," he promptly grinned,  
"You gay and festive rover,  
And I shall take you to a place  
Where joy is bubbling over."

He led me to a house where mirth  
And gaiety were sounding—  
He kissed a girl, snatched up a tot  
Who to his arms came bounding.

"My wife and boy," he proudly smiled;  
"His tree's all decorated—  
Oh, won't we have the best old time  
We ever celebrated?"

W. Y. Sheppard

## THE DANCE

THE music sounding softly sweet,  
We feel the dance's rhythmic thrill;  
Your swaying form, your twinkling feet,  
Responsive to my slightest will.  
A zephyr in arms, perchance.  
And thus I lead you through the dance.

A zephyr; truly, as I live.  
Too well, my dear, you fit the part.  
Those tantalizing smiles you give;  
And, just as I would claim your heart,  
Away you skip with careless glee.  
A merry dance you're leading me!

Louis B. Capron

## A MODERN EDUCATION

YES, Mary's education  
Has been strictly up to date;  
You've heard, no doubt, that she just won  
The Suffrage Club debate.

She took a course in nursing,  
She can fence and box and row;  
She's up on balanced rations,  
She can dance and she can sew.

She's captain of the hockey team;  
You ought to see her swim;  
But she's had no time for music,  
With her tennis and her gym.

I guess we're 'way behind the times;  
There's been a big advance  
Since we learned our rules for grammar,  
And could name the kings of France.

I know I ought not to complain  
When Mary's done so well,  
But I just can't help wishing  
She could read and write and spell!

Pauline D. Partridge

## TO AN OLD-TIME POET

Here is the pleasant place,  
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!  
—Drummond of Hawthornden.

AND what wants she, alas, we pray,  
Oh, poet of a bygone day?  
Was she indeed as hard to please  
As some of our more modern shes,  
Who want—who want—well, mostly these:  
A pug, a poodle, Chow, and Dane;  
A cot in Florida or Maine,  
At Lenox and at Newport green,  
And several others in between;  
A palace on the avenue;  
A yacht to sail the ocean blue;  
A ton of gems, a coronet,  
On fingers, neck, and tresses set;



An opera-box for their display  
By night and at the matinee;  
The gleaming fleece of Persian ewe,  
Seal, mink, and sable, fox, and gnu;  
And gown-creations by the score,  
Plus sixty-'leven dozen more;  
And sundry bonnets, hats, and caps,  
And frilly and fallally wraps;  
And seven maids to put 'em on,  
And then to take 'em off anon;  
And runabouts and limousines;  
And roses grown 'mid wintry scenes;  
A gilded bag of vanities  
In which the close observer sees  
Puff, glass, and little furbelows  
And powder for her pretty nose;  
A bank-account of golden brawn  
That never can be overdrawn;  
And Fortunatus' purse behind  
To buy whate'er she has in mind;  
And, last of all, to help her through  
The deadly day, something to do!

If thus she wants—your lovely she—  
You'd best give over poetry,  
And on some evening cold and dank  
Go forth, old friend, and rob a bank!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

# THEN AND NOW

WE wandered down the glen, my love,  
In summer, long ago,  
When all the world was blue above  
And green and gold below.  
The river on its rocky bed  
Went singing down the glen,  
And to my lips your own were wed,  
For we were lovers then!

We're spinning down the Drive to-day,  
The river on our right,  
Where soaring towers line the way  
And shut the sun from sight.  
Your eyes caress this smart machine,  
Your lips smile stealthily;  
I know you love my limousine  
And all it means—not me!

Ah, if the stream that sang so sweet  
Within the rocky glen  
Could only fill this city street  
And catch your ears again,  
Perhaps your lips might turn to me  
And breathe that woodland vow;  
And, though we're wed respectably,  
We might be lovers now!

*Charles Wisner Barrell*

# GO EASY THERE!

DON'T get smart because you're handsome, for  
a dose of chicken-pox might make your face  
as speckled as a flock of Plymouth Rocks. Don't

get stuck on your complexion—color's mere re-  
flected light—you're as black as any negro in the  
middle of the night. Don't get brash because  
you're hearty, for perchance you'll overeat, and  
will have a jaundiced liver and a pair of gouty  
feet. Don't get proud about your wardrobe, for  
the season's getting late, and before the winter's  
over you'll perhaps be out of date. Don't get  
flip because you're brainy; one good tap across  
your block would knock your head as empty as  
an old, discarded sock. Don't get puffed because  
your veins are filled with blue ancestral juice, for  
you never know the minute when you'll hit the  
calaboose. Don't get raw because you're wealthy,  
for one simple little slip may start you walking  
backward on your last financial trip. Don't get  
sure about your office, for election's coming soon,  
and oftentimes, in politics, the sun goes down at  
noon. Don't be certain of your sweetheart till the  
preacher says "Amen!" And then it's well to  
ask him to repeat it once again! Don't rest too  
"comfy" any place along life's weary track; then  
you won't be disappointed when you're sprawling  
on your back!

*J. Edward Tuft*

# BALLAD OF THE BELLS

'T WAS Christmas eve upon the world;  
On Broadway 'twas the heart of night;  
But there a myriad babbling folk  
Walked between blazing cliffs of light.

Most thickly there the people pressed,  
As men all day had thronged before,  
Where the black bulletins proclaimed  
The griefs and terrors of the war.

And there the strife of hate and steel  
Was fought again with tongues and hate,  
As, hostile-eyed and savage-lipped,  
The crowd prolonged the fierce debate.

Hot scorn or cold, the scowl or sneer,  
The jeer, the jest, the venomous word,  
They seemed far trace and echoing  
Of wraths that Europe saw and heard.

And group by group embittered men  
Of many lands and alien creeds  
Vaunted their armies and their ships,  
Their captains and their bloody deeds.

Then, far and high and icy clear,  
The voice of bells from darkness came,  
And each man checked his speech, and all  
Gazed each on each in sudden shame.

They were the bells of Christmas eve  
That bade the bitter wrangling cease,  
And in all hearts there stood, reborn,  
The vision of the Prince of Peace—

He who shall rule the nations yet,  
Eternal and compassionate,  
In years when forts and fleets are not,  
Nor warring kings, nor swords of hate!

*George Sterling*

# Rescuing Anne

by Edgar Franklin

Author of "Born to Trouble," etc.

*A Complete Novel*

## CHAPTER I

### THE ACCOUNTING

WHEN the new room-clerk had recovered from his first slight awe of the fancy marbles and the somewhat extreme modes that prevail in the lobby of the St. Ilvan, the old room-clerk, who had been promoted, introduced him first to the ordinary register of transient guests and then to the book of leased suites. Thus they came to Suite 10 AA, and the retiring clerk paused with his finger on the page and smiled.

"Another double letter—five and two baths," he explained.

"Millionaire stuff!" commented the newcomer.

"Something of the kind. The name is Briston. Leased last week for a year."

"Couple?"

"Two women. Girl and her companion, Mrs.— I've forgotten what her name is. The girl's Anne Briston."

He nodded significantly; the newcomer merely shook his head.

"Don't know the lady," he observed.

"Briston—soap!" the other said sharply.

Understanding quickened the new clerk's smile.

"Oh, that Briston?" said he. "I thought she was just a kid."

"She's twenty or twenty-one, I believe. She doesn't look more than nineteen, though," said the promoted one, who seemed commendably well informed about the St. Ilvan's wealthy patrons. "She has been traveling all over the West since her father died—that's nearly a year ago."

"Didn't they have a big house up on—"

"They have it still, of course—Miss Briston has, that is. She didn't want to open it when they came back, Mrs.—whatever her name is—told me. You see, Mrs. Briston died years ago, and the girl is all alone in the world now, so they came here to settle down permanently."

Curiously, the late room-clerk did not dash past the entry of 10 AA, as he had hurried past the entries of other double letters. Instead, he smiled absently and with an apologetic wistfulness at a polished marble column as he murmured:

"All alone—and she's the prettiest little thing that ever stopped in this house, too."

"Well, you can stand a lot of loneliness

if you're rich," the new clerk observed. "I read in one of the papers that old Briston was worth two or three millions."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed the promoted one. "That big soap plant up on the East River's a regular gold-mine."

With just a touch of impatience the new clerk moved his finger down the page.

"Yep—I always used to, buy that Bristco violet soap, but nobody's been keeping it around our neighborhood lately," he said. "What about 10 c here?"

He spoke for a second time before the promoted clerk heard him, coughed, and returned to the business of the moment. The newcomer smiled with faint contempt, which was largely because he himself had never laid eyes on Anne Briston.

Up in 10 AA, in the window-seat of her little living-room, Anne huddled down with a forlorn lack of the splendor that should have gone with two or three million dollars and the distinction of being the prettiest young woman in the St. Ilvan.

Viewed from a tenth-floor window, the better section of New York furnishes a reasonably cheering vista on a sunny afternoon, but Anne Briston's slender shoulders were rounded and her chin rested on a small, closed hand. She sighed. The perfectly colorless Mrs. Lewis looked up mildly from the book of poems that seemed to furnish the sole diversion of her early middle age, and thought how much Anne looked like the late James T. Briston when she frowned, youngness and fluffiness and beauty notwithstanding.

With the tact that made her value as friend and companion, Mrs. Lewis forbore solicitous inquiries about that sigh; this was Anne's deep-blue day, and plenty of depressing conversation would come a little later. At four o'clock, elderly Mr. John Mole, executor and attorney, was due to arrive and render his final accounting of the James T. Briston estate to its sole heir.

Old memories were holding Anne's mind with a tenacity they had not shown in weeks now—memories of days when there had been no millions, but only a struggling little factory and a father who was his little daughter's playfellow; of later days that held a big house and a big factory, with governesses and new motors, and a father whom Anne saw only at dinner, as a rule; and finally of the dreadful days when the two specialists, ever so diplomatically, had worked around to giving the definite news

that Mr. Briston's illness was no passing indisposition, and that the inevitable end was a matter of months, at best.

At the fifth sigh, though, Mrs. Lewis rose and slipped an arm around the hunched figure, with a soft:

"Cheer up, dear!"

Anne smiled faintly.

"I'm cheerful enough."

"It's trying, I know, but think what a lucky young woman you are, after all, Anne."

"I'd be luckier if I had dad and nothing else," said Anne.

"Of course; but since it had to be so—"

Mrs. Lewis groped helplessly for just the proper words, and ended by taking a new direction. "Mr. Mole will have everything settled this time, I suppose. You'll really have nothing to do but listen to him for a few minutes."

Anne laughed a little.

"That isn't hard, because you can't help thinking of something else when you're trying to listen to Mr. Mole, poor old man," she mused. "I can just keep one eye on that little flat white necktie of his and piece together a whole Civil War romance while he drones."

"He's a very capable lawyer of the old school, and absolutely trustworthy," the elder lady suggested, with a touch of reproof.

Anne's smile faded.

"Lucky for me that he is, I suppose!" she mused.

"You mean—"

"Why, just that dad was always so anxious to keep me altogether out of the business atmosphere that I knew almost nothing of his affairs when he died. Then Mr. Mole took full charge of everything, of course, and—I know almost nothing about them now."

"But with matters in Mr. Mole's care, you haven't the slightest ground for worry, now or later, Anne."

"And still—" Anne began slowly, and ceased speaking to listen as the telephone rang.

Her maid came to the door a moment later.

"Mr. Burton Fraim!"

"I'm at home," Anne said.

"You asked him to come to-day?" Mrs. Lewis inquired, with the smallest rise of inflection on the "him."

"Isn't it a good idea to have another

man present at such an interview—a business man like Mr. Fraim?"

The elder lady pursed her lips.

"You've known him all your life, to be sure, but—"

"Well?"

"Isn't he a little inclined to be — arrogant, perhaps?"

Anne slipped from her window-seat, glanced in the mirror, and straightened her shoulders.

"If he is, Mole will have to stand it," she said cheerfully. "Burton's the best friend I own, Belle, and he really knows more about dad's business than any other outsider. Dad always liked to talk things over with Burton, after he'd stopped being a long-legged boy and turned into a man."

The door of the suite closed, and in the drawing-room a heavy step sounded. Anne hurried in, dimpling, and a large, firm hand closed over her slender fingers in greeting.

There was a wealth of comfortable reassurance about Burton Fraim at thirty. Large and square of build and rather slow of motion, he had a sort of big-brother solidity upon which, Anne felt, one might lean with utter security. If he also possessed a slightly imperious complacency, nobody seemed to dispute his right to it; and secretly Anne cherished just a little amused admiration for that air, because when Burton Fraim commanded, less imposing citizens had a way of obeying without question.

Equally beyond question had the matter of his business genius established itself. Left penniless by a father who dabbled in Steel at the wrong time, young Mr. Fraim had devoted one cyclonic year to Wall Street. When the dust had settled after his campaign ended, something had happened in the copper market, and young Mr. Fraim appeared to have taken up the task of securing control of certain railroads, in an elegant and leisurely fashion.

In fine, when a canny old attorney was about to give his accounting to an inexperienced girl, Burton Fraim was a good man to have around; and a small, contented sigh escaped Anne as she watched him settle in the armchair by the window.

"You're ahead of time, Burton," she said.

"Mole's due at four?"

"Yes."

Fraim leaned toward her and smiled rather oddly, she thought.

"I gave myself an extra fifteen minutes in the hope that you'd be ready to see me, Anne—alone," he said.

Anne glanced toward the one shadowy corner of the little drawing-room; the inconspicuous Mrs. Lewis owned a sixth sense that told her when to figure among those absent.

"Well? We seem to be very much alone just now," Anne said smiling.

"Good!" said Fraim, and cleared his throat. "Anne, an hour from now, unless something has happened to Mole, you'll be wholly your own mistress, with all the responsibility that entails."

Anne's eyes opened.

"Of course!"

"You're hardly more than a child," Fraim stated, with deep conviction.

"I was twenty-one three weeks ago, and I'm a good deal more than a child," said Anne. "But you're not going away, if I should need help with—some of the business details?"

Mr. Fraim rose and came to her side, almost majestically, it seemed to Anne.

"Far from it, Anne, but—I'm only a friend of the family, as it were, and—all that sort of thing. I can help, but—"

He was actually stammering. Anne smiled up at him in frank perplexity.

"Well?"

"Now that everything is over and done with, I—I want you to marry me, Anne," Fraim said simply.

For a matter of one or two seconds, James T. Briston's daughter did not quite credit her own ears; but the first shock passed swiftly, and she observed, in a curiously impersonal way, that Burton Fraim had acquired her hand and was patting it. Another tiny space she spent in an involuntary analysis of that patting; it was not a perfunctory process exactly, but there seemed to be something abstract about it and something a trifle patronizing, like the slow smile that Mr. Fraim directed upon her from above.

As a manifestation of deep, almost overwhelming emotion, Burton's patting failed to carry even a suggestion of the whirlwind young ranch-owner who, discounting short acquaintance only two months ago, had insisted with all the urgency he could command that Anne should forever forswear the effete East, and should try the joys of Western life as his bride and joint mistress of twenty thousand head.



Nor, again, did it bear the most remote resemblance to the fiery son of a real Spanish grandee, who had hurled himself to his knees on the soil of California and implored Anne to fly with him to the priest at the mission and thereafter into an existence of unending bliss, painted in a glory of language that had all but shattered the girl's sound judgment for a romantic fifteen minutes.

Burton's patting, in fact, was so gentle and kindly that—

"You will, Anne?" Fraim asked softly.

"I—I don't know! Honestly, I don't, Burton!" said Anne, and the hand escaped.

Fraim leaned on her chair and smiled again.

"Dear child, I've loved you ever since you were a little bit of a wild youngster and I was a long, solemn young fellow. Don't you know that?"

Anne was silent. Very gently, Fraim's large hand tilted her chin upward, so that she faced him.

"And can't you say as much for me, Anne dear?" he asked.

Indubitably, there was much calm assurance in that smile; it nettled Anne.

"You take a good deal for granted, Burton, don't you?"

Fraim laughed outright.

"Perhaps, but we've been brother and sister, almost, all our lives, and—"

"But that's just it!" Anne said confusedly. "If I—why, Burton, you know that I—"

She ceased the effort at words that would not come coherently. She tried to smile at Fraim, and the little line between her brows deepened; for while some such moment as the present—located in some pleasantly vague and distant future—had not been wholly unexpected, nevertheless, when brought face to face with it, she seemed utterly at a loss. Burton was big and powerful and dependable and good all through, of course. As his wife she could enter a perfectly placid and matter-of-fact journey through the rest of life, but—

Anne's maid, whose intuition was even keener than her ears, snapped the catch twice before opening the door. Hence, when the door had closed and a shuffling step came into the room, Anne was sitting back in her chair with a prim and polite smile, listening interestedly to Fraim, who spoke casually of nothing at all as he moved toward the window.

And then, after the tiniest start of surprise, Miss Briston's smile grew warm with welcome, and she greeted old Mr. John Mole. The attorney shook hands gravely and eyed Fraim with a brief:

"How do?"

"Miss Briston asked me to come and lend a hand with—whatever might be necessary in the final accounting," Fraim suggested.

Mole seated himself by the table and opened his brief-case.

"That's quite proper," he said; "although I don't know that I've left anything undone, Fraim. You'll have to witness a paper or two, if you will."

"Very well."

The lawyer passed a meditative hand over his shining bald head and adjusted his glasses for an inspection of the first type-written memorandum.

"Everything here's commendable for its simplicity, thanks to Briston's excellent business methods and the way I've been handling matters," he mused. "You've a cash balance, down at the trust company, of seventy-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty dollars and some odd cents, Miss Anne. That's apart from your drawing account on me as executor, of course, which I have terminated this morning. You'll have to stop in and register your signature for the new account, I believe, whenever it is convenient."

Anne nodded.

"Let me see—oh, as to the dwelling," said Mole, glancing over his glasses. "I can secure a very fine offer for the property, if you wish to sell, Miss Briston. It came to me from the—ah—possible principal himself yesterday."

"No, I'll—keep the house for a while, as it is," Anne sighed. "Dad built it more for me, when I grew up, than for himself, and he—he—"

The last word trembled markedly.

"I believe you're right—I believe you're quite right," the executor said hastily. "The formal passing of that title is something that will have to be attended to down-town, too, but there's no particular hurry about it. Now—h-m—personal property, and expenditures of the estate, and so on. Will you run through this, Miss Briston?"

He extended a new collection of type-written legal cap, and Anne looked rather appealingly at Fraim.

"You, Burton—please! You know more about such things."

The impressive visitor drew his chair to the side of the elderly one, and spread the documents flat. His quick eye took to running over items and down columns of figures, while Anne played gloomily with the bracelet that had been her father's last gift, and Mr. Mole, after a short stare of chronic disapproval at Burton Fraim, placed his finger-tips together and gazed up at the intricate work on the bronze medallion that supported the electrolier.

Thus, for many minutes, complete silence possessed the little drawing-room—until Fraim, with a nod, folded the papers and smiled condescendingly at the executor of the estate.

"You have a compact way of grouping things, Mr. Mole."

"I learned it before you were born, sir," the attorney said.

"As to vouchers—"

"They are in my safe, of course."

Fraim nodded coolly and smiled at Anne.

"You own interest-bearing securities worth, just now, nine hundred and eighty thousand dollars," he stated.

"Absolutely gilt-edged, as was everything that Briston bought," Mr. Mole added. "They are in his private vault at the trust company, Miss Briston, and the keys, password, and so on of that will be turned over to you whenever you choose."

"Yes," Anne nodded.

Oddly, the hush settled again for a little. Mole, his lips puckered, glanced at Burton Fraim; Fraim looked straight at Mole, and for the smallest fraction of time it seemed to Anne that understanding flashed from one to the other. It was Fraim who said:

"As to the—business, Mr. Mole?"

"We'll talk about that while Miss Briston signs these documents," the executor muttered. "Glance through them, if you will, Fraim, and where there is a line marked for the signature of a witness—that's it, thank you." He sat back and resumed his study of the medallion. "Now, as to the soap-works and the general—ah—affairs of the Bristco brands—"

His thin voice trailed away, and for a little Anne hardly noticed its going. Fraim was passing little papers and lengthy ones, watching her sign as he indicated and then blotting the signatures. The eight or ten had narrowed down to one or two before Mole's voice came, almost as an echo:

"As to the Bristco affairs, of course—"

Anne glanced up.

"They are quite as usual, aren't they?"

"To a certain extent, they are quite as usual—yes. And still, that word 'usual' is capable of certain—ah—mutations, so to speak, which—"

He was fumbling in the brief-case again. Rather suddenly he brought out a last long document and spread it out. For a moment he stared at the back of Anne's head, and then he said, a little grimly:

"Sign on this line, please, Miss Briston."

"This is—"

"That is the assignment of the real estate, stock, good-will, and so on, of the Briston Manufacturing Company," Mole said evenly.

Anne turned swiftly.

"It hasn't failed?"

"You are selling it, my dear," the executor said blandly.

"But I don't want to sell it!" Anne cried.

"But it is far better that you should," Mole urged gently. "You will have the whole thing off your hands at one stroke and be possessed of an additional one hundred thousand dollars, whereas—"

There Mr. Mole stepped back a pace, for Miss Briston was on her feet. If her body swayed slightly, there was nothing in the widening eyes to indicate that her brain was following the motion.

"Are you trying to make me sell the factory for one hundred thousand dollars, when father laughed at an offer of an even million for it not two years ago?" she cried with some difficulty. "It is worth a million, and more than a million, and you—you—"

A long, thin sigh passed the executor's tight old lips, but he smiled pained resignation.

"It *was* worth a million, my dear," he said sadly. "It isn't now!"

## CHAPTER II

### THE TWO BAD YEARS

THE logical, expected thing would have been for Fraim to start amazedly, to snort his thunderstruck indignation, and then to begin rumbling in his own peculiarly effective way. Anne, with the suddenness of a stab, realized that he was doing nothing of the kind.

Instead, the large gentleman sighed audibly, and, having glanced at Anne almost furtively for an instant, thrust his hands in his pockets and looked silently at Mole. The latter, avoiding Anne's eye, gazed down at the last document and shook his head, even as she cried:

"What does it mean, Mr. Mole? What does it mean, Burton?"

For the time, it appeared, Fraim's customary arrogance had turned to something like frightened apology.

"Let Mole say what he has to say, Anne. That's the better way, isn't it, Mr. Mole?"

"Oh, infinitely," the attorney said dryly, and favored Anne with the suavest of smiles. "My dear child—"

"Please don't be soothing and fatherly after—that!" Anne said.

"Miss Briston, then—"

"Go on."

"I shall!" The executor seated himself again with a grunt. "It's quite a story, if you insist on the whole of it—this one of the Briston soap affairs. I had hoped that in your—ah—girlish ignorance of business matters, so to speak, you might be eased over the rough spot almost without knowing that it existed, and persuaded to take, on faith, the easiest way out of a lamentable muddle. Still, in view of the fact that you're standing there and tapping your foot and permitting your eyes to snap, young woman—"

Color was returning to Anne's cheeks, not as before, but in two brilliant patches.

"Those are just words, Mr. Mole!" she said. "I want facts!"

Both men started; Mole clacked his old lips.

"God bless my soul! How much that sounded like Briston himself!" he muttered.

"Did it really? I'm glad. Continue, please!"

"But, Anne—" Fraim protested.

Anne's eyes flashed at him.

"Burton, I supposed that you, of all people, would be the first to help me, if anything—anything of this kind happened. Instead of that, you're standing there like a frightened schoolboy. You'd have let me sign that thing!"

"Anne, I had no idea that Mole even contemplated selling the works," Fraim protested helplessly. "But when I saw that he had arranged matters—"

The executor ceased dabbing his forehead with his time-yellowed silk handkerchief.

"My dear young woman," he put in, quite energetically, "this—ah—display of temper, if you will permit me to call it that, is as unnecessary as it is futile. I had expected to do the thing gently. I can, if you wish, do it harshly. Will you have the facts hurled at you?"

"Please!"

Mole eyed her grimly.

"The Briston Manufacturing Company is *almost* worthless," he said.

"But—"

"Gently, my dear! The fault is really nobody's. Business has fallen off—that's really the whole story."

"Why has it done so?"

"Business always falls off when the head is absent for a matter of two years," sighed the executor. "Your father hardly set foot in the factory for a year before his death, and that misfortune came upon us nearly a year ago."

"But his factory organization—dad was always so proud of that!"

"When the cat's away the mice will play," stated Mole. "They always have; they always do; they always will, I presume."

"Not the right kind of mice!"

"Then these were the wrong kind, I suppose," the attorney said, smiling slightly. "But why dwell on these things now, Miss Briston? They have happened, and there is no undoing them. I'm not a soap-maker, and I can't tell you all the ins and outs, and you wouldn't understand if I could; but I understand that the quality of the products fell off steadily. Then, when business began to drop, there was a considerable retrenchment all around, I believe—and that cut down advertising appropriations and hurt everything more than it helped. Another thing—the Penvale people were quick to see what was happening and to take advantage of it, and—"

"The opposition concern?" Anne asked quickly.

"The only other soap manufacturers hereabouts that ever gave the Briston brands any serious competition—yes."

The line of Anne's jaw tightened until it might have been the jaw of the late James T. Briston. The red patches were cooling, too, and the soft, deep blue of her eyes had turned to a harder, steadier color. All in all, it was by no means the same startled Anne who had been facing them a minute or two back; and, noting the change, Mole's

brow was contracting in a rather puzzled frown as she said:

"I thought they were out of business by this time."

"Why?"

"Only the month before he was taken ill dad said that they were licked for good—in just those words."

Mole nodded tolerantly.

"They may have been at the time. They are not now, believe me. They took a new lease of life, as it were, and plunged into the field, and to-day the field is their own." He spread his hands and nodded again. "Therefore, Miss Briston, when the chance came to sell out a moribund concern, I closed—or assumed that I had closed—with the offer."

His bland smile returned and bathed Anne with its gentle light; but it found no reflection on her own features.

"Who is kind enough to buy a moribund concern?" she asked.

Mole returned suddenly to his examination of the medallion.

"Penvale Brothers, to be sure," he said.

"The very people dad—"

"Their money is precisely as good as another man's, my dear," the executor said cheerfully.

Anne said nothing. Out of the corner of his eye Fraim noted that her bosom was rising and falling in swift, deep breaths. He glanced savagely at Mole, and opened his lips, for he fancied that she was about to break down and cry.

Another sidelong look, though, and the lips closed again; there was really nothing about Anne just then to suggest tears. Her gaze was positively soul-searching as it rested on Mole. It had a penetrating steadiness that Fraim could never have believed possible to those usually sparkling eyes. It actually seemed to glint as Mole pursued placidly:

"So why not make the best of an unfortunate situation, Miss Anne? Why not consider that your income, the works apart, is more than any ordinary young woman can spend? Why not—"

"Why not look at me when you talk, Mr. Mole?" Anne asked crisply.

"Eh?" Mole suddenly abandoned his medallion.

"Why not look me in the face when you suggest selling out dad's business to the very people who stooped to every contemptible trick to best him?"

"But—"

"They did, and you must know it better than I do. Little as dad ever let me know of his affairs, I've heard him say that time and again!"

She paused an instant. Mole sought to smile soothingly.

"The past, my dear—well, that is the past, of course. Let's concern ourselves with the actual present condition and your own splendid income, free of all—"

"It isn't my income—I don't care a rap about my income!" the astonishing young woman cried passionately. "It's seeing the factory and the business almost in the hands of the last people in the world who should have it! Don't you understand that? That business was father's pet—it was actually his life, after mother died. He worked day in and day out, night in and night out, to make it the solid success it was when he was taken ill. He had plans and plans for its future—hundreds of them. He meant to make it a five-million-dollar concern, and then retire, and he would have done it in five years more. And you dare sit there now and tell me—" She broke off sharply, and astounded Fraim and startled Mole by snapping her fingers.

"Anne!" the former protested.

"You're not very helpful this afternoon, Burton," Anne went on. "I'll talk, please. Mr. Mole!"

"Yes?"

"If father's business has gone to pieces it is some one's fault. Whose?"

"Oh, dear young lady!" the attorney chuckled dryly. "Blame of that character is always so widely distributed that locating the individual portions is worse than looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack."

"It needn't be, I think," Anne said evenly. "You were in full charge of all father's affairs when he was forced to relinquish them, were you not?"

"Certainly."

"You were paid your own price for assuming all his responsibilities?"

"I was, but—"

A vibrant quality sounded in Anne's voice that was far from a tremor.

"And when business began to fall off, it was your place alone to take measures to restore it—but you did nothing. And you came here to-day, explaining nothing of what was afoot, and told me to sign away the factory and all!"



The attorney sat up suddenly.

"Young woman," said he, "I've tried to explain that there was a certain surgeon's kindness about that move. As for the rest of it, it is all—pardon me—distinctly feminine tommyrot, not to say downright nonsense. A thousand business considerations of which you can have no possible comprehension—"

Anne's smile was dangerous.

"We'll settle the first consideration first, please," she said. "Father trusted everything to you, did he not?"

"Emphatically!"

"And you betrayed him," the Briston heiress stated. "I don't know what else I can or will do to you, but for the present you're—fired!"

"What?"

"But, Anne, that's all bosh!" Burton Fraim gasped. "You know Mr. Mole—he was your father's attorney for twenty years, and—"

"He'll never be mine for twenty minutes, and it isn't bosh!" Anne said serenely. "I don't feel able to look calmly at the man who let my father's life-work go to ruin, for more than another two or three minutes, Mr. Mole!"

The odd part in Fraim's estimation was that it did not seem to be Anne speaking. This cold-eyed young woman bore almost no resemblance to the Anne Briston he had known since nursery days. Not that she was less fascinating, for there had come into her beauty a strange new strength that fairly bewildered him, but—

Fraim turned his astonished gaze on Mole, and found that elderly person buttoning his coat and shutting his lips tightly on the sounds that rattled in his throat. The empty brief-case he snapped together and tucked under his arm.

"I have made it a lifelong rule never to argue with hysteria," he said stiffly. "You may or may not regret this absurd move, Miss Briston; after my work on this estate, I'm constrained to say that I don't care a continental whether you do or not. My papers will be turned over to any person bearing credentials from you. Good afternoon!"

Anne nodded slightly. Fraim saw him to the door of the suite and through it, and for a moment it was in Fraim's mind to follow him into the corridor and apologize for Anne. The lawyer, however, grunted his farewell without turning, and tramped

straight for the elevators. Fraim returned to the little drawing-room rather breathless.

It was, of course, all hysteria and nothing else. The reaction would come in a few minutes, and Anne would be bathed in tears. After that she would feel more like herself—and, very possibly, in a state of mind to realize how very badly she needed a protector.

It was a happy little conceit, and it brought a confident smile to Fraim's lips as he looked at Anne, leaning over the document on the table. Even now the tension had snapped. Fraim hurried forward, with the general idea of brushing her silliness aside forever and taking her in his arms and soothing her.

Just then his heart thumped, for the eye that Anne turned upon him suddenly was steely, and ice lived in her short:

"Well?"

"Dear child," Fraim began gently, "you've been very foolish!"

"How?"

"Mole—"

"Getting rid of Mole, quick, was wisdom," said the astonishing Anne. "Burton, don't imagine that I'm suggesting that you could possibly have had anything to do with it, but do you know that you were not even surprised when Mole tried to trick me into giving away the factory—that you never uttered a word of protest?"

Fraim stiffened a little.

"I hardly think it was trickery in the sense you mean, Anne. I heard nothing about the sale before that moment; but when I understood that Mole had really found a buyer, it seemed such a happy solution—"

"Happy?"

"It has been common gossip for months about the firm going to pieces, Anne. I never mentioned it in writing to you, for there was nothing that you could do to help."

"Why not?"

"Why, you're nothing but a young girl, of course, and you know nothing of business!" Fraim laughed helplessly. "I had some idea of going to work privately and seeing what could be done to build up the business again, but two or three men who know told me that it was absolutely hopeless. Your father's was a very strong hand, Anne, and when it was gone—"

"I know," said Anne, and turned away toward the window and the late sunshine.

Fraim followed her slowly and laid a hand upon her arm.

"Be a little bit reasonable, Anne," he said softly. "It's hard to see the place go like this, but you're really lucky to have a customer, from all that I've heard. I'll see Mole and tell him that you have decided to sell. Then you and I—"

"You will not!" said Anne.

"But one hundred thousand dollars—"

"I wouldn't sell that factory to the Pen-vale Brothers for a million dollars!" the girl cried hotly. "That factory is my dad himself, and he detested those people. If he could know what was asked of me now, on the assumption that I—his daughter—am an utter fool, it would simply break his heart!"

Her eyes flashed fire, and Mr. Fraim gave an astonished grunt.

"But the factory isn't quite out of business yet, Burton, because it is still standing and still running," the girl went on more quietly. "And what is more, it shall be run straight back to its old prosperity."

"Eh?"

"I'm going to take charge myself."

"Of the works?" Fraim gasped.

"Of everything!"

Very abruptly the visitor's big laugh boomed out, and it was all amusement this time. Miss Briston waited, smiling oddly, until the first merriment had passed.

"Is it such a funny little notion?" she asked ironically.

"It's as funny as anything I've heard in a long while, Anne," Fraim chuckled, and then controlled his mirth with visible effort. "I know how the wretched thing hurts just now, dear child, but—how many times have you seen the inside of that factory?"

"Not more than five or six," Anne sighed. "That doesn't matter."

"But if men who have worked there for years have to watch the firm breaking up and can't stop the process, it does matter a great deal," Fraim explained patiently. "I don't know much about soap-making myself, but—"

"Come to me in a month, and I'll tell you a lot about it," Anne smiled.

It seemed to be the cool, even tone more than the smile that smoothed the merry puckers from the visitor's countenance. There was a pure, metallic tinkle in that tone which had a strangely quieting effect upon his risibility. He drew nearer and stared until he squinted.

"You're not—serious?"

"Perfectly!"

"But a soap-works is no place for any woman. It's bad enough for the girls who have to work there, Anne, but for a young lady like you to—oh, don't be absurd!" Fraim cried.

"I'm not."

The tinkle was still there, and something like terror surged up in Fraim. There flitted through his brain misty, horrible visions of dainty Anne walking into a yawning black cavern of lye and greases and swirling steam and boiling vats, and vanishing forever, dissipated into atoms by sheer shock of contrast! Five minutes ago they would have been ridiculous and grotesque, but as he looked at that set little chin and the new gleam of Anne's eye, there was nothing impossible about them just now.

"My dear child," Fraim said with sudden force, "there may be a ray of hope for the firm, and if there is, we'll find it, but you'll do nothing of *that* kind!"

Anne said nothing.

"I'll see Haverly to-morrow—he's the best man, I suppose—and have him find me a thoroughly expert superintendent. He'll locate the best man obtainable in the country, and I'll put him in charge myself. Then I'll have men sent up from the public accountant who does work for me occasionally, and I'll see that they go over the books from one end to the other and give me a detailed statement of everything in the place. That 'll give us some ground to work on."

He nodded with slowly returning self-satisfaction, and even smiled a little. Anne still said nothing.

"As soon as that much is under way I'll find out where Prentiss Johnson is, and get him at once. He is really the greatest factory-efficiency expert in the country just now, and if you have to spend twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars on him it will be well worth while. If any one can save the business, Anne, he's the man!"

Anne, looking out of the window, still said nothing; but there was a hint of dreaminess in her smile that gave Fraim new courage and caused his voice to lower.

"And every day you and I will have to be together to talk things over; we shall have to see a great deal of each other, Anne," he said very softly. "So, while they are busy with the preliminary work,

couldn't we manage a little honeymoon trip of a month or so—and a long one later, when everything is settled?"

Still Anne said nothing, but her smile grew softer and her head was bowing, as if in submission. Fraim's calm heart quickened, and he laid upon her shoulder a hand that was not quite so steady as usual.

"Well, dear?" he murmured.

At the touch Anne started and looked up, and it seemed to Fraim that her smile was actually glorified.

"Oh, I hope they haven't touched dad's office!" she cried. "I want to give my orders from his old chair!"

### CHAPTER III

#### MISS BRISTON ARRIVES

TOWARD half past eight Mrs. Lewis tiptoed in very carefully to learn if Miss Briston was yet awake. She stopped short at the sight of Anne before the mirror, critically surveying the reflection of a young woman severely tailored and with coiffure almost austere plain.

"Going out so early, my dear?" Mrs. Lewis fluttered.

"Yes," Anne said crisply.

"Have you ordered the car?"

"I'll walk."

Her companion started at the sharpness of the tone.

"I'll hurry and dress, then, dear," she said. "As soon as we've had breakfast—"

"Don't dress; I'm going alone. I've already breakfasted in the public dining-room," Anne told her. "Belle!"

"Yes?"

"Look me over!"

"What, darling?" Mrs. Lewis asked faintly.

"This is the hat; do I look like business or frivolity?"

"Why, business, if—"

"You've said it!" Anne informed her briefly. "One thing more, though—how do I talk?"

Mrs. Lewis steadied herself on a chair.

"I have never heard you speak so strangely before, Anne," she said brokenly. "And that gown, dear—it doesn't become you, and your hair's a fright—"

Anne giggled suddenly.

"But the talk and the get-up have a lot of punch, eh? I see they have!" she said.

"Good-by, dear."

"But, Anne, where are you going?"

"The works!" said James T. Briston's daughter. "Back about six!"

When the door had closed behind her, and while Mrs. Lewis was still looking dazedly after her, with one hand clutching the chair and the other pressed to her cheek, the maid looked in timidly. Finding the companion alone, she summoned courage to ask:

"Is—is something wrong with Miss Anne, ma'am?"

"I—don't know," murmured the companion. "Was she like that—earlier?"

"She was like that last night, ma'am" the maid whispered. "Twice, when she was getting ready for bed, she snapped at me that I'd be discharged if I didn't move faster; and when I began to cry the second time, she just laughed and said it was all right, and that it seemed to get over fine. Those were her words, too, ma'am!"

The elder woman, who had once had social position herself, hesitated. Gossip with Anne's maid was beyond thought, as a rule, but this seemed to be the exceptional case.

"She spent all of last evening with that terrible Burch millionaire and his wife in their suite!" escaped Mrs. Lewis.

The maid responded swiftly.

"Yes, ma'am. I took down her cloak when she phoned up for it. I saw Mr. Burch sitting there with a big cigar in his mouth, and talking so loud and laughing so coarse, and Miss Anne was laughing with him, as hard as Mrs. Burch herself."

The companion's eyes asked questions that her lips refused to utter.

"And when she came up she was laughing to herself, and she looked at me—oh, so queer, ma'am! And she said I looked as if I thought Mr. Burch was a perfectly impossible person; and when I said yes—thinking it was expected, Mrs. Lewis—Miss Anne seemed as if she were looking straight through me. She said that nobody who could make forty million dollars out of nothing was impossible, and that I'd best keep my opinions out of my eyes hereafter, and—why, I could just feel myself shriveling up, ma'am! And this morning she was up before seven, without being called, and she asked for the heavy shoes she wears for tramping in the country, and said something about needing still heavier ones to run a soap-works. And—"

"Has she really gone there?"

"Yes, ma'am, and if you ask me—"

"I have not asked you," Mrs. Lewis said coldly. "That is all."

In her own room, though, the chill turned to a hot flush of fright. Anne, to be sure, was of age, and possibly capable of taking care of herself; and there was no real reason against her visiting her father's factory if she chose. But it should have been done under Mrs. Lewis's chaperonage and Mr. Fraim's general protection, and the trip should have been made in Anne's big car.

Mrs. Lewis came to one resolve quickly—she could hardly order Anne to return, but unless Anne had reappeared by ten o'clock she could and would call up Burton Fraim, or the family doctor, or both.

Anne, meanwhile, hurried along cheerily through the sunshine, the St. Ilvan and its concerns largely forgotten. For an hour or two, on the previous evening, she had been something of a puzzle to herself, but the answer had come of its own accord, in the shape of an iron determination.

Something had happened to the splendid Briston Manufacturing Company, and, save herself, nobody seemed to care particularly. Twenty years of the late James T. Briston's work had been undone in about as many months—and now Anne was tripping happily toward the perfectly simple and conventional task of restoring all twenty single-handed. That was really all, and if there were at least one hundred sound reasons why she could not possibly handle the proposition, she ignored them pleasantly.

If perplexing details came up, they would be settled one by one, as they appeared; for the present, to the best of her reasoning, she had a number of advantages. She was painfully ignorant of business, to be sure, but so was her father when he started. Circumstances had forced him to begin with a little factory and add to it gradually, almost brick by brick; whereas Anne owned a large plant, all ready and running. Moreover, for years the founder of the firm had been sorely pinched for working capital, while Anne, if necessary, could call in an even million dollars of her own.

All in all, the outlook seemed bright. She smiled at the window of the Elevated train as it rattled farther up-town; she smiled at the fearful neighborhood, with the soap-works in the distance, down by the river; she even smiled at the quick, curious glances that were shot from tene-

ment vestibules and front steps at the extraordinarily pretty young woman who sped along so blithely—but the smile died out as she walked down the side of the Briston Manufacturing Company's works.

A good three years had passed since she had bowled down that street in a car, but sharp memories remained of swirling exhaust steam, and pouring black smoke, and a dull rumble of activity within. There had been trucks, too, lined up near the shipping gateway, with horses stamping and men shouting as they worked.

Just now, a little past nine in the morning, when outgoing shipments should have been at their busiest, there was not a truck in sight. The one steam-vent visible sent out a thin, unenthusiastic, white vapor. Pausing for a moment by the closed gateway, Anne caught only the distant pounding of an engine, the hollow echo of a voice or two, and somebody's laugh.

The owner of the dismal works looked at the office entrance, a dozen yards along, and smiled faintly. As a matter of fact, except for Dunn, the superintendent, probably not a soul in the factory would know her at first glance. Some of the aggressiveness slipped from Miss Briston, and she entered with a certain demure timidity and surveyed the scene within.

The main offices, of course, were overhead on the second floor. Down here in the shipping department, in other days, a string of shirt-sleeved men had scratched furiously with their pens at the long desk, and three or four errand-boys had been waiting on the bench, ready to jump at the first call. It was otherwise now. One bright-eyed youngster curled comfortably on the bench, and perused a magazine of motion-picture stories. At the desk, a single youth perched on his stool, heavy with the dignity of a three-inch collar and a Turkish cigarette, and wrote with the impressive slowness of an emperor signing state decrees.

He did not deign to turn as the door closed, but he asked:

"Well?"

"May I see the superintendent, please?" the visitor inquired.

The young man turned and eyed Anne with condescending approval.

"We're not taking on any more people in the office, chicken," he stated.

"But he—I wish to see him personally," Anne said, somewhat breathlessly.



The youth smiled and stretched his neck above the remarkable collar, after the fashion of a turtle coming out for a breath of air. He obviously considered himself a fascinating individual. He waited a little while for the smile to stun Anne; when it failed of any apparent effect his manner became careless and haughty as he asked:

"'S he down yet, Willy?"

"Search me!" the child responded cheerfully, without ceasing to read.

"Take her up and see," the young man commanded, and returned to his labor.

Willy obeyed with commendable speed, pausing for a moment to grin at Anne with admiration that startled her and brought a dimple or two. Then he was leading the way up the familiar staircase at the side, into the big general office, where two dozen girls used to be hammering typewriters on one side, and three dozen more would be folding advertising matter and wrapping the famous "Bristco sample package" on the other. Subconsciously the owner of the works prepared for the busy sight—and stopped short in amazement at the head of the stairs. Two years had worked a wonderful change in that office; there were three girls, in all, at the typewriting-machines, and not one showed a sign of overwork, past or present!

"Isn't the office force here yet?" escaped her.

"This is it," vouchsafed the guide. "Business is rotten!"

He trudged ahead, toward the "Superintendent" on the door that had been marked "James T. Briston, Private" at Anne's last view. The owner of the establishment breathed a little more rapidly as she followed, and her eye sparkled strangely. There was another door marked "Credits," and she glanced through it toward an empty desk, on which stood a mountain of unopened mail. The boy smiled pleasantly.

"That ain't it; that's Mr. Hicks's office," he explained. "He ain't here. He's gone fishing for a couple of weeks, up in the Adirondacks. He gets crazy about fishing in the spring."

The door marked "Advertising Manager" stood ajar as well, and Anne swiftly looked in at an unconscious person who was carefully polishing his nails with a little chamois pad, and a desk as shiny and bare of paper as on the day of its delivery. Her lips parted; but her fine

little teeth clicked together under them, and Anne moved on.

There was the portal of a silent place entitled "Cashier," and she would have liked to pause and learn the reason for the utter stillness beyond; but the boy was waiting at the open door at the end of the wide passage, and she hurried on to what should be the liveliest interview of Mr. Dunn's existence.

It was her father's own den that he had dared to appropriate, and Anne thrilled as she stepped in. The edge left the thrill suddenly, for the office was as vacant as Mr. Hicks's own.

"He ain't here," the boy volunteered. "You want t' wait here or down-stairs, miss?"

"I'll—wait here, I think," said Anne. "Don't run off, please. I want to talk to you."

The boy grinned cheerfully at the silly young woman who expected to find work in this particular plant, and swung into a chair.

"Shoot!" he invited.

Miss Briston settled slowly into her father's own chair, and the quick little frown that came for an instant was driven away by the smile that followed. William was too young to be suffering from more than a lack of discipline, and, at least, he seemed alive and energetic amid the prevailing somnolent gloom.

"Isn't Mr. Dunn late in getting down?" she asked.

"Dunn?" the boy repeated blankly.

"The superintendent."

"Oh, I know the guy you mean," laughed William. "He ain't the super here no more. He ain't been here for a year now, since I first came. Mr. Marsh is superintendent now."

"I never heard of him!" breathed Anne.

"You'll never want to, once you see him," the boy volunteered grimly. "He's the limit!"

"In what way?"

"Every way there is, I guess!" said William.

After that, for a matter of minutes, he dangled his legs and wondered why the young woman looked as she did. She did not resemble a girl bitterly disappointed at her probable failure to secure employment through the departure of Mr. Dunn; rather, to William's critical and admiring eye, she looked like a girl getting madder

by the second. Her color was rising, and her eyes sparkled in a fashion that keyed his curiosity to the highest pitch. The oddest thing was the one she did last—she turned and sent up the cover of Mr. Marsh's roll-top with a slam, and glared at the papers within.

"Say! If he was to see that—" he exploded.

"Sonny," the girl said suddenly, "do you like your job here?"

"Why, sure!"

"Come here," said Anne. "This is my card. Read it!"

"*Huh!*" ejaculated William.

"Go back to your bench and stay there, and if I ring for you, jump! Willy!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Do you feel like yawning?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you will have *no* occasion to open your mouth. Remember that, if you really like the job. That is all!" said the owner of the works.

Alone, she smiled a moment over William's wide-eyed, lightning exit, and looked around. It was the same old office as regarded walls and furniture, but every other trace of the late James T. Briston had been removed.

The cherished, rusty old safe with which he had started business was missing, and in its place stood a glittering affair that had cost a tidy sum. The pictures of the little original plant were gone, too, and the framed copy of the firm's first advertisement. But in the corner of the office the little clothes-tree with the one shaky leg remained; and Anne stepped over to it and disposed of hat and coat with much the slap that had characterized her father—and then abruptly grew rigid, for clear and sharp through the partition came:

"Well, *why* did the sale fall through? That's what I'm trying to find out!"

The voice was wholly unfamiliar, but she knew the region from which it came. That would be the general manager's office on that side, tenanted—unless time had swept him away, too—by a large, bland, pop-eyed person named Wharton, whose blandness had begun to earn him Briston's distrust just before the calamity. Anne held her breath and leaned against the partition to listen.

"Why, I don't think it has actually fallen through, Mr. Penvale," said the

heavy, comfortable tone that was evidently Wharton's.

He was talking to one of the Penvales, and a Penvale actually had the assurance to come into this factory!

"Well, if the girl kicked up and refused to sell, the sale's off, isn't it?" snapped the first voice.

"Oh, only for the present. Mole thinks she'll come around."

"Mole's a fool! I might better have sent my own man to her—he can talk moss off the side of a tree—or gone myself, for that matter. I'm no lady-killer, but I've yet to see the woman I can't handle in business matters. Why, this girl must be a downright idiot to refuse a hundred thousand dollars, Wharton!"

"I guess she is, Mr. Penvale—I guess she is!" the general manager assented.

"Well, agreeing with me doesn't help any. What are we going to *do* about it?" the unseen Penvale said tartly. "I've handed you, and one or two more here, a neat bit of money to let this place drop to pieces, and—"

"Did you ever see anything deader than this factory to-day?" its general manager asked, in a burst of indignation. "What I've let happen here is a crime!"

"What if it is? What good does that do me if I can't buy it in cheap?"

Wharton's voice grew soothing.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Penvale," said he. "You leave this thing in my hands for a few days more, and I'll try to fix matters. I'll make it my business to see the little fool and have a heart-to-heart talk with her—and I'm some kiddier in a small way myself, believe me! Just let's see what *I* can do, eh?"

"Well, Wharton—" Penvale began, with evident annoyance, and paused.

He was still pausing, seconds later, when the door opened suddenly and closed still more swiftly. Like Mr. Wharton, he sat bolt upright and stared at the trim young woman who had brought a winter temperature into the sunny office with her eyes. An instant they rested upon the dapper man of thirty-five; then they passed to the shirt-sleeved man of forty, and Anne spoke:

"My name is Briston—Anne Briston. You and I will have that heart-to-heart talk in a little less than two minutes, Mr. Wharton. This person is Penvale?"

The person, who was really intelligent

and a swift thinker, bounded up, beaming and with hand outstretched.

"Why, my dear Miss Briston!" he cried. "This is really an un—"

"I know it," the owner of the works said steadily, "and we don't shake hands. Just take one good look at the first woman you've been unable to handle in business matters!"

"Did you overhear that?" Penvale said, trying to smile.

"And now that you've taken it, if that's your hat, please put it on and leave by that door."

"Miss Briston," the visitor protested gently, "I—"

"And there is just one bit of information that I want you to carry away. It is this—I'm running this firm now, and if you brought a billion dollars here in money, you couldn't buy the rubber door-mat down-stairs!"

To Mr. Penvale's keen mind it was plain that no attempt was being made at any melodramatic effect. The words were a simple statement of fact as viewed by Anne Briston; but in their tone, and in the chilly, steady stare that accompanied them, there was something so unpleasant that Penvale flushed suddenly and hurriedly snatched up his hat.

"All right!" he said. "If I can't buy you out of business I'll run you out, young woman. How's that?"

"It sounds good to me!" said Anne. "Don't mumble like that; it's impolite. And don't slam the door."

The door, however, crashed so violently that the glass tinkled and tried hard to fall out. Miss Briston turned from it and contemplated the gentleman in the desk-chair. He had not moved as yet, but he was trying to smile, and the effect was ghastly.

"So *you* are the kiddier?" Anne asked.

"Miss Briston—" the general manager began thickly.

"Honestly, do you think you're able to kid *me*?" the owner inquired.

"Not now—no!" Mr. Wharton protested, in an access of frankness. "And, Miss Briston, if you overheard that—that talk, believe me—"

"I can't believe you, and I'm not going to waste time trying," Anne said briefly. "If you hurry, you'll be able to catch Mr. Penvale and walk to the car with him. He'll appreciate your company. I don't."

"Does that mean that I'm dismissed?"

"Yes."

"I've got a contract with this firm!" the general manager stated.

Anne controlled herself.

"It terminated three minutes back," she said. "If you're here three minutes hence I'll take a chance on calling an officer and locking you up until I learn what can be done about the neat bit of money you've been taking to wreck my business. Well?"

The general manager rose suddenly.

"And as you go, kindly pause and take along the ornamental person in the advertising office who polishes his nails, and the young man down-stairs with the collar. I'll give you one minute for each job. That makes five, and I can watch the street from my window and see you go."

She turned and stepped lightly out and back to the office of the late James T. A glow of astonishingly calm satisfaction warmed her, too; she felt that, for the first awakening of the factory from its ruinous trance, she had put in five as effective minutes as she could have wished.

A glance from the window showed Penvale walking up the dingy block and shaking his head; an instant of listening told that Wharton had no idea of risking his time-limit. Even now she could hear him speaking excitedly and hear further feet shuffling; and then, after a very brief chat, feet moved down the stairway. Conspiracy and vanity had left together; when they had paused below, and taken adolescence with them, the factory force would be as efficient as before.

And now, as a second survey of the street informed Anne, they had left. They were walking along with Wharton in the middle, advertising man waving his hands on one side, and the youth waving his on the other.

The spirit of the thing leaped suddenly in Anne's blood. She smiled, and considered a trip through the silent offices, by way of sending a line of minor workers to swell the procession. She even rose to go at the glad task—and then she sat down again, and, curiously, a little of the warm satisfaction cooled.

For there had been a sudden distant whispering, out in the direction of the general office, and now a big tone boomed:

"Well, what if she is here? What's that to me?"

It sounded to Anne Briston like the

voice of a large and brutal policeman in a roaring and furious temper.

## CHAPTER IV

### MR. MARSH AND THE NOVELTY

Up the corridor, where Wharton's steps had pattered and shuffled, a new step tramped steadily, with a mighty *thump, thump*, that sent little vibrations through Anne's chair. Her eyes, as she could feel, were growing round and startled—and since she was able to realize that they were doing so it was high time that they grew icy again!

Miss Briston sat back in her father's chair and directed a cool stare at the door, which opened with a jerk.

Whoever the newcomer might be he was not of a piece with the rest of the factory. He was a large-framed person, large of hands and feet, with a massive head and chin; he was very dark, too, and rather well-dressed. But the thing about him that caught Anne's attention and set her pulses thumping angrily was his insolent smile and the crisp assurance of the single word that he uttered.

"Morning!"

The owner of the works sat back.

"Who are you, please?"

"Marsh, boss of the works," the newcomer stated, and paused, hat and light overcoat in hand, as he found the clothes-tree occupied.

"You're not quite the boss of the works, because I'm that," Anne said sweetly.

"I heard as much."

"It didn't impress you, I see. I wouldn't bother looking for a place for that hat, Mr. Marsh."

"What?"

"You may need it very shortly. You and I are going to have a chat, and I think it will be quite brief," said Miss Briston, with a glance at the watch on her wrist. "Is this the time you arrive as a rule—ten five?"

"I get here whenever it is necessary," the superintendent stated, with some force.

"And you do whatever is necessary when you get here?"

"Certainly."

"To wreck the company, I mean?"

"What?"

"Mr. Marsh, how much has Penvale paid *you*, thus far, to ruin my business?"

The superintendent started angrily.

"Who says he paid me anything?" he demanded.

"He did, for one."

Mr. Marsh, glaring at her, smiled suddenly, with a touch of contempt.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, without great concern. "Do you mind if I get at that desk and start—"

"You and that desk have parted company for good, Mr. Marsh," said Miss Briston.

"Eh?"

The finger of the astonishing Anne pointed straight at him, and there was a cutting edge to the voice that said:

"I don't know how much of a fool you had me down for when I wasn't around, but I'm on the job now, and you've put over the last thing you ever will on this company, Marsh. I've got your number and I've got it right! Now—*beat it!*"

Not without some warrant did the large superintendent stare at the dainty person who spoke.

Not without warrant, either, did Mr. Burton Fraim, appearing in the doorway, clutch the casing and cry:

"*Anne!*"

The owner of the factory started and frowned past her superintendent. Mr. Fraim seemed downright frightened. His face was red and his forehead wrinkled. Had he entered with his usual majesty she might have felt a little relief; but his present appearance brought nothing more than a pang of annoyance.

"I didn't know that you were coming, Burton," Miss Briston said; "but this purely business conference—"

"I insist upon being part of it!" Mr. Fraim said flatly, and entered and closed the door.

A moment he eyed the superintendent threateningly, and then his stare softened; for Mr. Marsh had altered quite amazingly in a matter of seconds. He was on his feet and smiling straight at Mr. Fraim as he said heartily:

"I don't know you, sir, but if you are a friend or relative of Miss Briston's I'm glad to see you. There are a number of things I want to say that a business man will understand better than—er—"

He let the words trail off and shot a quick glance at Burton Fraim. That misguided individual nodded almost imper-



ceptibly, and turned back to Miss Briston with the indulgent smile of a fond father considering his spitfire child. As the smile broadened, Anne's teeth shut, and she conceived thoughts of Burton Fraim that would have caused his hair to stand on end.

Mr. Fraim, just now, had taken a chair and was regarding Marsh with a sort of hopeful, expectant friendliness.

"You're fully justified in being angry at finding things as they are, Miss Briston," the superintendent said easily. "I'll go, if you wish. I have a contract with the house, but I'm willing to waive that. Jobs are plentiful for a man with my experience in soap-making. But my conscience will not permit my going—"

"But mine will—easily!" Anne said warmly. "So be good enough—"

Mr. Fraim seemed bent on acquiring extra merit that morning.

"If, as I take it, this man is superintendent of the works, let him speak, at least," he said firmly.

"He's not superintendent any longer," Anne said. "And—"

"Or let him talk to *me*, and let me settle the thing for you, whatever it may be," Mr. Fraim pursued complacently. "I have some grasp of the situation here, you know."

"And I should prefer talking to you, sir, if Miss Briston will pardon me." Marsh smiled cheerfully. "You see, as things stand, and judged by the meager information in Miss Briston's possession just now, I'm in a bad light here. I'd like to set myself right, and help her at the same time, by giving her some understanding of conditions."

"Exactly!" Mr. Fraim said heavily.

"Business has fallen off here—terribly. No one knows that better than I, and nobody could regret it more. A good part of the blame belongs to the fearfully disorganized condition of things when I took the place."

"Wasn't Mr. Dunn a good superintendent, really?" Anne asked artlessly.

"Oh, the worst ever!" Mr. Marsh laughed. "Wharton got rid of him just in time to save the works from complete ruin, and I've been doing what I could since then to build up a little. But I've been badly handicapped all along the line."

"But just how?" Anne asked, so gently that Fraim heaved a sigh of relief and Mr. Marsh turned almost jovial.

"In every way that an unfortunate superintendent could be handicapped," he replied. "The whole force was inefficient in the first place. Then the company had been buying rather inferior grades of stuff, all the way from the greases to the perfumes, you know. Another thing, the selling department wasn't what it might be, and I haven't been able to do much with it."

"But why not?"

"Lack of ready money, Miss Briston."

"Didn't you ask Mr. Mole for more?"

"Time and again," said the superintendent. "He didn't feel warranted in allowing me even another ten thousand dollars."

"I wonder why he didn't tell me that?" the owner mused.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But it was the shortage of money that caused the products to drop off?"

"Naturally."

"You explained the whole thing to Mr. Mole, and he flatly refused to help?"

"Why, of course," the superintendent said, and his color rose a little.

Miss Briston's ingenuous droop vanished as mysteriously as it had arrived. She was quite erect again, and looked at Burton Fraim, for an instant, with a force that jarred him and kept him silent.

"When you want to lie to me it would be flattering if you made an artistic job of it at least, Mr. Marsh," she said acidly.

"That rough work's just tiresome!"

"What?"

"There isn't a grain of truth in any of that about Dunn, the organization, or the raw products, and I have no reason to think there's any truth in your charge against Mr. Mole. You couldn't make that stick if you talked yourself dumb," Anne said quietly, but with a wealth of energy that caused Fraim's hat to drop to the floor. "My time's valuable. Get out of here!"

"The idea, then, is that I'm lying?"

"It's not an idea; it's fact. Go!" ordered Miss Briston.

The superintendent rose with a rush. It seemed for a moment that he was about to seize Anne and wind his large, working fingers about her throat. His dark eyes blazed red-hot temper, and his face turned purple. It was not without an effort that Miss Briston maintained her own icy stare. He stepped toward her, and she held her breath—and then, as if recalling the pres-

ence of another man, he turned and looked Burton Fraim over swiftly.

Other things apart, there could be no question about Mr. Fraim's solidity. He was quite as heavy as Mr. Marsh, and he looked muscular. Although his expression was mainly one of horrified amazement and indecision, he was on his feet, and the indecision would probably vanish if Marsh sought to gratify the craving that rose in him to rend Miss Briston limb from limb.

The superintendent, therefore, caught himself with a jerk that Anne could almost feel, and his teeth bared in a smile that was quite the wickedest thing of the kind she had ever seen.

"I'll go!" he said thickly.

"I know it!" agreed the owner of the works.

"But by the Lord above, I'll make this the sorriest day of your life!" Mr. Marsh went on, with divers wavings of his clenched fists. "I'll make you regret that language and that air, and—"

"That 'll do!" Fraim said suddenly. "No threats!"

The superintendent turned his glowing eyes on the other man.

"Those are threats, all right, and I'll let you bear witness to them!" he hissed fiercely. "No man ever talked like that to me and stayed out of the hospital, and no woman can get away with it, believe me! Oh, don't take off your overcoat on my account; I'm not going to start anything violent around here—just now, anyway! I can beat that and beat it by ten thousand miles! D'ye hear? I can beat it!"

Mr. Fraim glanced at Anne, who should have fainted before this. Instead, she smiled tartly.

"Please do just that," she said. "I asked you to, some time ago."

The superintendent paused and ground his teeth audibly, and the wicked smile came again. Then, mercifully, he was moved to turn and jam on his hat with such violence that it nearly touched his ears, and to thrash through the door and down the corridor. Breathlessly, they heard him descend the stairs, and heard the lower door slam. Mr. Fraim relieved himself of a gasped:

"Upon my soul!"

The owner of the works smiled.

"That's one bad man, Burton!"

"Yes, and what would you have done if I hadn't been here?" the visitor cried.

"Got rid of him about five minutes sooner, I think," Anne said serenely. "What are you doing here anyway?"

The impressive gentleman stood over her, breathing heavily and smiling grimly.

"I came as soon as I discovered that you had waked up with that ridiculous notion in your head, Anne," he said gently. "And I landed none too soon, as it was. To think of *you* being alone in a place like this with a brute like that, and—"

"He didn't get across with anything, did he?" Anne demanded truculently.

Mr. Fraim sat down weakly.

"That language, and that air!" he protested. "Where on earth did you get them, Anne?"

Anne dimpled.

"Well, I've been traveling all over the country and hearing that kind of language, and if it doesn't exactly simper, it isn't profanity either," she said contentedly. "As to the air, I absorbed most of it by spending last evening with the only Solomon Burch and his wife, Burton, and an air that has carried a man into a fortune of thirty or forty millions, and made everybody afraid of him, is *the goods!*"

Mr. Fraim threw up his hands and smiled his bewilderment.

"I give it up, Anne!" he said. "Come!"

"Come where?" the owner of the works asked blankly.

"Home, of course. You've done business enough for one day—and for the rest of your life," Fraim said impatiently, and with a touch of authority. "We'll lunch early, and then pick up Mrs. Lewis and go for a long run in the country, and—"

"Well, you pick up Mrs. Lewis and have your run," Anne said briefly. "My job is here."

"But—"

"And another thing, Burton. I appreciate your kindness, but the next time you drop in and interfere with my business here, you and I are no longer on speaking terms. I wanted to can that Marsh person, good and proper, so that he'd remember it, and you felt called upon to appear and spoil the effect."

"But, Anne—"

"If you want to help for a few minutes, I'll appreciate it—and then you'll have to run along," the owner of the works said briskly. "I haven't had a chance to fire the selling force yet; will you just step

down to the door marked 'Sales Department' and discharge everybody in sight, Burton? I want to glance into these books."

Burton Fraim rose slowly.

"Are you really going to stay here all day?"

"And all this year and next, and then some. Why?"

Her eye was all but unfriendly in its patient tolerance, and Mr. Fraim's chin rose a little.

"You're your own mistress, Anne!" he stated superfluously as he made for the door.

The proprietor of the factory had opened the books even before he disappeared. They were, doubtless, simple books and well kept, but for a moment they caused Anne's lips to part and her head to shake. That cost-book, in fact, would have to be taken home for evening study. She turned to the next, which happened to be the pay-roll and which was painfully simple, for it held a scant threescore names, all told, and the first glance told that some, even of them, had been working on part time only. Anne Briston sighed and frowned—and Mr. Fraim reappeared, smiling oddly.

"Are they all gone?" the owner asked.

"They've been gone for six months or so, I should say," said the large gentleman. "If dust is any indication, none of those four desks has been opened in that time, at the least."

Miss Briston leaned back.

"Didn't you find anybody to fire?"

"There are two kid clerks and one old man, who says his name is Kelvey, in the cashier's office—that's all. I looked. The three girls out there are pounding away as if their lives depended on it. They must have something to do."

"I'll find out later," Anne said absently. "Going now?"

"No! I—"

"I wish you would go, Burton, and attend to a few errands for me. I'd like to have everything working nicely to-day, if possible."

"Eh?"

"You know a lot of people, Burton. Find out the best employment agency in town for me, and then go to it and engage a complete new office force, will you? I want a good general manager. I'll give him seventy-five hundred this year and ten

thousand next, if he comes up to the mark. Then I'll need a first-class office force, except for the cashier—I'll keep Kelvey as a souvenir, because he's been here since the works were built. I want a particularly good advertising man. Tell him to bring his ideas with him and get here right after lunch, if possible—and a sales manager that's all ginger and doesn't know how to sleep. Get me?"

"I get you, Anne!" Fraim said grimly.

"Go to it!" said the owner, turning back to her desk.

For a little, when he had stumbled uncertainly into his coat, the impressive person stood at her side, his lips working.

"Anne!" he exploded then. "I think you're insane!"

"I don't mind, Burton," Anne said, smiling patiently. "Will you do those things for me, or must I do them by telephone?"

The uninvited visitor nodded and turned away with a jerk, and then paused. New steps were approaching up the corridor—a lighter tread than Marsh's, but one just as steady. They stopped at the door, and the unseen one knocked sharply, waited for the word, and entered.

On the threshold he paused for a second or two; then he shot a keen glance at Miss Briston, and marched doggedly to the desk. The folded sheet of paper in his hand he laid silently before her—and wheeled about in almost military fashion and started for the door once more, even as Anne cried:

"Who are you?"

"Nixon," the stranger stated, over his shoulder. "Assistant superintendent."

"And what is this thing?"

"My resignation," said the novelty, passing through the door.

"Voluntary?" cried Miss Briston.

"Certainly."

"Wait!" called the owner of the works. "Wait!"

## CHAPTER V

### NIXON AND REVENGE

IN the corridor the assistant superintendent stopped with a jerk, faced about once more, stepped into the office, and, halting, stood stiffly, looking over Anne's head and out of the window beyond.

The proprietor of the establishment glanced at the document in her hand with

slightly startled eyes. It was a communication of extreme brevity, stating in two lines that the undersigned begged to tender his resignation to the Briston Manufacturing Company, same to take effect immediately. It was signed, in the same angular hand, "Peter T. Nixon."

Miss Briston laid it aside and turned to the writer.

He was not a bad-looking person, she observed. With some of his tremendous solemnity removed, he might have been quite good-looking, for he owned strong, regular features. He was long and lean, and, if a trifle ungainly just now, he gave one the impression of a quantity of good muscle in fine trim. Also, he was rather young; at a guess Miss Briston called him twenty-eight—and the guess was a good one.

The bad points about Peter T. Nixon, though, seemed to be his unearthly gravity and a certain slovenly effect. No imagination was needed to picture the burden of the world as resting on his broad shoulders, upheld capably by dogged, patient strength. His eyes, which otherwise might have been clear, steady, and rather pleasant, were actually owl-like as they looked through the huge, circular lenses of his shell-rimmed spectacles. The wiry fuzz denoted that he had not shaved that morning, and his clothes added to the effect with the thousand wrinkles they had accumulated since their last experience of the tailor's goose. Nor was there even a hint of vain frippery in the gray flannel shirt that owned no necktie, or the shoes that displayed no shine.

Mr. Fraim's lip curled disgustfully. If this happened to be the type of executive the company was using at present, it was well indeed that Anne had come to accept the fellow's resignation. When he had been sent after the others, her day's work would not have been wasted.

Burton's feeling of disgust, however, as he noted with a little astonishment, seemed not to have reached Anne. She was looking Nixon over carefully. With a rising inflection that was almost friendly, she suddenly said:

"Why, I've met *you* before!"

The frowzy one permitted his grave eyes to drop to the level of Anne's face. Mr. Fraim fancied that a little of their gravity departed as they studied its delicate beauty and its frame of light hair, show-

ing golden tints here and there where the sun flecked through from the window.

"Three years ago—yes, Miss Briston," he said readily. "You went through the factory that afternoon with your father. I had the little office in the northwest corner of this floor at the time."

"Of course!" Anne agreed, and to Fraim's amazement her slim hand was extended. "I'm glad to see you here still, at least, Mr. Nixon!"

The solemn young man had the temerity to shake the hand—not timidly, but with a grip that brought a flitting smile to Anne's lips.

"Anne!" her impressive friend began, in a way that threatened to become habit. "If you—"

"So you're resigning, Mr. Nixon," the owner of the works pursued. "Why, if I may ask?"

"Well"—the assistant superintendent almost smiled—"I understand that you're making a clean sweep, and I'd rather resign than be dismissed. I've held this job ever since I left college, six years ago, and I'd prefer not to be fired from my first position."

"Six years—really?" said the owner of the plant. "You ought to know what's wrong here, then?"

Mr. Nixon hesitated an instant, lost in a frank, dreamy admiration of his late employer's daughter that was far from missing Burton Fraim. Then he said slowly:

"Everything has been wrong here, Miss Briston. The general manager was crooked—at least, he must have been that or a fool, and he didn't look like a fool—and everybody he hired was crooked. Marsh was crooked as a ram's horn, and the few departments Wharton has left running—why, they were crooked, too—where they weren't lazy," he concluded, with bland candor. "They've run the business into the ground. I've been expecting a shut-down for six months."

"Stop expecting it now, then, because it isn't coming," Miss Briston said sharply. "How much do you know about this business?"

"You mean running it?"

"Yes."

"Practically everything," Nixon said calmly.

Mr. Fraim, who had quite wearied of the inspection with which the assistant



superintendent was favoring his employer, permitted his stick to rap the floor sharply.

"That's ridiculous!" he said.

"Why is it ridiculous?" Mr. Nixon inquired. "I've been here ten hours a day for six years, and practically everything that's been done in the last year—that amounted to anything—has been done by me. Go out and ask any of the foremen."

"As a matter of fact, it isn't ridiculous at all!" Anne contributed sharply. "What salary have you been drawing, Mr. Nixon?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Very well. It's thirty-five hundred hereafter, and your resignation isn't accepted," said Miss Briston, as she tore the paper across and dropped it into the waste-basket. "I put you in charge of the works."

"Full charge, Miss Briston?"

Anne considered heavily.

"Subject to my orders, of course. I'm going to direct the company personally after this."

Her oldest friend drew one short breath and compressed his lips, gripping his stick meanwhile. Mr. Nixon, on the other hand, exhibited only the purest pleasure; his sober countenance expanded in a slow smile, and for the second time in five minutes he was shaking the fragile hand of his chief as if bent on detaching it from the arm.

"Thank you!" he said. "A good many times, these last two years, I've grieved a lot to see this concern going to bits. If you really mean to rebuild it, Miss Briston, you can count on me twenty—yes, and twenty-four—hours every day, Sundays and holidays included. This is a chance that I haven't dared hope for!"

"You have it now," Anne said. "Where's your office?"

"In the far corner of the top floor," Nixon smiled grimly. "Marsh put me where I could see as little as possible."

"I see. Move down here at once."

"To—to this office?" the assistant superintendent stammered.

Miss Briston's eyes narrowed in keen thought. On Mr. Fraim's temples veins were swelling, and they had almost reached the bursting-point before Anne said crisply:

"To the office next door, where I can get at you in a hurry—Wharton's. And, Mr. Nixon!"

"Yes?"

"Give your orders about moving the things, and then go in there and draw up a very brief statement of conditions at present. Bring it to me as soon as you have finished. That is all."

The solemn superintendent caught his breath, nodded with a queer little jerk, and vanished. Burton Fraim rose and stood with his hands on his hips—which posture, if not elegant, rendered him even more overwhelming.

"That," he stated, "is the end!"

"The end of what?" queried Anne.

"Your career as a factory boss, young woman. That man should have been sent packing after the rest of them."

"Why?"

"Look at him!" Mr. Fraim fairly thundered.

"He's here as a superintendent, not as a fashion-plate," Anne said mildly. "And I wish you wouldn't stand like that and roar at me, Burton. I don't like it!"

"Here I stand, whether you like it or not!" Mr. Fraim replied with astounding vigor. "Come, Anne! I'm not going to leave you here, whatever your silly little wishes may be. If you could have seen the way that hulk was standing and leering at your hair—"

Both hands darted to the hair and found it quite smooth.

"Why do you—say things like that?" Anne asked angrily. "He wasn't leering at all, Burton. I remembered, as soon as I had taken a second look at him, that dad used to talk about him as one of the most promising and trustworthy men in the place. And another thing, Burton—"

"No, not another thing!" cried Mr. Fraim, and brought his fist down on the desk-top with a crash. "I'll do whatever is to be done here, but you're coming home!"

Miss Briston did not shrink, but she moved back several inches and glanced at him rather fearfully. When Burton was thoroughly angry, and he was just that at present, his impressiveness increased markedly.

"And if I refuse to go?"

"Confound it! I'll pick you up and carry you!"

Miss Briston's eye sparkled suddenly.

"Why didn't you try some of that bullying on Marsh, instead of on me?" she asked pointedly.

Fraim relaxed with a helpless laugh.

"I—I beg your pardon, Anne. Please come!" he said.

"Well, I'm not going—not until six," Anne said cheerfully. "My job is here, and here I stay. Nothing will happen to me, Burton. Thanks for the solicitude, but please run along and hire me an office force."

A long minute's study of the back of her head, and Fraim sighed.

"Will you give it up after to-day?" he asked.

"Of course not."

"After a week, then, if you stick it out that long?"

The very genuine concern in his voice brought a softer smile to her lips.

"Burton, I'll try it for three months or so, and if I'm incapable of handling the thing, I'll tell you so honestly."

"Make it six weeks, Anne."

"Well—"

"Six weeks from to-day; and that's—what?" He turned up the leaf of the calendar. "That's the twentieth of next month, Anne. On the twentieth, if you haven't quit before, you'll tell me candidly whether you're ready to quit?"

"Why—yes."

"And after the twentieth, at the latest, when this wild freak has worn off, you'll tell me that you're ready to marry me, too, Anne?" Fraim pleaded.

He held her hand. He was ready to go, and in another minute he would be gone; and in point of fact, considering the size of the place and its emptiness just now, subtracting his mighty presence would leave a gap. Anne smiled quite gently.

"I'll give you an answer then—yes," she said, "if you'll let me alone until then."

He pressed the hand, and, with a last look about the office, departed. Anne, for no particular reason, leaned forward to watch him hurry up the block—and leaned backward and out of sight quite swiftly when he turned and squinted through the sunshine toward her window.

Walking up the block, Mr. Fraim experienced a separate shudder with every alternate step. If Anne survived the day unharmed, she might consent to end her business life by dinner-time, although it was thinkable that she might last the better part of the week if her present mood persisted. But long before any six weeks

had expired, Mr. Fraim vowed in the depths of his temporarily gloomy and perturbed soul, a way should be found of rescuing the girl from her own madness.

Miss Briston's bow to the world of commerce was having its own effect in the offices of Penvale Brothers, too.

They were big, beautiful offices in an expensive building. They were done in an artistic scheme of hardwood, with a choice rug here and there in the private rooms, and a uniformed page or two, as befitted a prosperous concern with a growing factory over on the Jersey shore. Through them, this morning, Mr. Robert Penvale, the elder and more conservative brother, tramped restlessly as he awaited the return of Mr. Thomas Penvale.

The latter, having been overtaken at the corner by Wharton, and having listened wearily to the late general manager's pop-eyed protestations of innocence and ignorance, had dismissed the man in disgust and spent a bad ten minutes smoothing down his own ruffled feathers.

For one thing, business considerations apart, he had been defied and actually ejected by an extremely pretty young woman. The more he thought of the interview, the less it pleased him. He was the best-groomed man of his own acquaintance, and one of the most able conversationalists. Privately he had cherished the happy conviction that he could talk any woman on earth into any frame of mind he wished; yet the best he had accomplished this morning was a loutish threat to drive Miss Briston out of business. The threat had not even been veneered with a courtliness that would have made it more effective.

The younger Penvale, then, reached his private office in a decidedly soured mood, and the mood did not sweeten when his brother pounded in, closed the door, looked at him keenly, and demanded:

"Well?"

"It's off!"

"Pah!"

"Pah all you like; she won't sell out."

"You didn't see *her*?"

"She has taken charge of the works, Robert—personally," the younger brother smiled acidly. "Something, I fear, must have rendered her suspicious."

"Did you raise the offer?"

"I didn't have a chance. She's making her own prices to-day, apparently. She

values the rubber door-mat down-stairs at something over a billion dollars!"

"Well, a diplomat like you—"

"Robert," the younger brother said convincingly, albeit he stared from the window as he spoke, "I did my best—*my* best!—to talk her over. There is nothing doing!"

The other half of the firm glowered at him.

"Then you've fed between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars to the devilish crooks that have been running the place—for nothing!"

"Apparently."

"And it proves what I said in the very first place," the elder brother rumbled savagely. "That kind of crookedness is a dead loss—always! So long as we had made up our minds to acquire the beastly plant, it would have been better to go to the estate in the beginning, while the girl was upset and so on, offer half a million, and—"

"It's too late for that now; she's anything but upset at present!" the younger Penvale snapped. "I've never seen a more self-possessed—or a more damnably impudent—young woman in my life!"

The bulk of Mr. Robert Penvale's sentiments came in one ferocious grunt, but he snorted:

"What are we going to *do*?"

"Fight her, I suppose."

"And that will cost fifty thousand—a hundred thousand—yes, probably two hundred thousand dollars, if she really starts the business again, and—"

"Well?" asked the younger brother, without undue excitement.

"You've had personal charge for a year of this thing of getting hold of Briston's, and an intelligent office-boy could have accomplished as much!" the senior half of the firm stated. "Now, if she wants to fight and spend money, we're at liberty to begin a new advertising campaign, to devise new selling stunts, to cut prices down to nothing, and— Thomas, I think you're an ass!" concluded Robert Penvale, as he slammed the door.

It was not an opinion shared by Thomas Penvale, but the words stung for several minutes, as he sat alone, brooding over them. Presently, however, being by nature a light-hearted, self-satisfied soul, he decided to forget them and the whole situation as well in the dictation of the morning's mail.

He was smiling and dictating, and at the same time admiring absently the new waist his stenographer wore, when the page hurried in with a scribbled card. Mr. Penvale glanced at it, ceased smiling, frowned, shook his head, and smiled again, disgustedly.

"Say that I'm busy!" he snapped. "Where was I—"

"Well, Mr. Penvale," the boy hesitated, "this party said he had to see you quick and private, and it was important. He said he'd wait, and he's walking up and down the big room, talking to himself."

The junior partner stared suddenly.

"Is he? Well—send him in, then!" he said.

His stenographer rose and vanished by the side door; and she was no more than out of sight when the page held open the main entrance, and into the sanctum came one Marsh, lately superintendent of the Briston works. The purple had not died out of his cheek nor the fire from his eye, and when, without removing his hat, he took the chair beside Penvale's desk, its legs creaked queerly.

"Well?" he demanded hoarsely. "What are we going to do about this?"

"About what?"

"This Briston woman!"

"Has she—ah—fired you, Marsh?" Penvale inquired.

"Yes! And da—"

"Well, don't curse a lady. I don't know that *we* are going to do anything about it, Marsh. I'm not sufficiently in her good graces to get your job back for you."

The ex-superintendent dragged his protesting chair closer.

"That's not what I'm talking about," he said energetically. "I wouldn't take that job now if it was handed to me on a gold plate! What I want to know is, how do we get back at her?"

"We don't," Penvale corrected him, with some annoyance. "It seems to me that you're out of the proposition now."

"It doesn't seem that way to me," Marsh said. "I've got six thousand dollars tucked away that was paid me by you to wreck that company, and I want to see you get your money's worth. What's more, I—"

The younger Penvale leaned forward suddenly and gripped Marsh's knee so vigorously that his finger-tips traveled well in toward the bone.

"Idiot!" he hissed. "That door's ajar, and my stenographer's in there, and the man who made the dictagraph copied it after her ears! That little transaction isn't known to anybody but you and me; and so long as nothing came of it, I may say that I've forgotten it completely."

"I haven't, and I'm not trying to black-mail you," the caller whispered incisively; "but no little runt of a woman will ever stand up and hand me a line of talk like that and get away with it, Penvale. I'll get back at her if I have to go to Sing Sing afterward!"

Thomas Penvale considered the other man thoughtfully. Some five minutes ago he had quite dismissed the idea of fighting Miss Briston by underhand methods; yet his own interests and those of Marsh appeared identical just now.

There was nothing inviting or reassuring about the former superintendent as a fellow-conspirator, to be sure. At present his square chin was thrust out and his leer was so utterly wicked that it impressed Mr. Penvale as almost comical.

"Does this melodramatic air indicate that you mean to stick a knife in the lady's back and dance on her bleeding remains, Marsh?" Penvale queried whimsically.

"I'd like to!" the visitor admitted.

"How about putting her out of business?"

"Splendid, although we have discussed it before. How does one do it?"

"Say the word, and if I can't make her sick of it, I can scare her out!"

"Really?"

"What's it worth, Penvale?" Marsh asked hoarsely.

His teeth bared, his eyes contracted to two sinful, sparkling lines, and he breathed in little snorts. Thomas Penvale, having viewed his caller's rage for another ten seconds, laughed outright.

"Rats!" said he. "I'm not making any bargains of that kind, Marsh. Any little mistakes you and I have made together in the past, we'll have to forget. And at that," he concluded, as the smile left his lips, "I will not say, Marsh, that—should the Briston works shut down, and you show me that it was through your efforts that it happened—there might not be a few thousand dollars loose hereabouts that you could carry off. Interview's over now; I have letters to write this morning."

He pressed the button on his desk, and in the adjoining office a buzzer whined

and a chair squeaked on the floor. Mr. Marsh rose reluctantly and glanced at the stenographer who entered; and since she was still only in the doorway, he leaned over Mr. Penvale and breathed, in a whisper that could have been heard in the second office beyond:

"You're on, boss! I'll get her! And then I'll be around here to collect!"

"Say, for—" Penvale began almost hysterically.

Then, catching his stenographer's slight start, he subsided and waited, flushing pinkly, for the infuriated superintendent to pound his way out of sight. The door closed and Mr. Penvale grinned at the girl.

"Like a movie villain, wasn't he?"

The stenographer glanced up from the poised pencil with a childlike stare of polite interest that calmed Mr. Penvale considerably.

"Who is he, Mr. Penvale?"

"Oh, just a poor fool out of a job," her employer said carelessly, and picked up the sheet that he had laid aside at Marsh's coming.

He resumed his customary drone of dictation and his subconscious admiration of the new waist. It was a dark, Oriental-looking green thing, in perfect artless harmony with the black, Oriental-looking hair above. Everything about this particular girl was simple and artless, in fact, and it was a good thing, Mr. Penvale reflected with a slight shudder. "A more intricate and suspicious nature would have been speculating on that last remark of Marsh's; but this girl's attentively cocked head and clear, dark eyes bespoke complete absorption in the business of the moment.

In fact, some five minutes later Mr. Penvale had all but forgotten Marsh's existence. But the dark-haired young woman with the childlike eyes had not.

## CHAPTER VI

### BUSINESS

HAVING obeyed Anne's wishes to the letter, and having engaged, *en bloc*, an office force the handling of which might have puzzled a captain of industry, Mr. Burton Fraim returned to his elaborate hotel home, and, after calm thought upon the matter, laughed so mightily that his Jap peeped through the curtains to learn what visitor had told the joke.



Now that his first anxiety had died down, Mr. Fraim saw clearly that the answer to the whole proposition stood forth clearly upon its very face. Simple little Anne, who could not possibly have started a set of books for a corner fruit-stand, had been carried away by the notion of running her father's factory, and was still suffering from the same impetus. But when she saw the parade of new employees file in, when—which would be between three and four o'clock—they had overwhelmed her with the ten thousand unanswerable questions incident to their new duties, then the telephone would ring and Anne would scream for help; and Mr. Fraim, with his car, would go for her, lift her gently out of the atmosphere of soap-making, and carry her back, sadder but wiser, to her own proper existence.

Mr. Fraim laughed again, canceled a golf argument that had been scheduled for that afternoon, lunched pleasantly in solitude, and thereafter went to the unusual length of stretching out with a book, while he waited for the telephone to ring.

Yet when a week was gone—during which Mr. Fraim finished his book and did a number of other things—the telephone had not rung and no distress signals were flying from the Briston smoke-stack. It was, in fact, a week which in the main pleased Anne immensely.

The office force had arrived—heads of departments and their assistants—and dealing with them had really been ridiculously simple. There was the case of the general manager. To the first interview with his new employer he had come with an open mind, and had listened to instructions of such Napoleonic brevity and clarity that he returned to his office convinced that he was working for the world's leading business woman. Under her, he was in full charge of a decayed business that was to be revived; he would bring down costs, bring up quality, restore efficiency, and be ready to respond at an instant's notice to the rush of trade that his advertising department would create.

That was all; if he did it he would have a fine salary this year and a splendid one next year; if he did not do it he was not likely to complete the first year. In the general rush of things, he had no opportunity to dissect Miss Briston's crisp instructions, so that the first impression persisted nicely.

There was the sales manager, too, who came brimful of ideas, listened to his brief orders, and then spent an hour giving his own views. They appealed to Anne as excellent views and full of spice, as they were, and she ended by giving him *carte blanche*, with instructions to report progress daily in the fifteen minutes following ten o'clock, intimating clearly that unless there was something favorable to report, persons calling to interview the sales manager would soon see a strange, new face, replacing that of the present incumbent.

Discourse of that sort seemed to carry conviction, and Anne tried it on the advertising man as well. The latter was a steel-spring young man who, through no fault of his own, had had three successive positions shot away from under him. He brought to his new duties the fire accumulated through several jobless months and fed by an overdraft notice from his bank. When Miss Briston informed him that before to-morrow night an even hundred thousand dollars would be at his call, and a certain tiny percentage due him on every dollar of new business that came in, he returned to his commodious office with a tear glinting in one eye and wasted two whole minutes jabbing himself with his scarf-pin and convincing himself that the desk was no dream figment.

Later, five stenographers resigned from his office in as many days, rather than risk collapse from overwork. The ten good men he had hired to do an Indian file up and down Broadway, disguised as cakes of Bristco Violet Soap, contrived to start a terrible battle among themselves and smash most of the furniture in the shipping-office. There were other troubles—but the advertising man laughed gaily and roared on at his own eight-cylinder clip.

It was of Peter Nixon, of course, that Anne saw most. Herself apart, the superintendent of the works seemed to be the individual who felt the most vital interest in their welfare.

He spent the first day or two reporting itemized gloom by the hour. Factory conditions were bad, machinery was bad, the operating force was insufficient. The best men had been discharged long ago, and would have to be found and brought back from the four points of the compass, if they cared to come. Stocks of raw material were low and rather poor; stocks of finished material were low and worse; the

several laundry brands held a suicidal superfluity of alkali, largely through Marsh's deliberate miscalculations, which Peter Nixon had been unable to catch in time; and as for the perfumes, and even the wrappers of the once popular toilet specialties, they had deteriorated sadly.

His head reeled when Miss Briston ordered into the sewer everything below the mark, but his reports brightened within a very few days. Some seventy or eighty of the old force had been located and put back to work. New stuff was pouring in with a regularity that chilled young Mr. Nixon's blood every time he bunched the day's invoices of goods received. Soap for which there was no immediate outlet was being turned out quite after the fashion of the good old times.

Mr. Nixon himself changed remarkably in a short space, too. The gray flannel shirt disappeared on Anne's second day, and a white collar and modish tie adorned his carefully shaven throat. It was on the fourth day, she observed with much interest, that the wrinkled suit gave place to one carefully pressed, and the growing glitter on his neglected shoes broke into full bloom. At the end of the week Peter's straggling hair was close-cropped and his shell-rimmed spectacles had gone after the rest. In their place rimless nose-glasses aided his sight.

Anne studied the new effect appreciatively. Really, he was almost handsome, even if he did remain so fearfully solemn. He was a glowing example of the great change taking place in the big works. She studied on, with a smile so kindly that Mr. Nixon paused in his report and asked:

"Did you speak?"

"I was just thinking how much better—er—your glasses, that is—" escaped Anne.

"Do *you* think so?" Mr. Nixon asked warmly, and his smile came.

Miss Briston flushed faintly and angrily.

"One is justified in noticing the—very much needed—improvements in one's employees, I think," she said coldly.

Mr. Nixon's smile vanished.

"Yes, ma'am, one is," he agreed, and dropped his eyes to the typewritten data again.

The first week done and the second begun, there came a lull, when Anne might sit back and realize that the wheels were spinning smoothly. She did so, and knew the joy of real, deep self-satisfaction. Ac-

tually, where utter failure and confusion might have been expected as her portion, she had swept everything before her!

Her triumph proved one thing conclusively—that an inherently capable woman was not at all out of place in business. Men knew better, instinctively, than to try taking advantage of her sex and her presumable ignorance. Anne smiled complacently at the thought.

She was still smiling when O'Ryan, the gigantic trucking contractor, lumbered hastily into her office, with his own wide smile set and a bill in his hand.

"Will ye put yer O. K. on this, ma'am, before I hand it to Mr. Kelvey an' get me check?" he asked breathlessly. "'Tis the truckin' bill, ma'am."

"All right," Miss Briston said, with the crispness that had grown upon her, as she reached for her fountain pen. "Has Kelvey looked this over?"

"He certainly has, ma'am," beamed the contractor. "Ain't it foine to see the ould place lookin' the way it used to look, ma'am? I was speakin' to Flynn, the foreman below, an' he says that ye'd niver know as yer father was out o' the works—God rist him! 'Tis a wonderful thing ye've done here, Miss Briston, an' it's me—yer name right at the bottom, please, ma'am—it's me that's happy seein' the way ye've tuk hold an'—"

He subsided, babbling innocently, before the cold stab of Anne's startled eye.

"What is this thing?" she asked.

"The bill fer last month's truckin', ma'am, an'—"

"It calls for nine hundred and ten dollars!" Miss Briston stated.

"So it does, to be sure, an' I'm hopin' that a year from now nine thousand 'll be none too small—"

"Stop!" the owner of the works rapped cut. "We didn't sell nine hundred and ten dollars' worth of goods last month!"

"Is—is that so, ma'am?" the contractor asked blankly.

Anne's complacency had disappeared.

"O'Ryan," said she, "why did you try to put a fool thing like this over on me?"

"Ma'am—"

"You thought that if you talked fast enough I'd sign this and never be any the wiser; but you didn't get away with it!" Miss Briston snapped. "This is where you get off, O'Ryan. Good afternoon!"

"Well, d'ye mane—"

"You're not trucking for the house any more, and if there's anything about here belonging to you, take-it as you go—and don't come back."

The gigantic person blinked several times.

"Now, see here, ma'am," he said. "Av there was a mistake, we'll make it right, so far as that goes. But it happens I have a long-term contract wid this comp'ny, an', beggin' yer pardon, I'll not—"

"Yes, you will!" corrected Miss Briston, and the fountain pen pointed at him. "If you want to sue for your contract, do it, and I'll testify and show you up in every newspaper in New York. I do a lot of advertising these days, and they like me. Good-by!"

Peter Nixon passed O'Ryan as he backed out, and looked after him.

"Trouble with him?" he queried.

"I fired him, too—yes."

"I'll deal with that kind myself hereafter, I think," the superintendent said quietly.

"What makes you think that?" his employer's cool voice asked.

"Because there are some people that a woman can't handle as well as a man, and—" Mr. Nixon began very firmly.

"Not this woman, Mr. Nixon," Anne stated, with a surface serenity that was little short of exquisite. "He's been trucking here for years, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and I'll find a reliable man now that—"

"What's a five-ton motor-truck worth?" the owner asked sharply.

Peter Nixon, removing his glasses and polishing them thoughtfully, regarded her with a shade of disapproval.

"I don't know," he said. "Two thousand dollars—twenty-five hundred, perhaps. But why—"

"Get me six!" directed Anne, as she turned her back abruptly on him and bent over the desk to a closer study of Mr. O'Ryan's iniquity.

The superintendent scratched his ear pensively, and smiled at the determined little breadth of shoulder that appeared over the chair-back before he moved on slowly to his own concerns. Miss Briston did not smile at all. Apart from the thing itself, it was inconsiderate of O'Ryan to try a thing like that in the very first five minutes she had taken for the purpose of patting her own back, as it were.

She leaned back and frowned out of the window when Peter had gone. Being a rather capable jumper at conclusions, it occurred to her that possibly the same thing had happened before in other ways and had been overlooked in the rush of business. The complacency evaporated from Anne, and she became a more wary young woman.

Hence a strange young man, arriving a day or two later and sending in a name of which she had no recollection, received a more careful inspection, as he took the chair beside her desk than would have been his portion a week ago. There was nothing very prepossessing about him. He did not look like a buyer of goods, and nobody could have mistaken him for a high-browed professional person in distress and seeking employment. There was a cheap flashiness about his clothes, and he wore a crafty, knowing smile.

Only when the door had closed behind the office-boy did he direct the smile at Anne and state:

"You know me, I guess?"

"Guess again," the owner of the works said briefly.

"Encumbrances," explained the caller.

"What sort?" asked Miss Briston.

"And what about them?"

"The bureau of encumbrances," grinned the young man. "They sent me around, lady. It's pretty near time you came across, ain't it?"

"With what?" Anne demanded.

The grin broadened.

"Oh, a little something for the poor, I guess—just to keep things smooth. You know what's right, or I could tell you."

"Well?"

"One hundred's what we've been getting here."

"Dollars?"

"Why, certainly!"

"And just what for?"

"Letting you pile goods on the sidewalk, and back trucks up there, and things like that. Y' know, we could make things unpleasant for you, and stop your shipping till you did a lot of rebuilding. We could even make you take down that platform at the other end."

The fellow's inflection grew threatening. Miss Briston nodded soberly and laid a hand on the telephone.

"I see," she said. "Your bureau could make trouble for me, but if I pay you one

hundred dollars it will not. What's the telephone number of your bureau, please?"

"You needn't call 'em up, lady. They'd only say they never heard of me," the visitor replied, grinning.

"You're a sort of confidential agent, then?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But if I'm violating the law, why don't they communicate with me officially?"

"Why, they wouldn't make trouble for a lady like you," the stranger explained impatiently. "They'd rather take a little piece o' change and forget it. I ain't got much time to-day, so if you—"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay," sighed Anne, as she picked up her fountain pen and moved reluctantly to the safe.

The young man crossed his legs and grinned at the opposite wall, whistling a tune through his teeth the while. He did not cease whistling when Anne returned and handed him two fifty-dollar bills, folded over, with a sad, short:

"There you are. See that I get the value of it!"

"I certainly will, lady, and thank you," said the stranger, rising with alacrity. "Y' know, it's better—hey! Wait a second!"

"What?"

"Them bills are both marked!"

"Of course."

"What's the idea?"

"Why, *my* idea is to use them for evidence," Anne said sweetly. "There's an officer just up the block, and I expect to have you locked up for trying to blackmail me before you're able to run more than a hundred yards."

"Well, say now, looka here—" the strange young man began angrily.

"On the contrary, looka *there!*" corrected Miss Briston, opening the office door wide. "Drop that money and go while the going's good, because it won't be good very long!"

She thrilled with a little pardonable pride at the effect of her own words, too, because the stranger, after one glance down the hall, laid aside the bills suddenly and, almost with a rush, passed her, snarling audibly. Not much of the pleasure left the thrill, even when she noted that Peter Nixon was approaching from the office next door, while just turning in her direction from the stair-head Burton Fraim was also drawing near.

The latter, after a quick glance, looked hard at the young man and opened his hand as if for a clutch. The visitor, though, had passed him like a flash of light, and was down the stairs—so that Mr. Fraim entered the private office in time to catch Mr. Nixon's rather sharp:

"Who was that, Miss Briston?"

"Just a poor simpleton trying to blackmail me," Anne said.

"Did he—er—frighten you?"

"Do I look frightened?" she snapped.

"Yes, a little—or I thought you did when I came in. That was a pretty tough-looking citizen for you—"

"I should say he was!" Mr. Fraim puffed angrily. "Who was that man, Anne? What did he do to you?"

He threw aside his coat and hat and looked keenly at the fragile young woman who had not collapsed on the first day.

"He bit off part of one ear, broke my arm, and bruised me from head to foot," Anne said tartly. "Don't be silly, please!"

"Well, you have no business whatever to risk interviews in private with a thug like that!" Mr. Fraim cried forcefully. "There is a limit that no young woman can overstep without danger, no matter what her determination, and to risk—"

"But—"

"I forbid—positively forbid—your taking such chances again, Anne!" her oldest friend said flatly.

"I agree with you, Mr. Fraim!" Nixon contributed, quietly and unexpectedly.

Fraim's head came up with a jerk, and he glared at the superintendent. His ferocious eyes said plainly:

"What earthly business is it of yours?"

Nixon's eyes said solemnly:

"Talk her out of it, if you can."

Anne, having looked from one to the other of them, dimpled suddenly and said simply:

"Oh, fudge!"

Burton Fraim controlled himself with a visible effort. He had come with a minor mission of some sort, but that was quite forgotten now. For some few seconds he considered closing the door and plunging into a heart-to-heart talk with Anne that would end either in her leaving the accursed factory or in the total loss of his own splendid voice.

Peter Nixon, though, seemed still to be among those present, even after the third hard glare, and the sheaf of papers in his



hand indicated that he might mean to remain for a while. Fraim, therefore, endeavored to appear unconcerned, and succeeded in looking more distressed than ever, as he cudgelled his brain to relocate the thing that had brought him here in the first place.

Nixon, on the other hand, who had quite forgotten the other gentleman's existence for the time, was studying Miss Briston's back once more, and the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. Also, he hitched his shoulders up and down once or twice, and the twitch became a grin. This last was an unconscious little trick of Peter's, giving him the feel of much hard and efficient muscle in that shoulder region, and it always seemed to please him.

## CHAPTER VII

### RESCUE MEASURES

WHEN Burton Fraim, after a wholly inconsequential interview, was forced to listen smilingly to Anne's request that he should depart and permit her to attend to the business of the day, he left the works with one fixed determination. Matters had gone too far already, and they should go no farther.

Of the thousand horrible possibilities overhanging Anne in that horrible neighborhood, day after day, he declined to think. The thing that must claim his whole attention, henceforth, was her complete removal from the environment which her own madness had led her to select; and since he himself seemed unable to make even a passing impression upon the young person, the only alternative was to call in outside aid.

Fraim pondered for a day, considering this one, discarding that one, and ended by calling unexpectedly upon Mr. John Mole at the latter's office.

The late executor and attorney of the Briston interests did not weep with joy at his coming. The sight of Fraim burnished up recent memories for which Mole had no real fondness save when, for other purposes, he wished to work up a towering and impressive rage. He tilted back in his old black-walnut chair, thrust out a truculent under lip, and waited in acid silence for the other to state his mission.

Fraim plunged into it earnestly with:

"I've come to consult you about Miss Briston."

"Why?"

"Because you're an old friend of the family, Mr. Mole, and—now that the first shock of that unfortunate accounting is over—she's bound to give a certain weight to what you say."

"Well?"

"She has taken the bit in her teeth, with this business insanity, and she's going altogether too far!"

"Well, let her go to perdition in her own fashion!" the attorney snapped. "It's none of my funeral!"

"But—"

"Fraim, I have the most vivid recollection of the remarks that young woman chose to address to me, and of the slurs she chose to cast upon my motives in doing what seemed to me the best thing. I don't know what kind of advice you want about her, but I can't give it to you!"

"If you'd see her?"

"I won't!"

"But she must be spending money hand over fist," Fraim persisted. "Something ought to be done to stop it."

The attorney's chair came forward with a slam.

"Spending it?" he cried. "*Spending it?* She's burning it! She's eating it! She's tearing it in shreds and throwing it into the gutter! Why, Carter—the young ass she had the bad taste to turn everything over to, you know—Carter was in here only yesterday, Fraim, and he told me that already—and the estate hasn't been in her imbecile hands two weeks—she's sold off two hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities!" He thumped the desk and gasped in his emotion. "D'ye understand, Fraim? *Two hundred thousand dollars' worth!* That's more than a fifth of her personal property in two weeks. Ten of 'em, and she'll be bankrupt!"

"Is it as bad as that?" Fraim muttered; and then, partly because Mole seemed unduly wrought up over a matter that was largely impersonal just now, he asked curiously: "Have you heard how she's getting on, Mole? She won't say much to me."

The lawyer eyed him wickedly. Certain basic principles of Mole's early education persisted queerly in spots. The urge toward grudging justice and fairly honest speech actually tore him just now.

"Carter—the fool!—tells me that she has the retail trade sitting up and rubbing its eyes, all the way from here to Chicago

and from Maine to Florida," he snapped. "That's the result of this madhouse advertising campaign she's inaugurated, I take it, but it doesn't mean success—not by a long shot! It means ruin! Any idiot could accomplish as much by wrecking himself financially!"

"Miss Briston is no idiot," Fraim said angrily. "She—"

"Your faculty for original and unwarranted deduction is no less than astounding!" the attorney said sourly. "Is there any other matter on which you wish to consult me this morning, Mr. Fraim?"

His elderly eyes sparkled viciously, and his lips became a thin, straight, blue line. Burton Fraim went away no less perturbed than when he came. In his mind he had been picturing a really sober and convincing fatherly talk, delivered by a cool, judicial, well-wishing Mole to a girl who could be made to repent. Such a talk, evidently, was not to be.

Sighing over his error, Fraim ordered his car up-town at all speed compatible with police regulations—for Dr. Fanbury's office hours ended at noon.

The excellent doctor, a progressive, beardless citizen of middle age, with a cool, gray eye and a wonderfully firm grip, was pleased to see Burton Fraim, just as he would have been pleased to see any other millionaire person whose growing tendency toward plumpness and high living promised to contribute to the comforts of the doctor's later years. He steered his visitor to the cozy little office where one smoked, opened the silver humidifier, and, with a weed in the corner of his mouth, squinted humorously at the one in the corner of Fraim's mouth as he asked:

"What is it? Too many dinners, or not enough air?"

"Neither," the caller said. "I don't want to talk about myself. This consultation is about Miss Briston."

"Anne Briston?"

"Yes!" Fraim said earnestly. "Fanbury, that girl has gone into business and taken her father's responsibilities on her own shoulders."

"I know she has."

"And her health—" Fraim began with impressive slowness.

The doctor had not quite heard him. His genial countenance radiated suddenly.

"Fraim, that kid's a wonder!" he cried enthusiastically. "Of course, I don't know

all the ins and outs of the thing, but I do know that ninety-nine girls out of any hundred, reared in the same luxury, would have quit cold when they found that the paternal business had gone to pot. And yet that spunky little monkey picked the whole thing up bodily—and she's getting away with it!"

"Her health—"

"She inherits that constitution from her father, and it's a mighty good thing she does!" the medico went on admiringly. "Briston would have lived to be a hundred, if he hadn't blown himself to pieces. Fraim, I was up there last night to look at her companion's throat, and Anne told me all about it. Why, it beats anything of the kind I ever heard. She reorganized that place in two days, as nearly as I can make out—swept out two years of rot and crookedness and neglect, and all that sort of thing, and started the regeneration stunt with a smash that rocked the roof! And Sudman brought his infernal old liver in here this morning—you know Sudman & Sudman, the big jobbers?—and he said that the girl must have started about a million salesman out at once. Fact, Fraim! He told me that they've had more calls for Bristco stuff these last two days than in any two months of the last year. It got me; you know. I admire that sort of thing in a woman," Dr. Fanbury beamed.

"Will her health stand the strain?" Fraim demanded desperately.

"Eh? Why, of course it will!" the doctor chuckled. "Health's very largely a matter of happiness, you know, and that kid's simply tickled to death with herself. Don't put any fool notions about health into her head, Fraim. Her father would be alive and licking all comers to-day if he hadn't taken to brooding over Mrs. Briston's death and killed himself with work trying to forget it." The doctor gazed absently at the fire for a moment as memories came. Then he grinned at Fraim again and asked: "Is her health all that worries you this morning?"

"Yes."

"Go forth rejoicing, Fraim," the doctor advised. "She's sound as a dollar, and a lot brighter, and she'll stay so. I'll bet ten thousand dollars on that opinion against a plugged dime!"

When he had left the cheery presence, though, Burton Fraim did not smile. There would be no semilegal talk to wrest Anne

back to sanity. Neither would there be any semimedical talk with the same object in view.

Fraim stood beside his car for a time and pondered darkly; and eventually he ordered a slow drive through the park and a stop thereafter at a certain mansion opposite the park. The Lindertons would give him luncheon, and Beatrice Linderton had been Anne Briston's one really bosom friend these last ten or twelve years.

Thus it came about that, having talked to several uninteresting people until almost three o'clock, Fraim lured Beatrice aside and finally reached the point.

"Trix," he said gravely, "I want you to talk to Anne."

"For you?" Miss Linderton asked, in some astonishment.

"Yes, I—"

"Why, bless his little heart!" Anne's dearest friend cried happily. "Is the romance really budding? Or has it budded and the bud been nipped, or—"

"I don't mean that," Mr. Fraim said sharply.

"What do you mean, Burton?"

"About this insane idea of running her father's business."

"Oh, but isn't that splendid?" Miss Linderton cried. "Isn't it perfectly magnificent the way she has gripped the whole thing? The night before last—or was it the night before that?—Anne and I just sat and talked about it till midnight, and she told me everything. Hasn't she the most superb courage, and isn't she sure to win? Father says so, Burton, and he's usually right."

"But—"

"And another thing—don't you think it's significant of the great change that is taking place in the whole world of woman—throwing off all the old shackles and silly restraints, and really taking her place?" Fraim's comforter rushed on. "I do, and every time I think of dear little Anne and the great, big, wonderful thing she is doing all alone, she seems—why, actually glorified! A perfect little Jeanne d'Arc of her sex! Don't *you* think so, Burton?"

Fraim stared frankly. Beatrice Linderton was a raving beauty, fully conscious of the distinction, and usually languid and indolent to a degree; but just now her eyes flashed, and she was all alert and quivering with enthusiasm—for Anne Briston and

her wild work! Beatrice, in fine, had forgotten herself completely for the time; and if that could happen, she must be very much in earnest. There was no prospect that Fraim could get any help from her.

"I suppose you are right," he said gloomily.

Later, as his car rolled along homeward, an unpleasant train of thought angered him. Apparently he had taken too seriously Anne's request that he should keep out of the way and not block the wheels of progress as exemplified in herself. Everybody else seemed to be fully aware of what she was doing, and to be filled with admiration.

The car slowed down suddenly, rather than slaughter a queerly surging knot of people in the middle of the street. It was an odd two hundred citizens, each with his or her face turned upward. Fraim looked up, too, and discovered that the faint, rattling hum he had been hearing for the last minute came from a monoplane high above. He stared at it, and discovered further that the plane was dispensing a private snow-storm; hundreds of little flakes fluttered and blew and pitched and tossed earthward, coming nearer and nearer to the street and the crowd. Several of them were going to land in his car—and now, indeed, one had reached his very hand, and he was staring at it gloomily.

Violet in tint, the heavy paper was of the oval form of a soap-cake, and on it, in staring letters, he found:

The Best That Ever Came To Earth—

BRISTCO VIOLET SOAP!

On the white reverse side, smaller type proclaimed:

Six Suggestions in Soap Sanitation.

There was a list of the six, each in ink of a different color, while down at the bottom the aerial message ended modestly with

B-R-I-S-T-C-O—That Spells BEST!

Fraim's throat grew tight with an awful fear. He cast the thing aside and shaded his eyes with both hands—but the person aloft had lost his cap, and he had black hair and a mustache. At least it was not Anne herself!

The owner of the works was far too busy for personal flying these days.

A number of queer little things had been cropping up unaccountably. Two of the

new motor-trucks had gone out of commission for no reason that the repairman could discover, save that somebody had tampered with them in the one day since they had been rushed from the factory. The one really stupid young member of the office force, too, had tried to falsify an entry that would have netted him twenty dollars, and would have passed Anne completely had not something in his air rendered her suspicious; and the culprit had disappeared forever before she could corner him and get down to his motive for such a trick.

Some four or five relatively important employees had thrown up their jobs and vanished without explanation. The night watchman reported one morning that persons unknown had tried to smash the piping at the mouth of the artesian well some time during the darkness.

Meditating upon these things, Miss Briston scanned the card of a salesman of essential oils, and ordered him sent in. When he appeared he seemed a strange representative to come from the particularly big and dignified house whose name was on his card. He did not remove his hat. With a knowing nod he crossed his legs and waited for her to say:

"Well?"

"That card's the bunk, y' know," the caller grinned. "I got nothing to do with them people."

"What?"

"I'm the factory inspector."

"Why did you come in like that?" Miss Briston asked crisply.

"We do it sometimes," the visitor replied, smiling blandly.

"Do you want to inspect this place?"

"It's all inspected, lady. That's what I came to fix."

"You mean that there are certain things you will compel us to do?"

"No, ma'am. I mean there are things you don't have to do if you treat us right," the stranger explained.

The owner of the works considered him for a few thoughtful seconds.

"All right! Let me see your badge or credentials, and I'll fix it, if it doesn't cost too much."

"Yes, ma'am, you're a fox—only I don't wear them decorations when I'm collecting," the caller informed her. "Don't let that worry you; I'm all right." He laughed gently. "I'm a cheap guy this afternoon, lady; fifty fixes me!"

"It's worth it," Anne said briefly. "Sit still; I'll get it."

She glanced at the safe, which was locked. Then she hurried out and deftly turned her pass-key in the outer lock of the private office, with no sound. She strolled into Mr. Nixon's office with a faint smile of her own.

"I've got another grafter in there. I think we'll catch this one, Mr. Nixon. Will you step out very quietly and bring back an officer?"

"Has some one tried that on you again?" the superintendent shouted, and bounded from his chair.

"If you'll just be calm—" Miss Briston stated icily.

"I'll wring his neck!" Peter Nixon announced, as he passed her and gripped the door of the next office.

It did not give, but there was a sudden shuffle inside the private office. A shadow passed swiftly, and there was another creak—and Mr. Nixon, opening the door with his own key, found the office empty. He whirled about with—

"He dropped from the window! I'll get him, and—"

The superintendent stopped, rather than trample the slender figure in his path.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. If he has gone, let him go," the owner of the plant ordered. "But I should like to know just why this sort of thing is happening to me!"

"I suppose the word has gone out that you're spending money, and—you're a woman, too, you know, and—"

"Don't let me interrupt your work, Mr. Nixon," his employer said tartly, as she returned to her desk.

The blackmailers were doubtless small fry operating on their own initiative, but the idea worried Anne despite herself. She wondered just where they came from, and why they came, and why other things were happening; and she found further food for thought some days later when Peter Nixon entered suddenly.

His expression was one of annoyance as he closed the door and lunged at the heart of the matter with—

"I don't know whether to bother you with this or not. Personally, I'd be inclined to pay him a little something and charge it up to profit and loss, but—Carrigan's here!"

"Who on earth is Carrigan?"



"He's the district boss, Miss Briston, and he is really a power these days. He seems to have a line on some of our fire violations—every factory has about two dozen of them, you know, and none of them amount to a row of pins—and he informs me that unless he gets his, we shall spend several thousand dollars just now, and several thousand more, when he finds the way to it."

"Can he do it?"

"Very possibly."

"I'm tired of this shake-down business!" Miss Briston announced.

"So am I, but—"

"Mr. Nixon, if we—er—square this man, can he protect us from such persecution in the future?"

"It's humiliating, perhaps, but—I think he can," the superintendent replied, smiling rather apologetically.

"Well, you tell him that I'll be in there in about ten minutes and square him," said Anne after a frowning moment. "Ask him to wait."

At his club Burton Fraim, called to the telephone, thrilled at the sound of Anne's gentle voice.

"Burton," said the voice, "is there a man higher up in the politics of this town—really?"

"Eh? Two or three of 'em!" Fraim chuckled.

"Do you know them?"

"Why—as a matter of fact, yes."

"Well, there's a person named Carrigan here, and he's the district boss, and quite powerful, I believe, and he's trying to black-mail me, and I'm tired of it," said Anne's voice. "Do you suppose you could catch your—er—man higher up, or whatever he is, and have Mr. Carrigan called off?"

Fraim was grasping conditions more and more quickly lately.

"Is your man Carrigan there now?" he asked.

"In Mr. Nixon's office, yes."

"Keep him there for five or six minutes, Anne!" directed her friend. "I know where—somebody has been at four o'clock every afternoon for the last fifteen years, and if he isn't dead he's there now. Shall I have him speak over Nixon's wire?"

"If you would, Burton," Anne said sweetly.

"And Anne! When *this* thing's over, will you—" Fraim cried desperately, but Miss Briston had rung off.

She smiled at her reflection in the only mirror the office had ever known, and glanced at her watch. There were two long columns of figures she wished to check up personally. Five minutes had just passed when she came to the end of them and strolled into Peter Nixon's office.

The superintendent himself was writing, but the heavily built, beetle-browed visitor jerked himself to his feet at her coming.

"Glad t' see yuh!" he stated awkwardly.

"The boss here tells me—"

"I'm the boss here," Miss Briston said.

"This is Mr. Carrigan?"

"That's the name," the caller responded heartily. "Well, him over there says you'd like to help the organization a little, an' I told him, so long's you felt that way about it, we could save you trouble about them fire violations and things like that."

He grinned as the artless smile of Anne rested upon him.

"I always like to do what is right," she said. "Of course, it does seem that it shouldn't be necessary to pay out money for such things; but at the same time, if it is customary, I'll have to bow to custom."

"Well, now, lady, I wanter tell yuh there ain't many ladies in your place could see a thing like this as clear as what you see it!" Mr. Carrigan said. "Y' see, when a factory like this here stands in with the organization, it can—"

The telephone jingled briskly. Mr. Carrigan started slightly at the news that he himself was desired on the wire, but he dragged his chair to Peter Nixon's desk and grunted:

"Carrigan—yep! Whatcher want?"

Then, strangely, his mouth opened and he stiffened.

"Who's this now?" he cried. "Huh? What? Why, boss!"

A heavy voice rattled the diaphragm of the receiver. On Mr. Carrigan's countenance the sudden smile froze solid—and after that Peter Nixon stopped work and watched, unbelieving.

Mr. Carrigan was holding the pedestal of the telephone with one hairy hand and bearing down on the docile thing; and as a long series of barks and rattles came through the receiver, he took to twitching—one twitch to each particularly savage bark. Perspiration stood out upon his limited brow, and his thick mustache worked up and down convulsively, as thrice he tried in vain to speak.

Then the barking stopped abruptly, and Miss Briston caught the sharp click from the other end of the wire—and Mr. Carrigan had turned to her with a wild, fascinated stare.

"Lady!" he choked. "My Heavens, lady! How would I know the big feller was a friend o' yours?"

Miss Briston smiled.

"Say! Nobody's goin' t' interfere with this factory, lady—that's what I gotter tell yuh—not now, not ever! Anything you like to do here, yuh can do, Miss—Miss Briston, an' I'll take care of you any hour o' the day or night yuh want t' send for me, see? It don't make no difference what yuh do here, nobody 'll bother yuh. An' I gotter apologize—I certainly apologize!"

He dashed the beads from his forehead and gulped.

"Then we really do stand in with the organization, as it were, without paying anything at all?" Anne asked quietly.

There was more than a suggestion of awe in Mr. Carrigan's voice as he edged toward the door.

"Lady, yuh do!" he said solemnly. "You betcher life, yuh do!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

THERE were three other very pretty young women among the eight who made up Anne's tiny dinner-party at the St. Ilvan; but among them—and among any three thousand others—Anne was the girl apart, the one glittering star, the one rare, unmatched flower. Thus reflected Burton Fraim, with complacent pride and a comfortable feeling of proprietorship; and later, when opportunity came for a *tête-à-tête*, he spoke of the thing nearest his heart.

"This," said he, "is the sixteenth."

Miss Briston smiled inquiringly.

"And in another four days we shall have reached the glorious twentieth."

"Why glorious?" Anne asked rather blankly.

"It's on the twentieth that you have promised to give up your business career and tell me that you're ready to have our engagement announced," Fraim said, and smiled slightly at the perceptible start his words produced.

"Did I—really promise that or did you suggest it, Burton?"

"Both, I fancy," the impressive gentleman said easily. "Oh, Anne, why not have done with the thing now—here? Why not be a good little girl and say the one thing on earth I really want to hear?"

He had captured her hand very deftly indeed; and Anne herself wondered a little at the sudden movement with which she withdrew the hand. Instead of dimpling, she turned rather sober, flushed a trifle, and rose suddenly.

"Why—I don't know," she said confusedly. "Come over here, Burton. Bee's going to play."

The matter, dismissed for the moment, remained with her in the morning; and, at her desk, she discovered that for the very first time her mind was not entirely upon business. In the solitude she confessed that what had seemed for a time the appointed thing had turned into the well-nigh impossible thing. There was no particular reason for the change except that, meeting the question squarely and admitting a real fondness for Burton Fraim, she did not love him well enough to marry him.

As a thoroughgoing, single-minded business woman, in fact, she did not love anybody or anything—except the Briston Manufacturing Company and its future; and if she sighed twice as she reflected upon the condition, it was because commercial details had piled up lately at a rate that might well have worn on a strong man.

But it was worth all the work, the fruit of these last five hurricane weeks! More citizens of the great United States had heard about Bristco products than ever before in their history; and if the expenditure of money was enough to curdle one's blood, a trip through the factory these days was enough to set the blood right again.

Soap was boiling out there as of yore, crushers were grinding ceaselessly, frames and slabbers were full—and emptied—and full again. Fancy products were being milled to a fineness that even the late James T. had never attained. Lines of girls wrapped and packed and wrapped again, and all of it under the eagle eye of the funny little new chemist.

An awakened public was reaching out for Bristco goods, too, and no wonder; for when that public had studied the Bristco advertising in the morning newspaper over its coffee, it was likely to find a Bristco sample package in the mails; and when it had noted the Bristco-Shaviola display in

the corner drug-store window, while waiting for its car, the car itself helped along with a mighty "BRISTCO" dominating all the other advertising.

Anne's astonishing corps of salesmen had spent money and breath with equal freedom, too. A business magazine had offered her sales-manager a handsome sum for an article on just how he did it; but most of the credit, of course, belonged to Peter Nixon.

So much Anne conceded instantly, as she smiled pensively at the Shaviola display that would go out next week—a glittering lighthouse made of the new, golden shaving-stick containers, with a tolling bell to drive the storekeeper mad by day and an electric light to burn through the night. Peter was really the motive power of the big place; from seven to six he moved tirelessly, and no one could tell just where he might appear about the works, or upon what small error he might pounce.

Peter was a treasure—that is, of course, in business matters. Looking backward, Anne hardly knew what would have happened without Mr. Nixon. He had filled out under his new responsibilities, and had turned wonderfully human and strong, somehow. Looking at him to-day, one would have had difficulty in recognizing the shabby, solemn-eyed individual who had been second in command hardly a month ago.

Miss Briston nodded gravely and emphatically at the gilt lighthouse. If Peter Nixon had been permitted to resign that first day—she sat up quite suddenly as the door opened and Nixon entered.

His morning smile was missing. His jaw seemed to be protruding queerly, too, as he stood beside her, and Anne asked:

"What is wrong?"

"Why do you think anything is wrong?"

"I have eyes," Miss Briston smiled. "Well?"

Peter Nixon folded his arms in quite the old way, and smiled gravely.

"I don't know whether to bother you with this or not," he mused. "Offhand, I should prefer to deal with it myself, but—you've insisted on handling everything here up to now."

"The firm hasn't changed its policy overnight," said the firm.

"There's talk of a strike," the superintendent said bluntly.

"What?"

"There has been talk of it for several days, I think, although I hardly thought it amounted to anything. Little Hempson came up this morning early—on the quiet, of course—and informed me that the men are going to send a committee to you to-day, Miss Briston."

"What do they want?" Miss Briston asked, her eyes rather round.

"Same old story—more money and less work," Mr. Nixon said briefly. "I've done my duty now and told you. Please leave the rest of it to me."

"And—"

"I'll find the ringleaders and have them out of the place for good before noon," the superintendent said. "I think that'll settle it."

"Do the ringleaders happen to be men we need?"

"As a matter of fact, yes; but I can replace them within a day or two, and—"

"And we'll work short-handed until they are replaced?"

"Yes."

"We're paying them more now than they'd get in any other soap-works, are we not?"

"Anywhere from five to ten per cent."

The owner of the establishment squared her small shoulders and shook her head.

"Send the committee to me."

"It wouldn't do," Peter Nixon informed her. "These men are rough citizens—you haven't seen enough of them to realize how rough they are, Miss Briston, and—"

"It will do nicely!" the head of the firm said coolly. "I want that committee to come to me!" And just there an irrepressible dimple or two appeared for a moment. "And Mr. Nixon!"

"Yes?"

"I wouldn't pout!" said the firm.

"Well, I—" Peter Nixon began loudly; and then, biting down hard on the words, stalked out with a gruff: "Pardon me! I'll see that they come to you, if they do appear."

They came rather sooner than Anne had expected, for fifteen minutes were hardly gone when a not too aggressive tap sounded on the panel of her door and heralded the appearance of three gentlemen who should have been toil-stained, but who still wore their street garments.

He who seemed to be the spokesman was a square-visaged sample of uncouth determination. To a sympathetic eye he

might have suggested the dread, eternal conflict between tyrant capital and down-trodden labor; to Miss Briston he looked like a husky person who should have been making soap these last three hours. He spoke in a voice that had not been weakened by oppression:

"We were told to come to you."

"Right!" said the firm.

"We represent every employee of this factory," the spokesman pursued. "We—"

"I don't believe it," the owner of the works said quickly. "What do you want?"

"We represent every hand in these works, the way I said, and we want more money," the visitor thundered doggedly.

"We ain't—"

"How much more?"

"Ten per cent for the—"

"What happens if I don't pay it?" Miss Briston inquired.

"Every man and girl in this factory walks out as quick as we go down-stairs and tell 'em," the spokesman replied breathlessly. "And what's more—"

"Don't tell me any more; I've heard enough now," the proprietor put in. "Just stop trying to look threatening, and listen to me. I'm running this business because I want to, not because I have to. If the plant shut down this morning, I should be able to live all my life with every comfort in the world. Get that?"

"Yes, and it's people like youse—" the husky one essayed, in some bewilderment.

"Wait! I've got several hundred people here now that are pretty well satisfied with their jobs. If you want to strike—strike! And if you do strike, I'll promise you something definite, too. Once this plant shuts down, it isn't going to open again, at any time. Every one of you that walks out this morning, stays out for good—and I'll take good care that every man and woman on my pay-roll understands just what has happened, and who is responsible. What they do to you three is your own business."

"Hey?" said the tall, blond man at the right, who had five children.

"Jim! Wait a second before you shoot that mouth again!" said the short, happy-looking individual at the spokesman's left, as he laid a hand on his comrade's arm.

"I can't wait for any conferences," Miss Briston snapped. "You've come prepared to settle things, apparently. I want to know now just what is going to happen."

The tall one and the short one glanced at each other.

"Well, there ain't going to be any strike, Miss—Miss Briston," the former grinned suddenly; and the happy-looking one grew grave and terribly earnest as he added:

"You see, ma'am—Prout here said—well, he was the one that started it, anyway, and he said—"

Miss Briston's hand stayed the speaker.

"Your name is Prout, is it?" she mused as she picked up the telephone. "Mr. Kelvey's office, please! Mr. Kelvey? Mr. Kelvey, have Prout's time made up at once, and pay him as he goes out. I've just discharged him. All right!" The telephone was laid aside, and the owner of the works faced the committee with a calm that was slightly bored. "Was there—er—something else to be discussed this morning?" she asked.

When they had gone, though, the happening puzzled her, just as had other recent happenings.

The pseudo-political persecution had ceased, to be sure, and abruptly, but minor occurrences of this kind had been turning up with annoying regularity and no apparent reason. There had not been a sign of discontent throughout the works, and there was no cause for it now, she knew—but neither had there been any known cause for the broken steam-pipe that ruined a whole load of caustic yesterday; nor was it clear why Mosson, an old and trusted employee, had picked the lunch hour of the previous day for the cultivation of his first known fit of intoxication and his subsequent wrecking of a batch of the violet soap.

Sometimes, as at present, Anne was almost inclined to think that some underlying connection must exist between all these bothersome little accidents; but—as at other times—she dismissed the notion with a smile. These, after all, were only the tiny mishaps that lent spice to soap-making; on the whole she was doing very well, very well indeed.

She resumed her examination of the remarkable lighthouse, and wondered why Peter Nixon had not appeared to learn the result of the strike—or if he were elsewhere in the works, and still unaware that his brilliant young employer had quashed the uprising of the supposedly infuriated labor element. She smiled at the lighthouse several times—and then she spun



the chair toward the door, startled, for some one had entered, and the door had clicked very softly.

"Well—"

"*Mel*" said a person named Marsh, sometime superintendent of the works, rather dramatically.

"What on earth are you doing here?" the owner literally gasped.

"I came in to talk to *you* for about five minutes," the late superintendent said.

"But—"

Mr. Marsh laughed wickedly.

"I don't wonder you look worn and scared," he said, wholly without reason. "I've made your life a hell on earth this last month!"

Miss Briston, for the moment, could do no more than hold her breath and stare at him. The fact that he should have appeared at all was startling enough, but the rest was actually dumfounding. His hat was on the back of his head, his black hair bristled, and his eyes glowed horrid triumph—over Heaven alone could tell what!

The owner of the works rose suddenly. The man was insane, of course; perhaps he had been drinking heavily, or perhaps—

"And by now," the maniac exulted, "you know that no woman can run a factory with me working against her!"

"What—what are you talking about?" the owner cried.

"You know, better than I do!" Mr. Marsh laughed. "Who started men after you about the violations in this rotten old hole? *I* did! Who snatched your best men out of here? *I* did! Who had your motor-trucks wrecked? *I* did! Who's been having half your stock ruined? *I*'m the man! And who's worked up the strike that'll put you out of business for good?" asked Mr. Marsh, and his voice thrilled pleasure. "Well, *I* did that, too! *I* did it, d'ye hear?"

A great light broke upon Anne. A certain momentary terror took wings, and a little anger came into its place.

"Is it possible that you've been responsible for all the little two-cent accidents we've been having?" she cried.

"There's nothing very little about them. You know that, and I know it!" the late superintendent said savagely as he strode toward her. "*I*—"

"Well, talk if you want to, but don't walk down on me like that, you great lout!" Miss Briston said sharply.

Mr. Marsh's color rose suddenly.

"Walk down on you!" he echoed. "If you were a man, I'd wring your neck!"

"I'd give a good deal to be a man for about five minutes just now!" Miss Briston said hotly, and stepped behind her chair. "A creature like you would no more dare deal with a man than—"

"Yes, and I might wring it anyway and choke off that stuff!" Mr. Marsh informed her, quite forgetting his manners.

In one second two startling certainties flashed upon Miss Briston—the intruder's hot temper had risen to concert pitch, and he had quite lost control of himself. That was one certainty, and the other lay in the fact that he was moving swiftly toward her with both big hands outstretched!

## CHAPTER IX

### VILLAINY

WITHIN Anne's capable little brain orderly processes of thought had run afoul of one another at full speed, and for the instant there was only a terrific jumble remaining.

More than anything else, she desired to scream for help; but the battling spirit rose recklessly and forbade the scream. Up to that moment she had not once called for help, and it seemed weak to begin now. On the other hand, now that Marsh had snatched the chair from her small hands and sent it spinning across the office, now that she had darted behind the desk and around it, and he was still after her and panting—

Miss Briston opened her lips for the scream—and luck remained with her; for the door had opened with a suddenness that hinted at its intention of leaving its hinges and continuing through the window on the opposite side, and Peter Nixon was of the company!

For an infinitesimal fraction of time he studied Mr. Marsh, as if gaging the distance to a nicety. Then he rose swiftly and gracefully in the air, and Miss Briston bowed instinctively to let him pass; and when he landed there was a shout, but no crash, for he had landed upon Mr. Marsh.

Afterward there came a second strange, thick cry, and a great fist, which belonged to Mr. Marsh, swung through the air. Miss Briston, in her corner, closed her eyes and opened them instantly—which was as

well, for otherwise she must have missed the sight of the projectile that had been Peter Nixon's closed hand, in its remarkable performance of landing just under Mr. Marsh's jawbone.

As a blow, had she but known it, the movement was a wonder; but merely as a detail of the present situation it was most satisfying. It changed Mr. Marsh's nature, seemingly; for, having struck the floor and bounced up again, he seemed quite limp and passive. Twice he turned completely around, staring in the silliest fashion; and then Mr. Nixon had moved behind him, somehow, and was gripping him—and the grip seemed no more than secure when the superintendent and the visitor together were gone from the private office.

A long breath, long held, left Miss Briston, but she did not move from her corner for a little while. It was possible that something new might eventuate there in the corridor, and Mr. Marsh might come hurtling through the place again, although the diminishing series of odd thuds controverted the idea. In fact, the thuds had ceased now, and there was only an animated buzz of voices in the hallway as doors opened and closed and department heads of the Briston Manufacturing Company asked one another what had been happening.

From below, in the general direction of the shipping entrance, Peter Nixon's voice floated up:

"Well, I'll fire the man that lets him in next time! I'll pay ten dollars to the man that beats him up if he shows his face on this block again, and I'll pay his fine, too! Well, that's all right, only don't let it happen again. You've got a club there; split his skull, if you can't yell for help!"

Another lapse of seconds, and Peter was striding into the private office once more—and he did not even seem out of breath!

Miss Briston, for the first time, favored her superintendent with a really brilliant smile; and though Nixon stopped short and stared at her, there was no answering smile on his countenance. It was, in fact, as grave as on that first day; but its gravity was of a different sort. That first kind had been the surliness of a disgruntled employee, while this was the dignified gravity of a well-groomed and capable young man.

"Are you hurt?" the superintendent cried.

"I—no!"

"Are you sure you're not?" Mr. Nixon demanded, savagely almost.

"But—"

"Because if he laid a finger on you, I'll drag that infernal hound back—pardon me—and kill him!" the superintendent stated.

Miss Briston shuddered; and while it was, of course, mere reaction from an unfortunate two minutes, there was a certain comfortable, relieved feeling that went with the shudder. She glanced at Peter Nixon and tried to smile again, and then gave up the effort suddenly. Really, Peter Nixon had no right to stand there and glare at her like that, with his set teeth showing and his eyes boring through her.

"Don't be absurd!" Anne said curtly.

"I'm not absurd, and you know it!" Nixon said. "How did he get in here?"

"I don't know."

"What did he want?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Didn't he say?" Nixon rasped.

"He didn't have a chance to say, and please don't bark that way!" Anne replied. "He stormed in here and informed me that he was responsible for all the little things that have been happening, and I suppose he wanted me to pay him to stop it. That seems to be the regular thing."

"But—"

"After that, he said he would wring my neck, and—I think he meant to do it!" Anne went on, with an airy smile that needed some forcing. "I've never felt the slightest need of having my neck wrung, and I thank you very much for preventing it this time, Mr. Nixon. Very much indeed; it was splendid of you, really, and very spectacular, and—now let us consider the incident closed."

Saying which, she walked to her chair with a lissom swing which also seemed to demand a certain effort, and picked up her fountain pen by way of indicating a complete return to normal business. Instead of bowing and vanishing, Peter Nixon came to her side in two heavy steps.

"Let us consider it nothing of the sort!" he said with a crispness that rivaled her best. "I'm not taking too much upon myself, be sure of that, and I know exactly what I'm talking about. The time has come for you to quit!"

"You—"

"You've done a man's work here, and done it wonderfully, Miss Briston, and I admire it more than any one else; but

you're only a girl, after all, and some of the things you've tried already have made my blood run cold. I'll come to your hotel every morning, or every evening, or any other time you choose, and bring every detail that needs your attention; but the time has come, after this narrow squeak, for you to get out of the factory!"

"Mr. Nixon!" said his employer.

Nixon faced her unflinchingly.

"I mean it," he said. "You've taken too many chances already."

He waited. Anne, sitting back, looked at him, and, although outwardly very calm, grew turbulent within for an instant before that unwavering stare. Then, happily, she was quite herself again.

"Mr. Nixon," she said slowly and icily, "how can the chances I take *possibly* concern *you*?"

Her lips curled, and Nixon winced. She fancied that he was about to shrink and cringe a little, and she was not quite sure whether she felt pleasure or contrition at the prospect. But Nixon, as it happened, did not shrink. Instead, after a long, unfathomable stare at his slender chief, he smiled grimly.

"That means that you're going to stay right here and risk whatever comes?"

"That, precisely!" Miss Briston said.

"Yes, ma'am!" Peter Nixon murmured dutifully, as he passed out.

There were other companies in the soap market, and most of them watched the Bristco revival with open-mouthed wonder; but the firm of Penvale Brothers knew only consternation and distress.

The senior partner, in his own sanctum, spoke his mind freely that afternoon. He had been speaking freely for several weeks, to be sure, but to-day there was something so very dapper and self-satisfied about his younger brother that he felt called upon to add a little extra candor.

"Why," said he feelingly, "why in the name of high Heaven I was imbecile enough to let you handle the thing alone in the first place, passes me every time I think of it! This could have been avoided—all of it could have been avoided!"

"Bah!" said Thomas Penvale.

"Oh, it could all have been avoided, if my original idea had gone through! You know, I wanted to make a fair out-and-out proposition to that Mole fossil at the very beginning, Thomas."

"You've said that before—ten thousand times!"

"If we had gone and offered him three hundred thousand dollars, the thing would have been settled. Bristco was worth that when Briston died—business and plant and all, that is—yes, and worth double that, as we could have handled it. But no! That wouldn't do, would it? We could get it for a third, or less, by letting *you* manipulate the matter in your own way! And we did! By the jumping Jehoshaphat, we did—not!"

"Forget it!" snapped Thomas Penvale.

"And as a result, where have we landed to-day? Do you know how much we've had to appropriate for advertising since this started, just to meet the crazy stunts that woman is putting out?"

"I have some idea."

"Two—hundred—thousand—dollars!" the elder Penvale declaimed. "And that isn't all! Briston cut us to pieces once, and she'll do it again, if she has money enough—unless we fight to the very death! We—"

"Fight to the very fiddlestick!" said the junior partner disgustedly. "We'll run her out of business before we're done, and—anyhow, is it *my* fault that she's advertising?"

"Every bit of it!" his brother cried.

"Every penny of that ought to be charged up against you, you addle-pated idiot! And what are you doing now, except talk and sneer, sneer and talk? What are *you* doing to—why, confound it, Thomas, you weren't bright, even as a little boy!"

"That's rot!" Thomas Penvale snarled.

"This thing's getting to be a positive monomania with you; and as for what I'm doing—"

Just here he thrashed out and back to his own confines, restraining with difficulty an impulse to kick the little page as he passed. Nor did he immediately grow calmer in his own office.

He gnawed his fresh cigar and planned, successively, to rush in and beat his brother to a pulp, to take a year's hunting-trip in South America, to resign from the firm on the spot and start a soap-works of his own in Hong-Kong, and, lastly, to have Anne Briston's food poisoned, so as to remove bodily the sorest spot in his recent history. These projects being all rather visionary, he discarded the cigar, which had become chewing-tobacco, and

with his perfectly shod feet on the desk, set his teeth, looked fixedly at the flattering picture of himself in shooting-clothes, and struggled back toward self-satisfied composure.

And thus the little page found him as he tiptoed in to say that a gentleman, name refused, insisted on seeing Thomas Penvale personally. The caller was not a very prepossessing or prosperous-looking person, the page intimidated.

Now, if one be inclined that way, there is a certain satisfaction in soothing one's wounded self-esteem by abusing some less fortunate mortal. Thomas Penvale was inclined that way—and within ten seconds the visitor had been admitted, and Mr. Penvale was looking blank, acid astonishment at the fevered face of Mr. Marsh!

"Oh, I know you!" Penvale sneered, after a moment. "You're Marsh!"

"Know me? You bet you know me!" the other thundered. "Penvale—"

"Marsh, I'd forgotten your existence on earth," the junior partner said, flicking an imaginary particle from his sleeve.

"Have you got the nerve to say that, when I've risked jail twenty times this last month to help you?" the late superintendent cried fiercely. "I know you're lying, Penvale, but by—"

"Hey! Gently!" cautioned Thomas Penvale, with less hauteur. "Don't bellow like that."

"I'll bellow! And I won't stand for that sneer, Penvale!" Mr. Marsh vociferated. "You're in this thing as deep as I am. You've been paying me to wreck that plant, and you'll pay me more, I tell you, because *I'm going to wreck it for keeps!*"

Thomas Penvale's smooth hair seemed to rise on end. He bounced from his chair, gripped Mr. Marsh's shoulders, and shook him, and a voice that was four parts pure fright hissed:

"In Heaven's name, *shut up!*" His grip tightened, and appeared to make at least a little impression on Mr. Marsh, for the new roar died. "I've told you that—why, if you *were* able to hinder business there, it might be worth a little, yes! But don't come raging in here and bawling murder and dynamite to the four winds, you clown!"

"I want to tell you—"

"Tell me whatever you like in a decent whisper!" Thomas Penvale said hoarsely. "I'm not a criminal, you know, and I

won't help you slaughter anybody. I don't want you to slaughter anybody, and I won't be mixed up in it. You're acting like a madman!"

"I've had enough to-day to make me act like a madman," the unappreciated villain stated more gently. "I—say! Do you want that plant to go out of business or not?"

He held his jaw and looked straight at Thomas Penvale. He was calmer now—far calmer, and mercifully so. Mr. Penvale the younger sat down again and puffed as he watched him.

"I'd be as pleased to see that plant shut up to-morrow as I would have been a month ago," he said. "But you're too emotional ever to—"

"I haven't gone my limit yet, by any means!" the late superintendent said, with fury suppressed. "Lean over here!"

Reluctantly, Mr. Penvale leaned, for he feared that non-compliance might bring another outburst. As a general proposition the respectability of the firm was almost impeccable, and Robert Penvale himself a really conservative citizen. Hence Thomas Penvale, anxious to avoid an uproar, leaned close and remained leaning, while Marsh talked rapidly.

Slowly some of the color faded from Thomas Penvale's cheeks; his eyes opened and became distinctly startled. Once or twice he started, as if to protest, but the late superintendent talked on steadily.

After some ten minutes, it was apparent that the first shock had left the junior partner; he tilted back and squinted at his photograph; also, he thought of his brother, and of the comments that Robert Penvale had seen fit to make this last month. Eventually he glanced at Mr. Marsh and murmured:

"Well—Lord, Marsh! That's—h-m! And still, if—of course, if you were dead sure everybody was out—"

It was an ill-starred day for Anne.

Admitted or otherwise, disturbing memories of the morning's conflict clung to her mind most uncomfortably, and with them came other queer little stirrings that irritated her. Once, indeed, she paused for three long minutes and wondered whether—possibly—there might not be some truth in the unsought advice that Peter Nixon had chosen to offer; but at the end of them Anne discovered that she was bristling



mildly and wondering how he had dared go so far.

There was just the suggestion of a headache, too, which was most unusual. Little things seemed to bother her.

Toward mid afternoon she turned sternly to a critical examination of the full summary that had just come in from the general manager's office. It was an unfortunate move. There was nothing about that summary which could not be understood—almost too readily. These last five weeks had been tremendous, but in more ways than starting the wheels, and getting new business, and blazoning the company's name before the world. Those tons upon tons of new stock had taken money, hordes of new employees had taken money, everything had taken money—but her breath stopped before the vastness of the totals where the manager had listed the advertising contracts and the selling expenses!

She had been selling securities and pouring in money, always with the certainty that the Briston Manufacturing Company could not fail to recover its old prosperity. The resultant gap in her private fortune was already a yawning abyss. And was the return to prosperity really sure?

If things went on as they were going, it seemed so; but Penvale Brothers were spending money, too, and when it came to spectacular work she would have to match them dollar for dollar. Assuming that she chose to go straight to the bottom of her pile, if her dollars gave out before those of Penvale Brothers, a rather unfortunate time might be in store for Briston goods and their proprietor. There was a splendid chance, of course, that the present impetus would carry everything straight through to victory; but it seemed to Anne that the margin allowable for accidents was uncomfortably narrow.

Almost as a relief, then, came the news from the telephone switchboard that a young lady was on her way up-stairs to see Miss Briston personally. It was Beatrice Linderton, of course, or another of her few girl friends; and a little normal girl-talk, just at present, a little of the wild praise with which they all favored her nowadays, would be pleasant.

Miss Briston put aside the hair-raising summary and rose; and almost immediately her glad smile died, for this pretty, plainly dressed, dark-haired young woman was an entire stranger.

She was not in search of a position, though; she lacked the usual timidity altogether, and there was a grim determination about her that puzzled Miss Briston, as the caller closed the door.

"This is—the Miss Briston?" she said. The proprietor nodded.

"You don't know me, Miss Briston. I am Mr. Thomas Penvale's stenographer."

"Why has he sent you here?" Anne asked sharply.

"He didn't send me; he has no idea that I'm here," the girl smiled. "I went home early with a headache—which I didn't have—and I came straight to you, because there is something that I must tell you."

Anne's brows contracted.

"I don't understand."

"I'm going to ask you never to tell that I came here, Miss Briston, and I want you to believe that I don't listen at doors or tell the firm's affairs to other people," the astonishing young person went on swiftly. "But this is so wretched, so utterly contemptible—men like that conspiring against a solitary girl, just because she chooses to run her own business in her own way!"

Pure indignation choked the girl for a moment as she opened her hand-bag. Miss Briston's eyes opened wider; the little interview was certainly gaining in interest.

"You know Marsh, the man who worked here?"

"Too well!" said Anne.

"He came to see Thomas Penvale this morning; he had had some trouble here, and he was very angry."

"I don't doubt it!" said Anne, smiling without great merriment.

"Well, I was just going into Mr. Penvale's office—mine is next door, you know—and I heard him talking. And then, it was so—so awful that I didn't go in. I just listened, Miss Briston, and took it down as they talked, and afterward I typed it. You can read it, if you will."

Four letter-heads, tastefully embossed with Penvale Brothers' advertising, were extended, and Miss Briston took them and read quickly. As she read, her lips compressed and her breath came more rapidly. She flattened the sheets upon the desk and read on, half incredulously, and she was just a little paler as she came to the end of the last one.

"Is this actually a verbatim report?" she asked.

"It's word for word, Miss Briston!" said the girl. "And that isn't the worst, you know. Afterward, Marsh began to whisper, and it was so hard to hear him that I stopped taking it down and just listened. But I don't believe there were twenty words, altogether, that I didn't catch, and that, really, was what I came to tell you and—can any one hear us, Miss Briston?"

## CHAPTER X

### CRIME

SOME fifteen minutes after the whistle had blown for the ending of the day's toil, after the stream of workers had left the Briston factory, and the steam was down, and the machinery still, it was Peter Nixon's custom to make a complete tour of the works before leaving for the night.

Coming to the end of his inspection this evening, he paused inside the lower entrance and listened; and then, stepping into the street, he squinted at a big gray automobile that bowled away. He sighed, too; but as the car paused in turning the corner, blocked for a moment by a truck, he started and stared the harder. The rear seat of that big affair, which was unquestionably Anne Briston's, and which was leaving at the regular time, happened to be quite empty!

Nixon scowled thoughtfully and went slowly to his own office. He listened a minute or more before a rustle of paper told that he was not alone on the floor, and then he opened Anne's door and entered.

Miss Briston glanced up with the most casual smile. Her superintendent did not smile at all as he asked:

"Going to put in some overtime?"

"A little."

"I'll work over the stock-sheets until you're ready to go."

"You needn't, Mr. Nixon, thank you," his employer said. "I shall be here for some time."

"Alone?" gasped Peter.

"The watchman will be here, and the night engineer."

"And I'll be here, too!" Nixon stated flatly.

That expression of grim amusement came to him again, and Miss Briston frowned. She was coming to understand Peter Nixon better and better; it was quite plain just now that he was waiting for

an explanation, and that only energetic measures could crush him.

"That is quite unnecessary, thank you," she said. "I shall remain for—just a little while."

"Do you mind telling me precisely why?" Nixon asked bluntly.

"I do mind, but it is evident that I shall have to tell you something, and it may as well be the truth," Miss Briston said, in some exasperation. "I have some—very small—reason to think that some one is planning to burn this factory to-night."

"What?" her superintendent shouted.

"I don't think there's a thing in it," Anne smiled. "Penvale's stenographer came in this afternoon—a nice girl—and told me that Marsh had been there this morning, evidently just after he left here. She said that he was in a rage, and that the younger of the two Penvales was angry, too; and from what she gathered from their whispered conversation, Marsh has some idea of wreaking vengeance on the place by burning it to-night."

"But—"

"If the younger Penvale didn't actually encourage him, he did nothing at all to discourage him, so far as the girl could make out. That is really all there is to it, Mr. Nixon. I thought I'd stay around for a little while and—just satisfy myself that it was nonsense."

She waited for Peter's protest, and it did not come. Curiously, her somewhat daring determination was escaping him for the moment. His forehead was a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes contracted as he jerked a chair close to her, sat down, and demanded:

"Miss Briston, have you any real conception of what a fire here would mean now?"

"No end of trouble and delay, of course. I appreciate that."

"It would mean a great deal more than trouble and delay, Miss Briston," the superintendent said gravely. "Unless you have capital enough to rebuild everything from beginning to end, it would mean absolute ruin!"

"But the insurance—"

"That's just it!" Nixon exploded. "There isn't any!"

A plunge into ice-water could have given Miss Briston no more sudden chill.

"That is to say, there is almost none," the superintendent hurried on. "Rates are

high down here, you know. The insurance the company carried up to two years ago covered only part of the value, and that has been reduced since, I discovered this week. There was some sort of funding arrangement in force by which the house carried most of its own insurance, but that, too, has gone to pieces in the last two years. There's a man coming to-morrow morning to look the thing over, and I had planned to take out another hundred thousand, at the least, but—"

"Well, do you mean to tell me that we've been risking a fire every night?" Anne gasped.

"Essentially that. I didn't know how many chances we were taking until the day before yesterday, and then I went to work at once to have at least a fair part of the value covered. But"—he reached toward the telephone—"if there's any idea of an incendiary blaze, we'll take measures to prevent it—that's all!"

"In what way?"

"I'll have half a dozen policemen detailed to patrol the outside of the works, of course."

Anne moved the telephone farther back.

"I don't like that idea," she said. "Advertising the fact that we expect to be burned out isn't going to lower our insurance rates, is it?"

"Probably not, but it's better than taking a chance—"

"And another thing," Miss Briston said stubbornly. "I haven't had to call for help even once since I took charge here, and I won't begin now, Mr. Nixon. Honestly, I don't believe there is the slightest risk of Marsh trying anything of the sort. If, by any chance, he should turn up, I have the telephone here and—this!"

She slipped a hand into the drawer by her side and drew out a formidable-looking revolver. Peter Nixon merely stared at it, but with wiser eyes. Fifteen years before, in the hands of a skilled marksman, it might have been a fairly efficient weapon at short range; but many damp seasons had passed over New York since the thing was loaded. Rust decorated the weapon plentifully now, and the hand that held it did not quite close about the bulky grip—yet Peter Nixon did not smile.

The proprietor had returned to her much-prized complete self-possession.

"So that is really the whole situation, and there's almost nothing alarming in it,"

she said serenely; "certainly nothing that I cannot handle."

"You've made up your mind to stay here?"

"Of course."

"Alone?"

"I've said that before," Miss Briston snapped.

"That means that I'm at liberty to go home now?"

"Yes!"

"All right!" the superintendent said, and rose and moved slowly toward the door; but on the threshold he paused. His voice echoed in the hollow corridor, and it seemed deeper, too, as he said:

"Good night!"

"Good night!" said the owner of the works, but the snappy quality had departed from her utterance.

When he had gone—and why must he go with that slow, funereal tramp that fairly boomed through this end of the works?—a sober mood crept upon Miss Briston. She smiled confidently, though, and switched off the other lights, so that the hanging lamp over her desk alone remained. It was only twilight now. Later, if she wanted them, she could turn on the others; but it might be better to give any interested passer-by the impression that the works were deserted.

Twilight was fast turning into night, however. Glancing from the window, Anne found herself thinking that she could not recall ever having seen twilight depart so swiftly, or depart to be followed by night of such peculiar blackness. She had contrived an extremely early bite of dinner by having a meal brought in from a neighboring restaurant, but the local *chef* could never hope to attain the St. Ilvan standard, and she had eaten very little. Not that Anne was hungry, not that she was lonely, not that she was even uneasy, but—the sober mood crept on and on.

And now it was past seven o'clock, and moving on toward eight, and the mood was still creeping. Miss Briston, realizing that she had remained motionless these last ten minutes, just listening, tried hard to grow angry at herself, and failed completely.

It was so very, very still! It seemed that the night engineer, even though he were the best part of a block distant, might have made a little noise occasionally. She had been down once, just before twilight gave up the struggle, and startled the night

engineer by appearing beside him. When speech returned to him, he had assured her that every entrance to the place was locked tight, that nobody could get in at any spot without making a considerable commotion, and that, at the first hint of trouble, he himself would either hurry to inform her or, better, raise a general alarm by blowing the whistle.

This last suggestion she had vetoed sharply—and had regretted the veto before she had swished swiftly back into her own office. Because, if anything really desperate were afoot, they might knife poor old Thompson, or steal up behind him with that slice-bar, and—

Miss Briston forced a laugh. It was a dreadful sound, echoing until she turned cold again, listening and listening—because one of those echoes had seemed unnatural! Her own laugh was high-pitched, but this one echo had been low, deep, sinister, ominous. Very, very much indeed did it sound like Marsh's own voice in the offices below. The proprietor's teeth clicked tight together, and she said something like:

"O-o-h-r-r-r!"

Her ears strained hard. There was no doubt about it—some one had moved very stealthily on this floor now. Miss Briston rose from her chair quite automatically and clutched her trusty weapon. She tried the trigger. It moved with a little creak, and she released it hurriedly. Instinctively the light above her desk was switched off, and Miss Briston tiptoed to the door of the corridor, not breathing.

Seconds, each of hour-length, dragged by. In the fearful darkness she discerned a faint glow of light through the ground glass; whoever he might be, he was in the corridor itself, and—Miss Briston opened her door very softly and declined to think of what the next minute might bring.

The light was in Nixon's office now. She laid a soundless hand upon the knob, and, pistol up, opened the door suddenly.

"Hel-lo!" the superintendent said, smiling cheerily over his shoulder as he glanced up from the desk.

The kindly door-jamb moved up hurriedly and supported Miss Briston as she swayed and said faintly:

"Are you—are you—"

Peter Nixon rose briskly, smiling again.

"Oh, yes, I'm here," he confessed. "I've been here half an hour or so, but I thought I wouldn't bother you just yet.

There's a lot of stuff here that I'd like to get out of the way before morning, so I just came back quietly, to do it up, you know? Busy, Miss Briston?"

"I—no," the firm said.

"Why not come in here and sit down, if you will? It's cheerier in here by the electric light, and there are several things I'd like to consult you about later on."

He drew up the huge armchair that had been one of Mr. Wharton's luxuries, beamed upon his employer in the most matter-of-fact fashion, and waited for her to be seated.

"No signs of trouble?" he said.

"No," said Miss Briston. "You're—going to be here long?"

Mr. Nixon looked straight at her.

"Yes," he said. "All night, I imagine!"

The indomitable spirit arose within Anne to reprove him, to send him away again understanding that orders were orders; but it seemed to be a spirit that worked better by day than by night. Peter Nixon had changed oddly these last hours, too; he had grown much larger and more capable-looking, even than before. It was peculiar, but it was fact. The more Anne looked at him, the less inviting seemed that empty, breathless corner office. If he chose to thrust himself into the situation in this silly way, why—

"Oh!" said Peter Nixon, as an afterthought, when he had ostensibly resumed work. "I brought along that package of sandwiches, Miss Briston. I didn't know what arrangements you had made, and I thought that—if you'd be so good—you might share a midnight luncheon with me."

"Are they good sandwiches?" the proprietor asked.

"They—ought to be; they came from a first-class hotel," the superintendent said, fixing his preoccupied smile on the cost-sheet before him. "If you'd like to sample them, you know, here they are."

He grinned cheerfully and cut the cord. There was an extremely capacious box under the paper, with the hotel's coat of arms, and linen beyond that, and through the linen came a fine, delicate, alluring aroma. The superintendent of the works turned back doggedly to his absorbing labor. The proprietor spent unnoticed minutes struggling with such minor things as pride and dignity and obstinacy; but the aroma floated on, and presently, with a word of thanks, Miss Briston grew silent and well occupied.



Nixon hummed as he worked. She noted that a little later, when she had taken to a leisurely, comfortable inspection of the office. Also, he seemed to be an enthusiastic magazine-reader; four new ones were at his elbow, two of them just out that afternoon. Miss Briston carelessly reached for the topmost with—

"May I glance through this?"

"Eh—yes! Yes, of course," Nixon said, without looking up.

A long two hours the proprietor read. Then, her eyes tiring a little, she dropped the magazine to her lap and meditated comfortably, her bright head resting on the soft chair-back. Really, it was remarkable, the way in which responsibilities had slid from her!

Her terror of the solitude was quite gone now; indeed, she wondered whether the whole affair had not been greatly exaggerated. Penvale's typist might be of romantic mind; half of her lurid tale might have been imagined, although she had looked like a level-headed young woman.

Still, men of the Marsh type, she suspected, having received one beating, rarely came back to the same place and risked another. She might be wrong, but it did seem that Marsh must understand that they'd be prepared for something, after his ranting, and—yes, it seemed so to Anne, and—

A dull thump caused her to sit up suddenly, staring. Nixon was already on his feet, alert and listening, and he glanced at her and whispered:

"Did it wake you?"

"I wasn't sleeping!" Anne cried indignantly, "I—"

"It's half-past one—hush! Listen!" her superintendent ordered.

"What was that noise—the watchman?"

Nixon frowned at her for an instant.

"There's no watchman to-night; he didn't show up at seven as usual." He spent another tense ten seconds listening. "It sounded to me—more than anything else—like one of those side shutters on the big shipping-room being forced."

Miss Briston rose quickly.

"Nobody would try getting in there, when—" she hazarded.

"Yes, they would!" Nixon said, in his sharp whisper. "That's just where they'd try getting in. It's the farthest spot from Thompson's boilers, and—"

"And—"

"Well, it happens to be the far east end of the factory, and there's a strong east wind coming from the river," the superintendent explained. "It would be the natural place to start a fire if any one wanted it to sweep clear through the plant, you know. Now listen, please."

He held up a hand that was quite commanding. Side by side, they held their breaths—and from below, a long distance to the right, there came a second heavy thud.

"You stay here," Nixon said. "I'll investigate."

"I'll telephone—"

"Wait until we know whether it's necessary," the superintendent directed, stepping very softly into the corridor.

"Take this, then!" Anne cried, her revolver extended.

"That thing's no use," Nixon said impatiently.

"I'm going with you!"

"Oh — please!" the superintendent pleaded.

"I'm going!"

"Stay behind me then," he said resignedly. "I wish you wouldn't! Don't go farther than the stairs, Miss Briston. We don't know what's going on down there."

He had moved suddenly into the darkness; and, moving after him, Anne thrilled at the depths of that darkness. However it might have happened, the little dots of yellow from the incandescents that burned throughout the factory were missing to the last one. The yawning gloom had swallowed Peter Nixon already, two yards ahead; she raced after him on tiptoe, and touched his sleeve only when they came to the stair-head.

The arm below the sleeve, she found suddenly, was hard and rigid as steel. Nixon, clutching the rail, was leaning over as he breathed:

"Gasoline! Smell it?"

"I thought so, but—"

"Stay here! If I shout, it means that things have lit up—and turn in an alarm quick!" the superintendent whispered. "If I don't shout, stay there!"

He was gone down the stairway; and Miss Briston, having spent less than one second in staring wildly through the impenetrable blackness, was after him. He was across the shipping-office before she touched the lower floor, for she heard him unlocking the door on the other side. He

had passed into the great alley beyond, with closets for the small stock on either wall. Now he was speeding toward the big shipping-room at the farther end and—whatever it might hold!

Just half-way down the passage Miss Briston's small fingers closed upon her superintendent's coat, and her heart beat again.

"You're not going in there!" she breathed.

Nixon caught himself with a gasp.

"Good—gracious!" he whispered. "I thought you were—"

"I don't want you to go into that place!" Miss Briston managed to say. "Do you hear? Come with me, and we'll send for—"

"Hush!" said the superintendent of the works. In the inky passage his hands settled suddenly upon her shoulders, and she found herself against the wall. "There isn't *one second* now for argument—do you understand? They must have poured a whole drum of gasoline in that room, from the smell of it, and the first scratch you hear means that a match has been lighted and the factory's gone. Don't move from this spot unless you see fire—and then move quick!"

The hands had risen, and he was gone.

Miss Briston's own hands went out to find him and failed. Orders or no orders, she followed, very slowly and very carefully. She would go to the door of the shipping-room, at least, for she had heard the squeak of the hinges and knew that he had entered.

She moved on, with the odd sensation of moving through an awful nightmare—and here was the side of the open doorway, and gasoline vapors swirled out to meet her. She stopped and tried to think.

Peter was moving about in the huge, vaultlike place even now. Twice she caught the creak of a board under his foot, and once the creak of a board on the other side of the room. Then, with a little crash, it seemed that an empty soap-box had been knocked to the floor from one of the piles. Some one slipped and fell, and scrambled, muttering. Some one else rushed through pitchy space; there were four distinct thumps as he leaped; and there was another collision of some sort.

Then, to Miss Briston's dazed mind, it seemed as if, in actual fact, the Briston Manufacturing Company were being torn

apart. A hoarse shout rang through the impenetrable stuffiness; and there sounded a long slide, a crash, and another shout. Three soft, heavy, terrible blows landed somewhere in swift succession, and a shrill shriek followed them—but it was no shriek of Peter Nixon's.

But on the second, almost, she caught Peter's voice, too, in an incoherent rush of infuriated sound; and even in the madness of the moment it struck the petrified young person in the doorway that prehistoric battle-cries must have sounded something like that. The action was going forward long before the yell ceased echoing, too. The same thud, thud, thud, thud, came to her again, and after it the deafening crash of an entire pile of filled cases as they toppled over.

It was a din that fairly rocked the place upon its foundations. It trembled still, two roaring, staggering seconds later, when the long shipping-table went down with a mighty boom. Nor had the boom quite penetrated Anne's stunned brain before there came the awful, soft falling of men's bodies.

Beyond all doubt the time had come to summon aid of some sort, of any sort. Miss Briston tried to move. One foot, indeed, was actually off the floor, and in another instant she would be speeding from the horrible blackness—when a long, hair-raising scream split apart from the din and froze her very bones!

Anne clutched at the wall and tried to believe she had not heard that awful outcry. In the shipping-room there was a stumbling sound, followed by a stifled, hoarse bellow, and then by the more distant slam of iron against brick.

And after that only the utter, black, heart-stopping stillness of a closed tomb.

## CHAPTER XI

### PLANS FOR THE RESCUE

A CENTURY passed—and still there had been no single sound, and still Anne had not breathed. Whatever had happened, it was over now, and Peter Nixon—Anne's throat opened suddenly, and she sped back to the doorway of the shipping-room. There she stopped again, and through the great place there sounded a rather feeble call:

"Peter—ah—Mr. Nixon!"

Empty boxes rattled queerly.

"Right here!" the superintendent reported, rather breathlessly, from a distance.

"Are you badly hurt?"

Further boxes rattled, and Anne could catch the scrape of his feet.

"No, I'm not hurt at all," Nixon's voice informed her in accents pleasantly calm. "At least, I don't think I am. Don't come in here!"

"But I—"

"There are puddles of gasoline all over, and you'll ruin your gown. Can you find the light in that passage, please, and turn it on?"

The owner of the works reached for the switch and snapped it; and through the corridor faint yellow light shone, defining the inky doorway of the shipping-room. Evidently Nixon was alive and moving, for some dozens of boxes were being pushed aside now, and he was approaching; and as he came he called quite happily:

"Well, whoever he was, he got away, and that's too bad, but—did you happen to hear that last yell I brought out of him?"

"Hear it?" Miss Briston gasped. "I shall dream of it for years! I—"

"Yes, that was when I had the edge of the table on his throat. I thought it was all over, but he tripped me sidewise and sent me under the boxes," the invisible Nixon explained. "Well, this mess 'll have to wait for daylight to be cleaned up. I don't know what to say about losing him, though, Miss Briston!" he added apologetically, as he stepped forth at last.

"Was it Marsh or—" the owner of the works was asking, almost calmly, when she stopped at the sight of the superintendent.

It was not the trim, stern Peter Nixon who had entered the shipping-room such a little while ago; rather did he resemble an inmate of a madhouse, escaped after battling with the guards.

His hair, which was bushy, stood on end, and was rich in little fragments of wood. Much contact with the floor had darkened his countenance with deep, gray spots, emphasized here and there by blacker, sticky patches, where gasoline and dust had joined to form mud. His coat was grouped compactly under his armpits, and seemed fastened there in a mysterious knot. The vest and shirt beneath were amazingly daubed and slit and torn, and

one side of Peter's collar tickled playfully at his ear. Yet he seemed fairly happy, for he smiled disreputably as he held both hands toward Anne and said:

"This is all of him that came loose, apparently!"

He considered half a linen collar, with which he had acquired also a handful of shirting and quite a knot of black hair. He shook his head and dropped them, and turned his attention to the crumpled ball in his other hand, which had been somebody's soft felt hat. It was only a poor, brown wreck now, but when Nixon had examined it for a moment he looked inside and nodded.

"It was Marsh," he said. "There are his initials."

Miss Briston had seemed hardly to hear him; her entire energies seemed to be concentrated in looking at him. Nixon, apparently, possessed quite a genius for battle in the dark; no bruises were rising upon him, his excellent teeth were all in place, and there was not a drop of blood in sight!

"Are you sure you're not injured, after all that?" Anne asked. "Did all those blows hit Marsh?"

"Most of them, I think; but they could not have been much for quality, or he'd never have been able to dive out of that window," Peter said regretfully. "I'll fasten that somehow, and we'll go upstairs."

Miss Briston preceded him slowly. When, after a highly beneficial session at the iron sink in the shipping-office, the superintendent rejoined her, he found the owner rather white and tired. Forgetting the two spots in his side and the one in his shoulder, which would be rather sore to-morrow, he said quickly:

"I'll have a couple of officers sent down here to keep an eye on the place, and turn in a general alarm for Marsh. I'll try to find a collar while the police are getting here, and then take you home."

"I think we'll leave the police out of it," Anne said.

"Why?"

"I have an idea that we may possibly get better results that way," the proprietor replied, with much of her usual serenity.

Peter Nixon considered her and shook his head.

"I think you're underrating Marsh," he said. "I've been doing that, too. He had

nerve enough to come back here, force an entrance, and all but burn the place. He managed to get our watchman out of the way, too, you know. I haven't sweetened his temper to-night, and the next time he turns up—"

"I don't believe he'll come," the owner said stubbornly. "Can't we get a couple of the men who live in the neighborhood to come in here and patrol the works until morning?"

"I'll send Thompson after them, if you say so," the superintendent said, smiling grimly. "But why take any more chances with Marsh?"

Anne saw fit to shrug her shoulders and smile tolerantly, and a sudden warmth rose in Peter Nixon. Certain sentiments, admirably repressed, rent their bonds and tumbled unexpectedly from his lips.

"That smile is well enough," he stated, his voice rising, "but bravado can reach a point where it's downright ridiculous, you know. What would have happened to-night if Marsh had turned up with a gun, for example, and found you here alone, and seen fit to shoot you down? What would have happened—would be happening at this minute—if we hadn't heard him down there, and I hadn't been able to catch him by sheer luck before he could start his blaze? And what's more—"

In Miss Briston's startled eyes defiance seemed to be struggling with other emotions. The eyes, plainly, were trying to threaten Nixon, and they were failing, because Nixon, the unanchored end of his collar working violently, would have spoken further, but for the terrific pounding that echoed from the street door just then.

The superintendent hurried to the window and threw up the sash. His head was no more than out when from the pavement gloom came a frantic:

"Who's there? Who's that? Who are you, up there?"

"Well, I'm the superintendent of the works," Peter Nixon stated calmly. "But who are—"

"Is Miss Briston there?"

"Yes."

"Come down and open this door at once, then! It's locked!" the voice below thundered.

"Well, who—"

"This is Fraim—Mr. Fraim—Mr. Burton Fraim! Come!"

Nixon closed the window without undue haste and turned to his employer. She had heard, and she merely nodded, so that Nixon descended without comment and, having switched on the shipping-office lights, unlocked the street entrance of the offices.

A single stride, and Burton Fraim was within, his color high and his eyes shooting forth fire. He stopped short and glared at Nixon; then, noting the signs of conflict, he grew puzzled for an instant—and he passed without a word and was ascending the stairs two steps at a time, which was rather an achievement for a person of Mr. Fraim's bulk.

The superintendent turned the key in the lock and followed the visitor with no enthusiasm. The need for protecting Anne seemed to have passed with Burton Fraim's arrival.

Furthermore, there was something about that pompous bulk which set Peter Nixon's teeth on edge. Hideously primitive instincts had risen lately within him, several times, at the sight, or even the thought, of Burton Fraim. Absurdly enough, he had caught himself visualizing the peculiarly efficient punch that had revealed itself during his sophomore year, in the act of finding Mr. Fraim's most tender spots; and it was a conceit that pleased him.

Fraim was talking rapidly as Nixon lagged along the upper corridor, too.

"Couldn't sleep!" he was saying. "I had a premonition all evening that something was wrong, and I gave up the struggle at half past one and called up the hotel, and—why, Anne, Mrs. Lewis has been sitting there and crying even since ten! I—"

"Well, if Belle chooses to cry for the rest of her natural life because I choose to stay here and protect my own factory, that's her lookout!" Miss Briston put in rather wretchedly. "How—"

"Well, you're coming home with me now, young woman, and I hope to Heaven the man comes back and dynamites the beastly hole before morning! If I could find him, I'd make it worth his while to do it!" Fraim cried, quite irresponsibly.

"Very well, I'll go," Anne smiled, as Peter Nixon entered, and it struck him that she said it very submissively. "Mr. Nixon is going to put two or three men about the factory for the rest of the night."



That gentleman nodded. Strangely, his reassuring smile would not come just now, with Fraim glaring at him.

"And thank you, Mr. Nixon—thank you very much indeed!" said the owner of the works, as she gave him her hand. "You know how much I appreciate what you've done, don't you?"

Peter Nixon pressed her hand, but perfunctorily, and bowed gravely. Once more he tried in vain to smile; and when his eyes followed them down the corridor, small Anne Briston leaning rather heavily on the arm of large Burton Fraim, he gave up the effort at smiling.

Half a minute later, when he caught the hum of Fraim's departing motor, and knew that it was whirling Anne away, Peter Nixon raised his voice suddenly and roared at the unanswering emptiness. He was quite alone, of course, and what he said is really immaterial. He had spent hours under much nervous tension, and there is no law to prevent a man from telling himself his own candid opinion.

Mystery and veiled activity dominated the later morning.

Even before he had finished breakfast Burton Fraim's plan for the immediate future had taken shape. There is a remedy for every undesirable condition, if you can but find it, and it is not always what seems at first sight the logical remedy.

This business insanity—and it was just that!—of Anne Briston's did not respond to cold reason. Off and on, these last six weeks, Fraim fancied that he had talked twenty full hours upon that one subject; and the upshot of all his reasoning had been to find Anne in her factory in the small hours of the morning, with a tale which, stripped of all airiness, meant that she had missed death by the smallest possible margin.

Reason, then, was a dead failure; and if it hurt Fraim's pride a little to admit that his personal brand of reason could fail, he consoled himself with the assurance that the woman amenable to reason had not yet been born.

But on the simple fact that she was a woman, and a young one—and, before this disaster, a normally light-hearted and pleasure-loving one as well—Fraim built his new structure swiftly. What Anne had lacked, all that she had lacked, was sufficient diversion. Given plenty of amuse-

ment in the first place, plenty of life and activity and color of the sort she could best appreciate, she would have seen the grotesque aspect of this business career.

Fraim understood it clearly now! Had not her period of mourning prevented the usual list of social activities, she would have signed Mole's document that fateful afternoon.

The path to success, then, was almost clear. Fraim, this afternoon, would appear at the works in his car, with Miss Linderton, perhaps another girl, and a couple of the younger men of their set. That could be arranged somehow.

Perhaps Anne would not even go to the factory, which would render matters easier. Then, with the help of the rest, Fraim would tell of an excursion that would be ruined without her presence. And once they had whirled well out of town, and stopped for tea at a distant nook where exclusive motorists paused to dance—once Fraim had created the atmosphere, and permitted Anne really to draw breath and study the contrast between humanity in the finished state and soap in the raw state—then he would devise a round of gaiety and whirl her into it. And presently, painlessly, without a shock, she would have been saved from herself!

Fraim smiled and sang himself a little tune over his cigarette, for he had found the way at last. Instinct told him this!

Anne herself, rising some two hours later than usual, opened the day by upbraiding her maid for not obeying orders and awakening her at the regular time. Nor would she hear protestations to the effect that Mrs. Lewis had even muffled the suite telephone until such time as Anne should emerge naturally from her needed rest.

It was to the telephone, indeed, that the present Briston firm hurried, in lacy robe and little silk slippers; and when, mainly on principle, Mrs. Lewis would have protested, she waved the elder lady away and closed the door. Afterward, for a long time, she talked in an undertone, while the fresh coffee and eggs beyond the door were attaining the coldness of stone. Well past ten o'clock the Briston works viewed the coming of their chief, serene and matter-of-fact as ever.

But it was about Peter Nixon that real mystery thickened.

Being blessed with the ability to jam a night's sleep into two or three hours,

he was on hand early, wearing a smile which was essentially new. It was really an odd expression, blending settled determination with an adventurous glint and a certain suppressed happiness and confidence.

He did not plunge at once into the work of the day. Instead, he picked up the telephone receiver and listened without speaking. By chance the garage where the motor-trucks lived was talking to the clerk in the freshly mopped shipping-room, and Nixon grunted, for it was as he suspected—that wire could leak information!

The superintendent left the works, hurried to the drug-store on the second corner beyond, and there in the telephone-booth he communed with one Carrington, who was chief engineer of the big new power-station in a suburb called Barhurst, just over the State line. Carrington exclaimed happily at the sound of his old classmate's voice; and when at last, after one dollar and twenty cents' worth of conversation, the chief engineer rang off, his last, cryptic word was:

"At four!"

Thereafter Nixon returned to his station and went through a further strange performance, this latter being to unearth a certain box of plain, staring blue note-paper and envelopes from the bottom drawer of his desk. The stationery was of a color which could not but catch the eye instantly, and Nixon had been at some pains to find it as he came to work.

Next—which was also without precedent—he quietly locked his door. He returned to his desk and, laying flat certain exhaustive factory memoranda in his own handwriting, studied them attentively and wrote slowly on another sheet.

The result was not satisfactory, and he tried again, tilting his pen far to the right. Still he frowned. He tried writing with the pen between his first and second fingers and pointing straight from his body; and after a critical stare at the result he broke into smiles.

Briskly Peter Nixon selected a blue sheet and a blue envelope, and in the same ridiculous manner wrote quickly, studied the finished sheet, sealed it within the blue envelope, and scrawled on the latter. Then, with burglar stealth, he opened his door and glanced about the corridor. The place was deserted. He tapped on Miss Briston's door and won no answer.

Peter Nixon, hitherto upright and aggressive and open in all things, tiptoed to his employer's desk, jabbed the blue envelope under one corner of her blotting-pad, and fled to his own domain.

Presently his employer arrived. Nixon smiled his good mornings, and hoped politely that she felt no effects of the night's excitement. Though traces of weariness clung stubbornly to her, he smiled on complacently as she assured him that she was quite fit and ready for business, as usual.

There was a big batch below, being put together after a new process, which demanded the superintendent's whole attention for a long time. He gave it ungrudgingly, smiling as he steamed amid malodorous babbings; and it was after one o'clock when he returned to the upper office floor.

Ordinarily, Miss Briston, according to her stern custom, would have been lunching from a little silver-mounted basket—the preparation of which had started the St. Ilvan *chef* to thinking of leaving the hotel and establishing something of the kind on a big scale—but her office was strangely empty now.

Peter Nixon smiled, almost from ear to ear. Far from wondering what had happened, the emptiness of that office fitted his own personal calculations with the utmost nicety. In the natural course of their working out, a person of Miss Briston's foresight would return to the St. Ilvan for more substantial nourishment than may be drawn from a silver-mounted basket. He hardly thought that she would come back to the works.

And he was right; for Anne did not return; but as the hour of two approached, a big brown car drew up before the Briston factory, and a tall, heavy person in cap and long coat strode in quite as if he owned the establishment. The caller passed up-stairs and, even before Peter Nixon had risen, walked straight into Miss Briston's office.

The superintendent, following, came face to face with Burton Fraim, who asked sharply:

"Where's Miss Briston?"

"She's not in at present," Nixon said suavely.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"I understood that, absolutely without variation, she passes all of every business

day inside this devilish office?" the visitor remarked.

"Absolutely without variation, up to the present day, she has done just that thing," the superintendent smiled. "To-day—why, I really don't know. Something urgent, Mr. Fraim?"

Temporarily, as the visitor stared about the office and then at Anne's desk, he quite disregarded Nixon. His brows lowered angrily as he looked over the papers lying everywhere. He pushed them aside, as if seeking Anne underneath—and so it happened that he picked up a blue envelope. It had been stuck in a corner of Anne's blotting-pad.

Fraim frowned at the envelope; and as he frowned, Nixon's utter complacency disappeared like a leaf before an autumn hurricane. He stepped forward quickly and stared at the thing.

"Was that—still in that leather piece on the corner?" he asked.

"Of course it was!" Fraim snapped.

"Is it—let me look at that! Is it still sealed?" the superintendent cried queerly.

Fraim turned the back upward. Unquestionably the envelope was still sealed.

"Why, she never even found it!" Nixon gasped.

## CHAPTER XII

### SIMPLY MISSING

FRAIM turned upon Peter Nixon a stare in which angry annoyance had suddenly given place to hard suspicion.

"What does that mean?" demanded the former.

"Let me have that envelope!" Nixon said thickly.

Abruptly it was whisked out of his reach.

"Not on your life!" said Fraim. "Not until I've read it, if that's the way you feel about it, Nixon!"

He smiled unpleasantly and ripped the end from the envelope. His large fingers pried in—and fingers as long and not nearly so thick snatched the blue container from his hand and dropped it into Peter Nixon's inside coat-pocket; while the owner of the pocket smiled at Mr. Fraim with fast-returning composure, and said:

"That happens to be a personal communication for Miss Briston, and I think I'll take charge of it."

Not quite unlike two game-cocks, the gentlemen looked at each other for some seconds, but Fraim relaxed first and smiled impatiently.

"From you?" he sneered.

"It is a business communication."

"All right! I'm not trying to penetrate secrets of the business, my friend," the visitor said rather dangerously. "What I insist on knowing is, why did my finding of that envelope startle *you* so?"

He drew nearer and, before the superintendent could reply, saw fit to shake a finger in his very face.

"You were calm and smug and rather amused until I picked that up, Nixon," he said with much truth. "Then you seemed utterly thunderstruck. You were actually white for a few seconds. Why?"

"I was—nothing of the sort!"

"See here, Nixon," the visitor pursued, "it may be a ridiculous question, but—has that note anything to do with Miss Briston's absence?"

"Obviously no!" cried Nixon, with a wealth of feeling beyond understanding.

"Well, why do you shout like that?" Fraim asked.

Peter Nixon, with a violent effort, resumed command of his tone and his expression. Having resumed it successfully, he amplified the effect by producing a smile of such sneering unconcern that Burton Fraim merely stared the harder.

"I didn't know that I was shouting," the superintendent stated. "As to Miss Briston, she has probably stepped out, into the works or elsewhere, for a few minutes, and you will find a note on that calendar pad telling where she is."

"It's blank, Nixon," said Fraim.

"Eh?" muttered the superintendent, stepping forward to see for himself.

It was blank—perfectly blank—and there was no sign of a memorandum in its neighborhood. Nixon slipped into his superior's chair and spoke to their switch-board operator:

"Is Miss Briston about the works?"

"I think she went home, sir," the girl said promptly.

"How long ago?"

"I don't know. There have been two or three calls for her, but her phone hasn't answered this last hour."

"Gone home, I think," Nixon reported briefly.

"She wasn't there fifteen minutes ago,"

Burton Fraim said somewhat astonishingly. "I stopped."

Nixon frowned.

"Was she actually not there, or just not receiving visitors?" he asked. "She may have been tired—last night was trying, you know—and perhaps she left word that—"

"Well, *I'm* not numbered among the general public when Miss Briston leaves instructions of that sort, you know!" Burton Fraim said tartly. "As a matter of fact, I went up to the suite, and her companion said that she hadn't seen Miss Briston since she left for business."

"Perhaps her garage, then—"

"Call up the garage and see if they know where her car has gone," Fraim directed.

Peter Nixon was already at the task, although obedience to Fraim's orders had nothing to do with his haste. His foot tapped restlessly as he waited for the connection.

"Hello!" he cried suddenly. "This is the Briston works! Can you tell me where Miss Briston's car went? We're trying to locate her."

There was a pause, and then:

"It hasn't gone anywhere. It's standing in its usual place, and her man is asleep up-stairs. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!" the voice snapped.

"I own this place, and I can see every car in the outfit from where I'm sitting. There has been no call for Miss Briston's car since it came back from taking her to business!"

"There's no use talking to the man, then," said Peter Nixon as he hung up the receiver and glanced at Fraim. "Car's still there, and there has been no call for it."

"Well, where on earth can she have gone, then?"

The superintendent shook his head.

"Did she expect you?"

"No, of course not! But I've got a little party waiting for me outside, and we meant to take her with us," Fraim confessed, gnawing his lip. "I don't know what to do with them or about this—"

Another remarkable change came over Peter Nixon. The unmasked dislike vanished from the eyes that studied the visitor; he rose, and his voice grew soft and reassuring.

"Well, if you're—er—really worrying about Miss Briston—don't!" he said.

"She's quite all right and perfectly able to take care of herself, you know. The chances are that she went down-town to look after some of the new machinery, or something of the kind, and took the Elevated, without bothering with her car."

"Would she be likely to do that?"

Peter Nixon spread his palms and smiled blandly.

"Of course she would, if she saw fit, Mr. Fraim. She is her own mistress, and she looks after everything personally. So you go with your party, sir, and if you wish to leave word for Miss Briston, or a telephone number for her to call, or anything of that sort, I'll see that it is brought to her attention the moment she returns."

In the street the very fancy motor-horn began to play a tune. Fraim, striding to the window, watched one of his bright young friends leaning over the driver's shoulder and pushing the keys, looking up at the windows the while. He turned away with a savage jerk.

"I'll call up later!" he said briefly. "If Miss Briston isn't here by that time, will you see that I'm advised of whatever word may have come from her?"

"I shall give the matter my personal attention," the superintendent assured him with the most businesslike suavity.

The suavity persisted until Fraim was in his car once more, but it vanished then as if switched off by an invisible wire. Peter Nixon, in fact, stood in the middle of Anne's office, ran his fingers through his bushy hair, scowled, and demanded:

"Well, where *is* she, then?"

The scowl turned quickly to perturbation, and the perturbation to plain alarm. Whatever impression he had chosen to give Burton Fraim, this was the very first instance of Anne's disappearing during business hours. Indeed, of a number of iron rules, the foremost had been that the proprietor of the works, if not in her office, could be located instantly during any hour of the business day. Now that Nixon's keen mind ran backward, he could not recall that she had even gone into the shipping realm below without leaving some record of the fact prominent on her desk.

He turned and looked over the papers; there was nothing. He made for the corridor and the switchboard beyond; even the confounded girl had vanished tem-



porarily. He hurried down-stairs, glanced about, and speedily settled upon the bright-eyed William as the most likely source of information.

"Boy!" said he. "Do you know where Miss Briston is?"

"Out, sir."

"When did she go?"

"Just before I went to lunch, sir—somewheres around half past twelve."

"Did she leave word down here as to where she had gone?"

"No, sir; she just beat it like the place was on fire," the boy stated. "She read the note and tore it up, and—why, the kid wasn't any more than gone than she was on her way."

"What kid?"

"The one that brought the note, sir. He didn't know where the office was, and he said he had to hand it to Miss Briston personally, so I took him up. She just read it and tore it up, and—"

"Who was the kid? Where did he come from?"

"I never see him before," William said, beginning to warm under his superintendent's evident excitement. "He was a sort of a short kid, about fifteen years old, with light, curly hair and a wart or something growing on—"

Peter Nixon, up-stairs, and gliding toward Miss Briston's office again, did not hear anything further. Try as he would to force cool judgment into the situation, the idea of some sort of foul play coming to Anne had taken its grip on him. There was no reason for her leaving like this, under any ordinary circumstances—and there were many uncomfortable little considerations that would not down.

Miss Briston might belittle Marsh's attempts at revenge as she chose; but Peter Nixon, who knew the man better, had spent the two or three sleeping hours of last night in a nightmare of what Marsh would do to her if the chance ever came. The idea had persisted subconsciously all the earlier morning. Now, with Anne's unexplained disappearance as a goad, it bounded into renewed life with a suddenness that brought beads to Nixon's brow.

In her present too energetic state, luring Miss Briston out of the factory would be one of the simplest things thinkable. None, as it chanced, knew that better than Peter Nixon, as he felt the mysterious blue envelope in his pocket and gulped.

He darted into Anne's office and snatched up the waste-basket. Mercifully, there was little enough in it just now—a dozen empty envelopes, one or two crumpled communications that needed no answer, and a handful of scraps. The latter he scooped out, breathing heavily. He swept aside the papers on the blotting-pad and bent to the first detective work of his life.

Piecing that personal note together was a matter of almost painful speed. It had been torn across several times at a sharp angle, and the two sides of the paper were of different texture.

The right-angled corner bits he separated first, growling savagely over the fragments of full, round writing they showed. The other scraps fitted in swiftly. Not more than ten minutes were gone before Peter Nixon ground his teeth and read:

Please meet me at one o'clock, at the corner of Broad and Wall streets. Urgent. O. T.

That was all. The superintendent glared at it, and ran over every name that he could remember; there was not a solitary one that filled the initials "O. T." Who was O. T.?

It was no one connected with the works; it was no one from whom they bought supplies; it could hardly have been a social friend of Anne's, because that sort would not have sent boys with notes of this kind, asking her to keep an appointment on a street-corner. And yet Anne herself either knew or thought she knew the identity of O. T., or she never would have sped away like that.

Having stared at the note for two minutes, Nixon bounced from the chair and walked nervously to his own office. It was a time for action, not for vain theories or deductions. If he were exciting himself unduly over a perfectly ordinary matter, so much the better; he could imagine nothing more pleasant just now than feeling sheepish later on. But the one spot in New York he first wished to see was the corner of Broad and Wall Streets!

Giving those who viewed his departure somewhat the impression of a passing avalanche, Nixon left the works.

As he strode up the block some of his breath went to cursing the silly lack of foresight that prevented Elevated trains making sixty or seventy miles to the hour.

He could go far across to the subway, of course, but that meant another loss of time, and it was long after one o'clock already. Had he thought of it, he would have risked ordering out Miss Briston's own car, and—Nixon stopped at the crossing and shouted:

The taxicab that had all but macerated him was flying its "to hire" flag. Even as the driver ran through his vocabulary and prepared to express his opinion of people who rushed blindly through the streets, the victim he had missed was inside the car and shouting:

"Broad and Wall—hustle! Quick!"

Keen intelligence lighted the chauffeur's countenance. Near that particular corner world finances are reputed to revolve dizzily. In that immediate neighborhood all sorts of people are alleged to win and lose all sorts of fortunes every day—and it was nearing three o'clock, the hour when the Exchange closes. Visualizing hundred-dollar tips as a result of speed, the driver opened his throttle and sat back; and Nixon, in the rear, rocked, swayed, and banged about crazily, and wondered why the machine could not move a little faster.

And then he was out of the car and looking around swiftly. It was the fateful corner, but there was no Anne Briston in sight.

He thrust a bill at the chauffeur, crossed the street, and looked about again—but there was still no Anne in sight. He laughed bitterly and gripped at his prancing common sense; there was nothing strange in her absence at this late hour. O. T. had come and gone long ago, and Anne had gone with him—where?

A second chauffeur, moving slowly toward the cab-stand, examined Nixon and paused. It was plain that the tall young man was looking for something, and he essayed:

"Taxi? Taxi?"

The superintendent stared at him.

"Is this your stand—down here?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

"Were you around here at one o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you, by any chance, see a young lady standing somewhere on this corner, waiting for some one—a very pretty young lady?"

The driver squinted thoughtfully, smiled suddenly, and said unexpectedly:

"A sort o' slim young lady with a lot o' light hair—in a blue suit, with one o' them gold-mesh bags?"

"Yes!"

"Sure I saw her!" grinned the observer. "The way I remember is because I was looking at that corner quite a while before that, watching a big guy that was all patched up like he'd been in an accident. He wasn't there when she was there, but she wasn't there but a few minutes."

Circumstantial fragments of thought whirled through Peter Nixon's brain. The one person he could picture as luring Anne to this corner would, naturally enough, be somewhat patched up to-day, and—

"Was the man a big, strapping fellow with a square chin and a big head and black hair?"

"What you could see of him for plaster and bandages, yes!" said the chauffeur, his own interest quickening by the second.

"Did you see where they—they went?" Peter Nixon asked, and there was a sickened note in his voice.

"Well, they didn't go anywhere, boss, but the young lady—hop in and I'll take you where she went."

Nixon obeyed with no pause for thought. The cab was moving even as he dropped into the seat—down Wall Street toward the river and the rough stretch of water-front near by, and—or no, the car was turning into William Street and going no nearer the water.

Before he was thoroughly settled the car had stopped. The chauffeur turned smilingly to Nixon as he stepped to the curb, and said:

"One dollar, boss! That there building's where the young lady went, if that helps you any. I was running by here with a fare, and I see her go in and—"

Nixon, the matter of his fare ignored for the time, was already at the elevators. Things were growing clearer—much clearer! This particular mountain of offices was the one that held the Penvale establishment; it was into the very camp of the enemy that Anne had been lured, through whatever mysterious processes.

The daring of the thing sent a swirling red haze before Nixon's eyes. Poor child that she was, credulous of anything that promised to aid her accursed factory, they had managed to get her here; and now they were bullying her, perhaps into selling out after all, perhaps into believing

that further efforts to compete with them would result in her assassination.

But whatever had been done would be undone some fifteen seconds after he had announced his presence! If Anne herself were not there now, he would learn where she had been taken. Then, having choked so much out of one or both of the Penvales, he would finish the choking, and—at this pleasant point Nixon invaded the calm of the Penvale offices.

At sight of the invader the little lad in the anteroom left his chair as if a bomb had exploded just beneath him. He tried to shriek, but the long, lean young man with the eyes of flame had gripped him tight and was demanding:

"There's a young lady somewhere in this infernal hole with a blue suit and a gold-mesh bag—Miss Anne Briston. Where is she? Answer me, you brat! Where is she?"

"She's in Mr. Thomas Penvale's of—" was all the youth contrived before being hurled back in the general direction of his chair.

The lunatic had thundered on his way, over to the alcove with "T. Penvale, Secretary and Treasurer," on the door. He had gripped the knob and hurled his weight against the light panel; he had lunged inward and slammed the door after him.

And now, fire-eyed and white, Peter Nixon stood in T. Penvale's office, but the curious thing was that, instead of plunging instantly into cold-blooded slaughter, he brought up with a jar and stood stock-still. He had come to rescue Anne, of course, and Anne was there in plain sight; but if facial expressions meant anything, there were at least three others in the office more in need of rescue!

### CHAPTER XIII

#### RIDING NORTH

ANNE sat at what Peter Nixon judged correctly to be Thomas Penvale's desk. Beside her stood a dark, pretty girl who impressed him as being a little frightened; but Nixon, as his vision cooled and cleared, passed by both young women and briefly turned all his wondering attention to the gentlemen present.

For one, there was a patchwork effect that represented one Marsh on the day

following his attempt to burn a soap-works. His mighty shoulders were hunched in a queer, crushed way; his one visible eye expressed the same sentiment eloquently, as it sent a slow glance at Nixon and returned to a gloomy stare at the floor. There was fear in that eye, too, but it was not the sort of fear that the superintendent found in Mr. Thomas Penvale's eye.

This latter fear was of almost hysterical intensity. There was indeed something rather hysterical about all of Mr. Thomas Penvale. He was biting at his lips, and the nails of one hand had been gnawed down to blood, too, while the other hand, hanging at his side, snapped his fingers incessantly.

But Mr. Robert Penvale was the really puzzling sight. The elder brother had assumed a chronic purple tint and two distinct ways of looking at people. The first was a stare of solid, pleading apology, which seemed reserved for Anne—and now apparently for Peter Nixon as well. The other expression, which came when he looked at his brother and at Mr. Marsh, held a searing fury no less than frightful.

It was a puzzling situation all round, in fact; but Miss Briston seemed to be its mistress. She smiled at Peter Nixon—a strained, tired little smile that tried to be bright—and said:

"Ah! So you came, Mr. Nixon!"

"I—I came!" Peter confessed.

"My superintendent, gentlemen!" said Miss Briston, smiling again.

The elder Penvale, nodding, hesitated a moment and then came nearer to Peter Nixon.

"I know you by sight, sir," he said, with strange humility, "and I ask you, too, to believe what I've been trying to make Miss Briston believe, and that is that the firm of Penvale Brothers—and I mean the *firm*, sir, and not its junior partner—is no bullier of women, no hirer of thugs, no encourager of arson or—upon my soul, I cannot believe it myself! I cannot believe it myself!"

He clutched his head, and for a little while Peter Nixon feared that apoplexy had claimed him for its own.

Anne rose and looked at the beplastered Mr. Marsh.

"We have talked it all out, I think," she said. "As for you, I shall not bother to prosecute you if you will leave

town to-day and stay away for the rest of your life. If you won't, I shall take whatever steps seem likely to lock you up longest, and your friend here, Mr. Penvale, will have to suffer with you. Is that understood?"

"Madam!" Thomas Penvale cried wildly, "I'll have him shipped away before the hour is out—I swear to that! But let me once more beg you to believe that I never deliberately—"

"Silence, fool!" thundered his elder brother.

Thomas Penvale stopped in the middle of his sentence. Robert Penvale turned to Anne and asked:

"Are you—*quite* satisfied, dear young lady?"

"Quite," said Anne.

"If, in plain, unwarranted charity, and for the sake of a firm name that I have tried to make and keep an honored one, you will let this—this unspeakable matter drop, the terms are your own to dictate, Miss Briston," the senior partner said brokenly. "If you wish, we will divide the country into districts, and we will take those you do not want. If you insist, we'll even cease manufacturing our whole line of toilet goods, and stick to industrial soaps exclusively. It is immaterial to me—*now!*" he ended bitterly.

"You heard that, Mr. Nixon?" queried Nixon's chief.

Robert Penvale turned to Peter Nixon. If the latter were forced to admit it, the former did look a reasonably honest and straightforward citizen, sorely distressed.

"If you, sir, will work out a scheme by which any competition we have been offering shall be eliminated—I leave the details to you—we will abide by it to the letter," he said. "Put it in the form of a contract, and we'll sign it, and bond ourselves as well, if you insist. Can a mortal say more than that?"

"I don't know how," Peter Nixon admitted.

He preceded Anne to the other side of the door. The dark girl still kept close to them; and from behind Robert Penvale's voice floated to them:

"But as for you, Thomas, and that thing of yours crouching there—as for *you*—"

The little lad rose and stepped nimbly to the far side of his table as Nixon passed with the two women. Nixon bare-

ly noted it; he was quite absorbed in wondering just what had happened, and he hardly heard Anne's next remark:

"Miss Trainor—Mr. Nixon, my superintendent. Mr. Nixon, this is Miss Olive Trainor, and she'll have charge of the girls in the outer office after to-day."

The superintendent started.

"She was O. T., then?"

But the young women were in the elevator now. As he followed them, Mr. Nixon's thoughts reverted suddenly to matters that had claimed all his attention in the early morning. As concerned the business, everything apparently was all right—and how it had happened did not matter. Little fragments of his plans, temporarily scattered, came together again with amazing speed. The taxi, doubtless, was still waiting for its dollar. There was Miss Trainor, of course, and if it happened to be Anne's idea to take her back to the works to-day, that might be a snag. But Miss Trainor herself settled that detail in the lobby of the building by saying:

"I'll go straight home now, and be down at eight in the morning, Miss Briston. I shall never dare come near this building again!"

"And I shall never quite know how to thank you, my dear," Anne said soberly, as she pressed the girl's hand. "I owe the factory and just about everything else to you, and I shall not forget it."

She was a nice girl, of course, but Nixon heaved a sigh of relief as she hurried to the corner and around it. He handed Miss Briston into the taxicab. He watched her seat herself in the opposite corner, and then, bending close, he spoke confidentially to the driver, and at some length.

Anne, he noted, was tired but triumphant as the car moved up-town. She looked at him presently and smiled faintly as she asked:

"Well, are we a trust now, Mr. Nixon?"

"What on earth did you do?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that's quite a long story. The credit is all Olive's, you know. She was the one that saved the works last night, really, and she certainly saved us again to-day. She—why, she just sent me a note, asking me to meet her at one o'clock!"

"I found it; that's why I came. I thought they were murdering you," Nixon confessed without a smile.



A small sigh was the only comment for a little. Peter Nixon, looking at his chief, found her studying his profile.

"Well," she continued, "it seems that Thomas Penvale got some sort of note this morning from Marsh, ordering him to meet Marsh on that particular corner at half past twelve, or take all sorts of consequences—exposure, you know, and all that sort of thing. Olive happened upon it, and felt sure that Penvale would never go. She figured that Marsh, after a wait, would come to the office himself, just as he did; and that is why she sent word to me. It worked out all right, you see. She slipped out of the office, told me that he was there, and showed me how to reach her own office without going through the others. I followed her back and overheard them, and—oh, it was perfectly incredible, that interview!"

"Marsh wanted to try again?"

"No, I think he wanted money to get away with, but Penvale did most of the talking, and it was chiefly about Marsh failing to burn the place—actually! Well, then we went to Mr. Robert Penvale, and had him listen to it for a while; and after that we all walked in, and it was quite dramatic."

"You're dead tired, Miss Briston!" Nixon said suddenly.

"It seems to me that I've accomplished enough to be tired," his chief replied, smiling rather wanly. "Our big competitor's out of the way—just as far out as we want to put him, and forever, if we'll only drop the rest of it. I didn't want to do that at first, but now—"

Her voice trailed away. Nixon understood most of it; what he did not understand now he could grasp later. At present his mind was occupied by matters still more important than the Briston Manufacturing Company's business.

"Don't bother telling me about it now," he said briefly. "You're too tired to talk."

Miss Briston closed her eyes and leaned back as the cab rocked on.

"Just how did you happen to find me there?" she asked after a long time.

"I'd have found you if you'd been at the other end of the earth, in danger!" her superintendent said grimly.

Anne, apparently, was too weary for comment on this rather unexpected remark. At all events, her eyes remained

closed, and for a time Nixon fancied that she slept. He sat in his own corner and watched her, thrilling at her delicate beauty, sighing, smiling at last, and turning his attention to the sidewalk for a while.

They had come to the thickest of the Fifth Avenue traffic and worked out of it again. Gathering speed, they were rolling farther and farther up-town—past the St. Ilvan and still onward—past the lower end of Central Park. They were nearing the upper end when Miss Briston asked suddenly:

"Shouldn't he have turned off there?"

"He should not!" said Peter Nixon, and grew suddenly cold.

"But that's the way to the works!"

"We're not going to the works, Anne!" her superintendent informed her.

Miss Briston sat up with eyes wide open.

"Did—you—say—"

"I said that we were not going to the works—*Anne*—and we are not going to the works!"

"But—"

"Wait!" her amazing superintendent said breathlessly. "Anne, you came into that factory one day three years ago with your father—do you remember? You shook hands with me, and I looked at you."

"Mr.—"

"*Wait!*" commanded Peter Nixon. "I looked at you, and—oh, I'm fool enough to say that I fell madly in love with you on the spot, although it's bad taste not to admit it—but I do tell you that for a year, and more than a year after that, I went around sighing and wondering why I was a poor devil on a small salary, with no chance under the sun of ever even thinking about a girl like you. Well, I've changed a good deal since then, and I've come to believe that I'm a sort of free-born American citizen with plenty of energy, and that sooner or later I'm going to hit the top notch and stick there."

"Yes, I—I—" Miss Briston said rather faintly.

"When the word went around that factory, weeks ago, that you were there and going to be there, that other day came up before me, somehow. I knew that I could not stay, whether you wanted me or not, and I went in to resign; but after I had seen you again, for just ten seconds or so, and after I'd looked at that Fraim friend

of yours—well, I don't pretend to understand the psychology of these things," said Peter Nixon gravely, "but when you said stay I stayed."

Miss Briston straightened, with much of her business dignity. The taxicab went on. So did Peter Nixon.

"Well, that was about the time when I learned that, mad or otherwise, I loved you better than anybody or anything I'd ever known before; but I had no idea how it was going to—to pile up, day by day, or how mortal hard it was going to be to keep it out of sight, Anne!" he pursued candidly. "It's been breaking my heart to leave that place at night, just because you had been there all day. I've dreamed about you all night, and the first thing I've thought, morning after morning, was that, if I hustled fast enough, I might see you a minute or two sooner. I don't know. If you had started things running and then gone away, it might have been different; but you've been taking too many chances and there hasn't been any one to stop you. Last night finished it, I think."

"Last night—" Miss Briston began unsteadily.

"I knew that you'd follow any clue that promised to help things, so I wrote this and left it on your desk this morning—and you never found it," the superintendent went on, putting the blue envelope into Anne's hand. "Will you just—read that?"

He fell silent. Miss Briston snatched at the respite, it seemed, for she drew out the sheet without comment and read:

If you can come alone to the station at Barhurst, this afternoon at four, I can give you evidence that will end all the trouble people are making for your factory.

A FRIEND.

"If you had found that thing, you'd have gone. A good friend of mine named Carrington would have met you at the station and taken you across the way to the little white house beside the church. I should have been there waiting for you, Anne, with the minister and the license clerk that Carrington said he would have on hand. As it is, Carrington and the rest of them are waiting, and you and I are on our way!"

He turned calmly to her, and found that Miss Briston, with hands clasped, was watching him in a sort of fascinated daze.

"Anne, I love you so much that saying I'd die for you sounds simply silly. You're going to marry me!"

The simple statement seemed to rouse Miss Briston at last. She leaned back and passed a hand before her eyes; she was struggling, with partial success, to regain that splendid command of her faculties which had swept the company into triumph. She was, in fact, trying to fix a cold stare on Peter Nixon as he said:

"And you love me, Anne. I know that, but—tell me!"

"You—*know* it?" Anne managed.

"I sort of—dared to hope, at first, and then I began to believe that some day I should have some sort of sign. The night before last—I started out early to stop off down-town—well, the night before last I left my gloves in your office, and I never discovered it till I was half-way up the block. It was pretty chilly, and I went back for them."

Miss Briston's lips parted.

"I didn't make much noise coming along the corridor, and your door was ajar," Peter continued steadily. "Well, you were sitting there, Anne, and there was something in your hand. You were rubbing your cheek on it so softly, and—"

"Peter!" Miss Briston cried.

Her eyes dropped suddenly, and color came in a surge.

"Well, I saw it!" said her superintendent. "When I sneaked out again, bare-handed, I could have yelled for joy. I've been trying to keep in that yell ever since! Anne, you're going to marry me at four o'clock. Tell me—Anne dear, let me hear you say, just once, that you love me!"

The head of the company looked up abruptly, and Peter Nixon's heart skipped a beat. For those were not the same eyes; that businesslike directness had disappeared altogether, and the eyes were a little frightened, but they were very soft and deep and mysterious.

"Peter, it—it's all insane, I think, but—" she said with some difficulty.

"But we'll let the man drive straight ahead?" choked Peter.

"I—suppose so!" said Anne.

Later, however, the utter insanity of the thing appealed to her more and more—quite a little later, when the city was left behind and they were whistling along through budding country. There were a

thousand reasons—ten thousand of them—why the taxicab should turn about and whisk them back to sanity and the St. Ilvan, and all the rest of it.

Miss Briston tried hard to think them out, formulate them, and tell them to Peter Nixon; but a more substantial reason than all seemed to have a strong arm about her, and she was nestling close to that reason, conscious of a great contentment. For after all, however strange his methods of love-making, Peter was the best, the finest man, the most exalted and powerful character the world had ever seen! Miss Briston, by the way, had known this perfectly well for ten days or thereabouts.

On the other hand, certain recently established principles of her own could never harmonize with this sort of cave-man domination. Miss Briston, without moving, settled so much with unalterable firmness. Peter must understand fully that while she loved him tremendously, nevertheless—

The train of thought came to an end with staggering suddenness as the cab stopped beside a railroad station. There was a large, handsome, brown-skinned person who wrung Peter's hand, babbled ridiculously, and seemed to sweep them over to the little white house with the green blinds—the parsonage of romance, even down to the white picket fence.

And then a brisk young clergyman and his pretty wife entered the whirl, accompanied by a bewhiskered native who listened to questions that Peter answered, while Peter's business chief held tight to his arm in something as nearly like terror as she had ever known.

And only a very little later there was a ring upon Anne's finger, and the rest of them were laughing, and Peter had kissed her again, and there was talk of a country wedding-supper there in the parsonage.

Then the minister's wife kissed Anne as well, said something about the first secret of a happy married life being the biscuits, and bustled away to give a practical demonstration of the secret; and the minister followed her. The gentleman named Carrington vowed that a certain tea-house should send by automobile such delicacies as were unknown to native Barhurst, and scurried away to telephone for them. Anne was alone with her husband.

The tall window that gave upon the veranda stood ajar, and Anne piloted Peter Nixon to it and outdoors. It was very

pleasant out there in the country stillness, with the breeze of the early spring evening heavy with the scent of the awakening earth. Twice Anne sighed softly, and leaned against her husband's broad shoulder very contentedly; but suddenly she looked up at Peter Nixon, to find that gentleman watching her tired droop with deep concern.

"I wish," said Anne, "that you would not look at me like that!"

"How, my darling?" Peter asked softly.

"As if you were afraid that I'd blow away, Peter. Because I'm not like that, you know. I'm—I'm your wife, Peter, but I am still myself!"

"No power on earth could make you any better or sweeter!" her superintendent said fervently.

"But don't you know what I mean?"

"Not altogether, Anne dear."

"Well, I mean that I couldn't ever be just a comfortable married woman, leaving all the business burdens to her husband, I think, Peter. I'm going to do my part in everything, just the same. I've fought a big battle and come out on top, without weakening for an instant, haven't I?"

"You've got more real nerve than ninety-nine per cent of the men I've met!" said Peter Nixon. "But it has worn on you, Anne, and—"

"But it hasn't—that's just it!" the tired voice persisted. "That's just the idea I don't want you to have. Marriage itself is a sort of business partnership, and we have the company, too. And I want you to feel always that I'm the sort of partner who can stand up and see a thing through—see *anything* through, Peter, without even a suspicion of collapse. No matter what crises come, I want you to feel that I'll be the last one to turn faint—"

"So long as I have you where I can look after you and keep you out of trouble, I'll feel any old way you like!" Nixon said cheerfully as the long arm slipped about her again.

"Peter" said his bride. "Out here—"

"There's no man living out here, or in there, or anywhere else on this magnificent old earth, who can dispute the right of that arm to hold you tight!" the superintendent of the works chuckled.

For a little space they were wholly silent. Peter Nixon, looking at the sky, passed into a brief, beautiful dream. What had been wild hopes only a day or two

ago were realities now—and he could no more than smile into the blue vault and seek to believe that the truth was really the truth!

But Mrs. Peter Nixon was not so utterly preoccupied. There was a bend in the road just beside the parsonage and its church; and if any one should come around that bend suddenly she could whisk away from Peter Nixon's embrace before they were spied.

Pure instinct may have had something to do with her watchfulness. It chanced that Tragedy, drawn along by six noiseless cylinders, was moving swiftly toward that bend on the other side.

Whatever the social station of those concerned, when the host of a party elects to turn sour at first, then silent, and finally downright snappish and frankly disagreeable, the party may be considered as wrecked. This automobile party was more than ordinarily wrecked, for the members were high-spirited, and, thanks to the sweet mood of their host, a perfectly well-bred battle had developed to such a pitch that all hands had voted for turning homeward without even finishing the run.

So it came about that the splendid car rounded the bend with a soundless swirl—the large, impressive host sitting beside his driver and glowering at the road.

But on the instant he ceased glowering. His mouth opened wide. He started from his seat. The driver, thinking that he meant to jump, pulled up short; nor had he even stopped before the massive Burton Fraim was on the ground and walking toward the parsonage veranda—walking swiftly and growling horribly.

Out of the distances Peter Nixon spoke very gently to the wonderful little business girl at his side.

"Sweetheart," he said ever so soothingly, "don't you suppose, after what I've seen you go through, that I know perfectly well that that glorious nerve of yours wouldn't falter, even if— Why, what's the matter?" asked Peter Nixon. And then, turning to view the hard-breathing cause of Anne's sudden start, he straightened up and stiffened. "Just leave Mr. Fraim to me, Anne," he said softly.

But Anne—it was anger, doubtless, that caused her growing pallor—stiffened somewhat on her own account.

"No! Leave him to me, Peter!" she said firmly. "If I have handled so many other things, I can attend to him, too!"

"Anne!" thundered the wrecker of his own excursion. "I—"

"Burton, stop!" said Anne quite ringingly. "Burton, I—you—that is, Peter and—" she added, by no means so ringingly. Here she ceased speaking and swayed oddly; and she added a far-away, wholly inconsequent: "Aah!"

After which a light sigh left her lips, and the slender form in Peter Nixon's arms was strangely limp.

"Have you no more—no more sense than to turn up at a time like this?" Peter Nixon choked savagely at Mr. Fraim. His gaze, shooting down at the closed eyes of the indomitable little mistress of crises, grew fearfully concerned. "Well, now that you've done the mischief, don't stand there gaping! Get me water—or something!" Peter Nixon snapped. "Can't you see that my wife has fainted?"

THE END

NEXT MONTH'S Novel—In the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE there will be published, complete in that issue, a novel entitled—

## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN AND J. U. GIESY

*John Caldwell*, recently married after a bachelorhood of the sort that is commonly described as "gay," holds that in such cases an honest man must give his bride a frank and full confession of everything in his past. His friend, *Joe Franklin*, the comrade of *John's* earlier adventures, has become engaged; but he regards it as a cruel mistake to poison a girl's happiness by telling her the details of her lover's previous experiences. The events narrated in "Nothing but the Truth" supply a test of these two theories—a test that will enlist the absorbed interest of every reader.